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THE NEW YORKER

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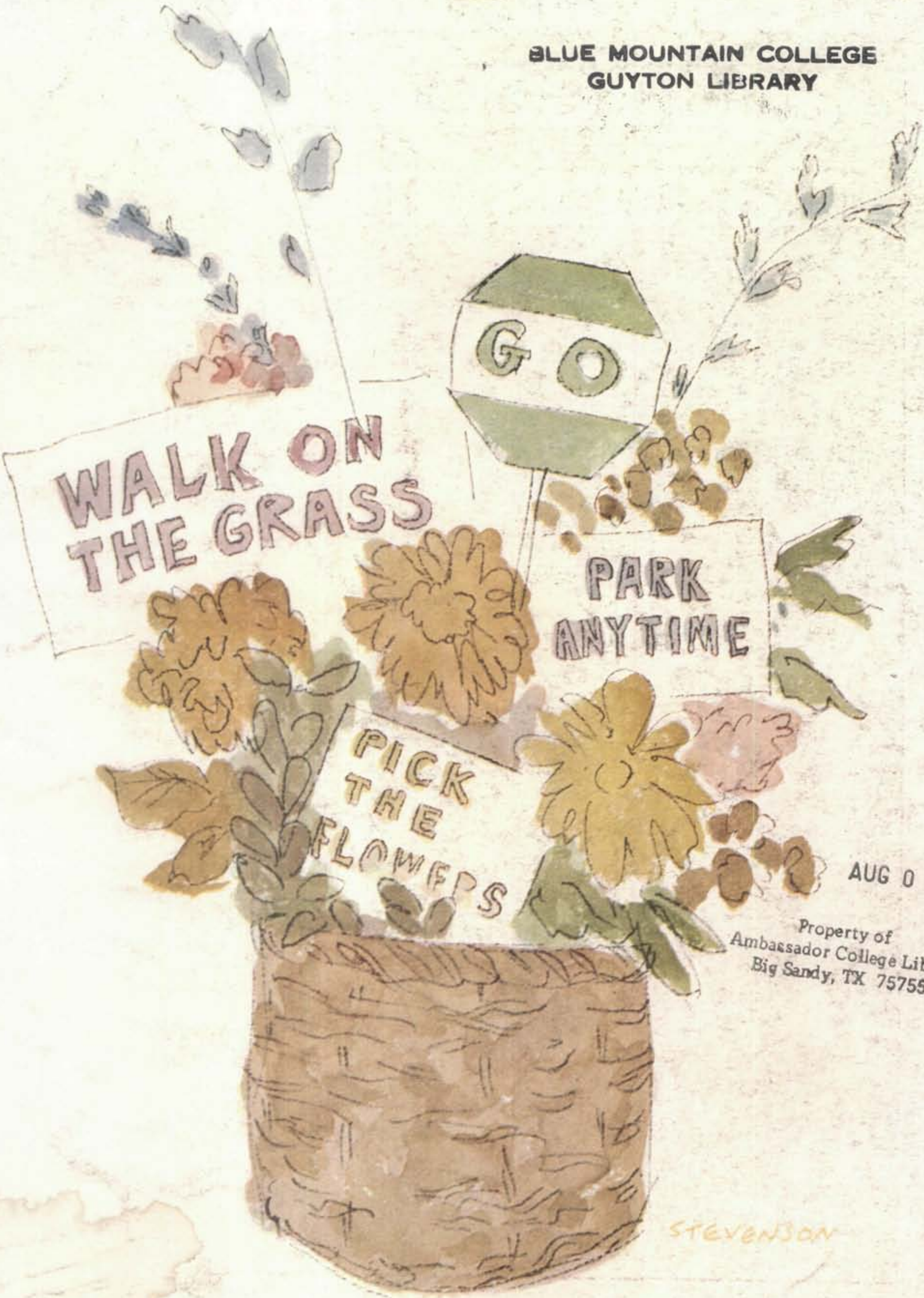
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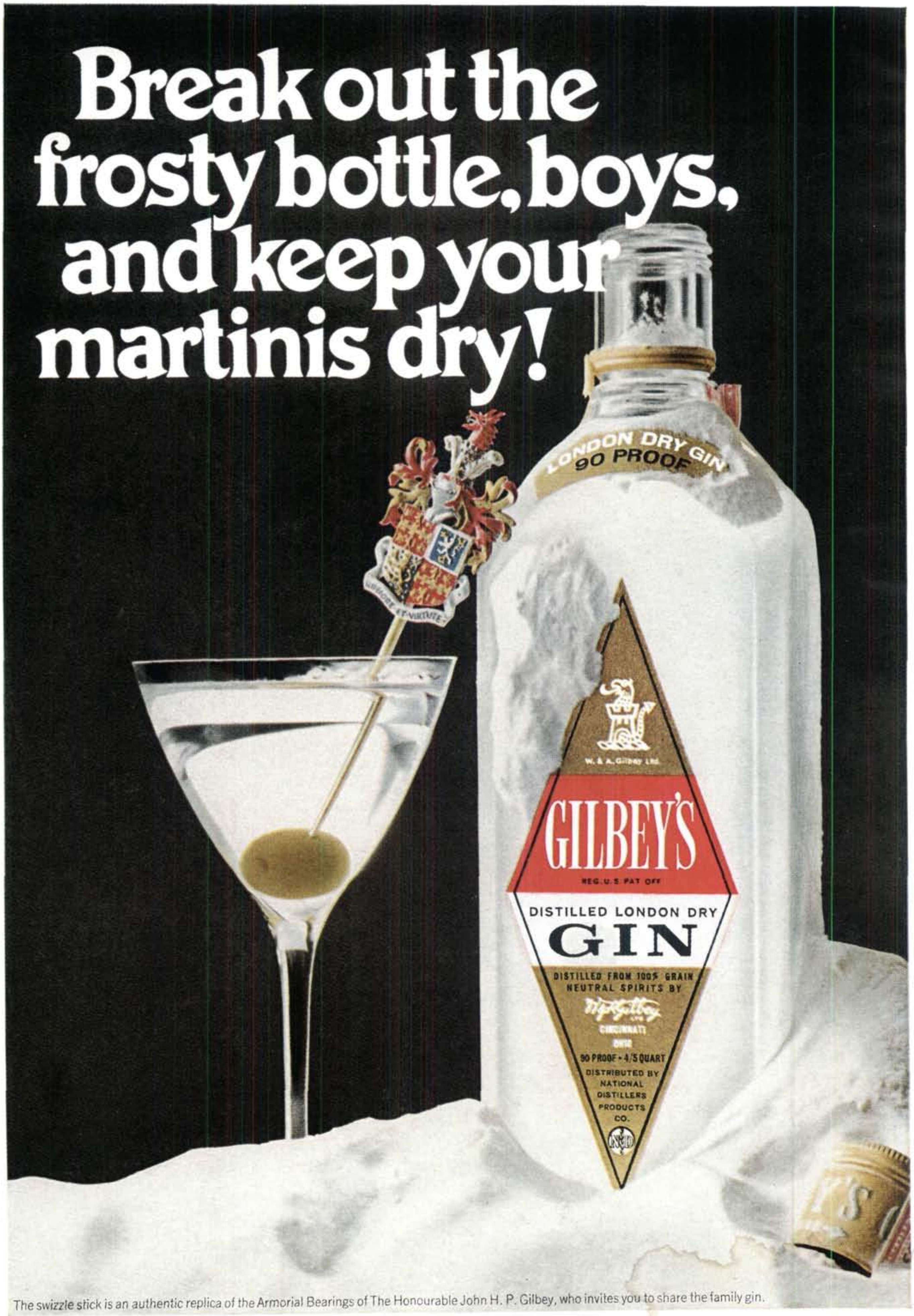
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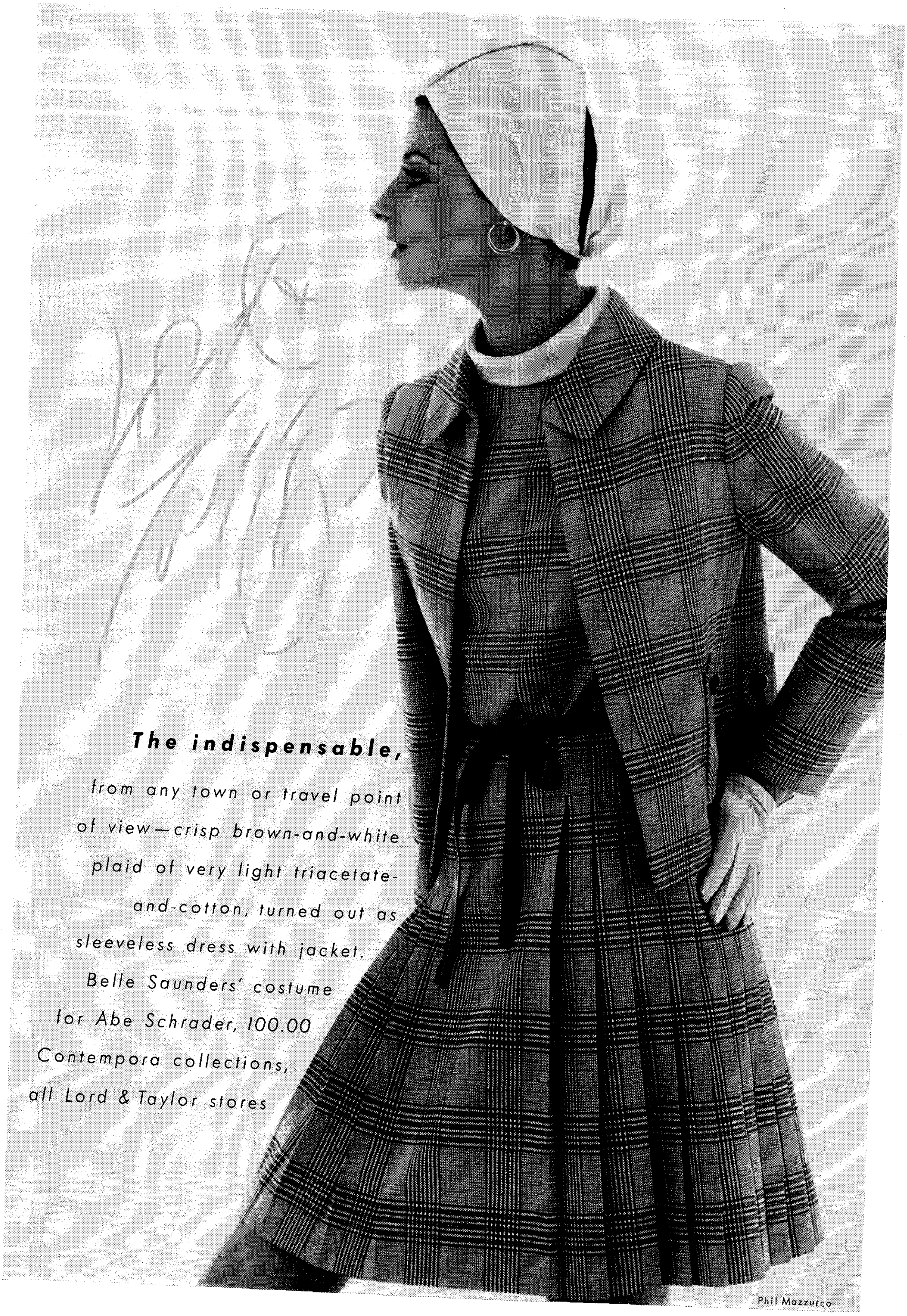

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A limited engagement of the Hecht-MacArthur 1928 melodrama, with Robert Ryan, Peggy Cass, and Bert Convy. Harold J. Kennedy is the director. Previews Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 10, at 2:30. Opens officially on Saturday evening, May 10, and will run through Saturday, June 7. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guernica and **Pique-Nique en Campagne**—Final performances of Fernando Arrabal's double bill, in French, will close out a month-long engagement by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8:30; Saturday, May 10, at 3 and 8:30; Sunday, May 11, at 3; and Wednesday, May 14, at 3 and 8:30. For tickets, call 249-3074.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—An idiosyncratic performance by Nicol Williamson, who makes the "sweet prince" into a petulant and unlovable peasant. The production was directed by Tony Richardson, who has almost as many strange ideas as his star. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Jack Warden now has the leading role. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 17.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Miser—Molière's comedy, with Robert Symonds at the head of a cast directed by Carl Weber. The final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Opens Thursday, May 8, and will run through Saturday, June 21. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

My Daughter, Your Son—Vivian Vance, Robert Alda, and Dody Goodman in a comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. Previews through Monday, May 12. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 13. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Papp—A four-character play by Kenneth Cameron. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at

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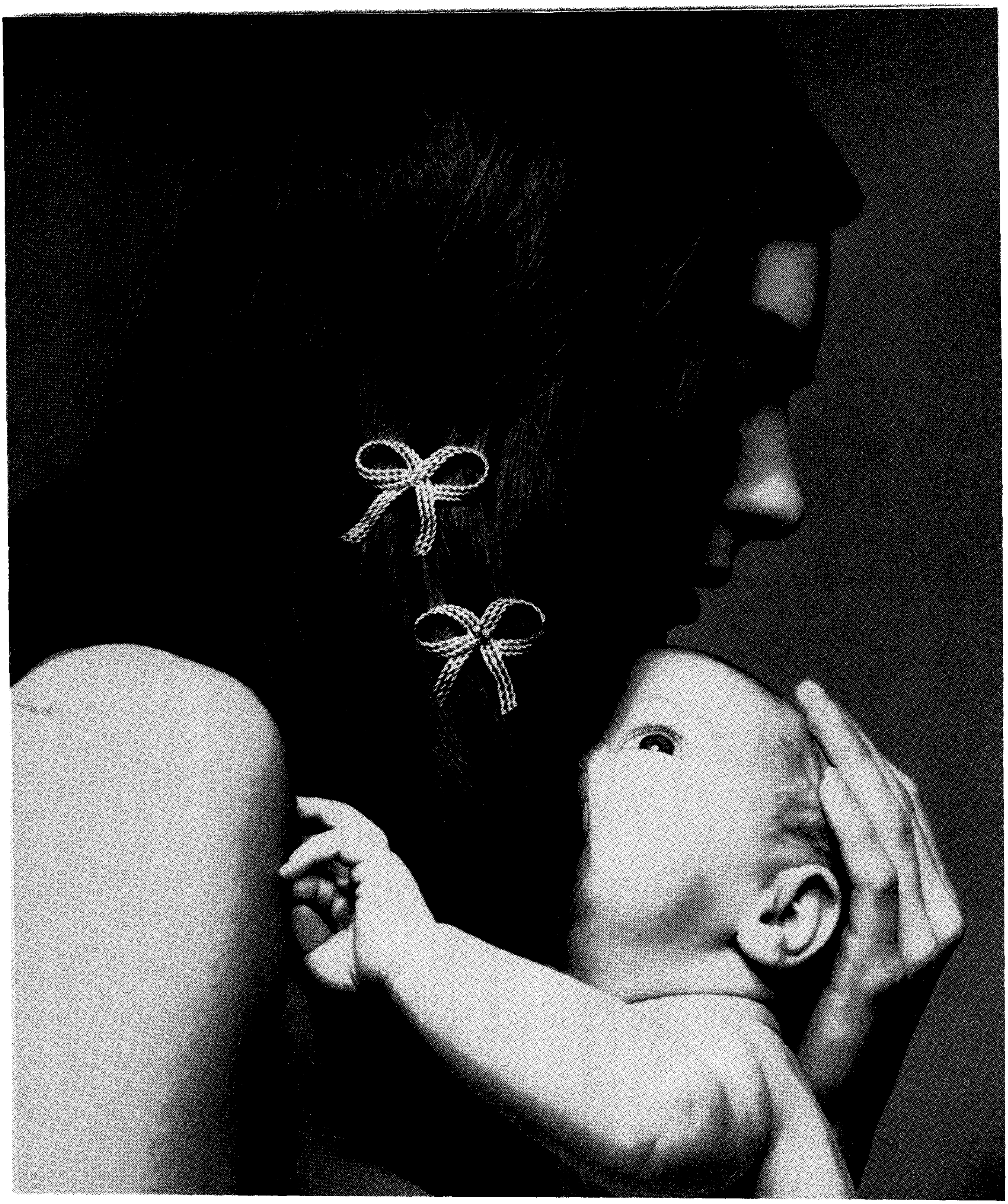
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 12, May 10, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



The silent mystery

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 24.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of *young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello*—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Triumph of Robert Emmet—A play by Bache McEvers Whitlock. (Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St. 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Workshop Festival—Samples of the acting, dancing, technical production, playwrighting, and directing being done by workshops of the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—Chaucer debauched. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simple-minded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, *pleasant music and lyrics are by* John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He pointed his finger in friendly jest and went over to the parapet, laughing to himself. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a *psychedelic loop, and they do, they do.* (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie *in the musical* version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes *its merry way, its path often crosses that of* Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 8, at 9: "Symphony in C" and previews of "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs" and "Dances at a Gathering." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.) ... ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Stravinsky Symphony," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Fantasies," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Sunday, May 11, at 1:15: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, May 11, at 7:15: "Apollo," "La Source Divertissements," and "Tchaikovsky Suite."... ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8:15: "Metastaseis & Pithoprakta," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs" (première), and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." ... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2:15: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Irish Fantasy," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, May 8, at 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8:30: "Giselle." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010.)... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday, May 11, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 8:30: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8: "Monotones," "Pelleas and Melisande" (New York première), and "The Dream."... ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, June 1.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances—Thursday, May 8, and Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 1:30: "Lento," "Private Domain," and "From Sea to Shining Sea."... ¶ Friday, May 9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 11, at 7:30: "Aureole," "Scudorama," and "Public Domain." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Black Chamber Dance Concert Series—The final performances will be presented by the companies of Talley Beatty, Eleo Pomare, and Donald McKayle. (Barnard College's Minor Latham Playhouse, Broadway at 119th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, at 8:30. *For tickets, of which a limited number* are available, call 280-2079.)

Louis Falco—With his dance company, in a program of his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd

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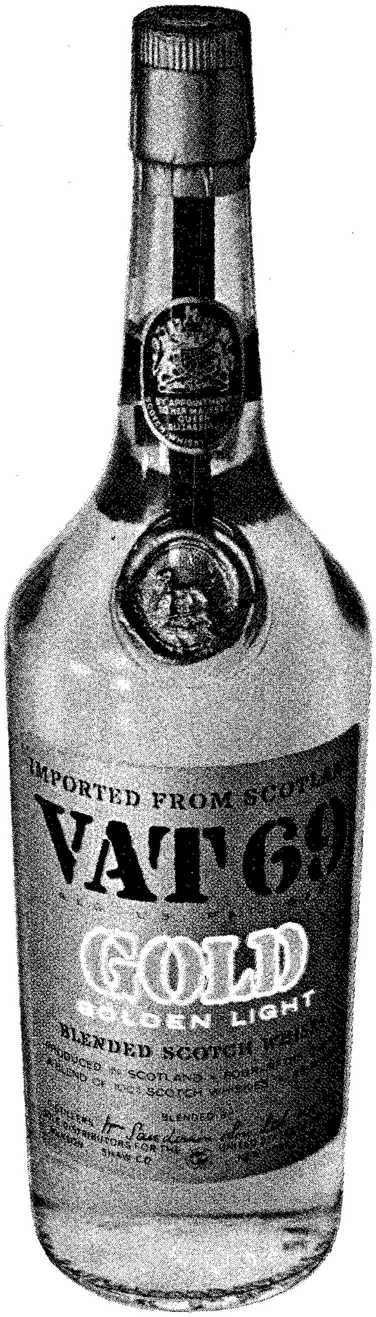
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St. 348-1500. Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8:30.)

Glen Tetley Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30, and Friday, May 16, at 8: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain" (New York première), "Pierrot Lunaire," and "Ziggurat" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 8: "Circles" (New York première), "Ricercare," and "The Mythical Hunters.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 2:30, and Sunday, May 18, at 7:30: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "The Mythical Hunters.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 1:30: "Circles," "Ricercare," and "Ziggurat." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Last chance! (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday at 2 and 7:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 11. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes—Performances of PEOPLE IS THE THING THAT THE WORLD IS FULLEST OF, a revue for adults. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. The Rig plays rock. In addition, composer-singer David Ackles and the vocal team of John Koerner and Willie Murphy will be onstage through Monday, May 12. Singer James Taylor and a group called McKendree Spring will come in on Wednesday, May 14. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A tenebrous and sometimes significant coffeehouse, where some of the most talented young entertainers are apt to be seen and heard. Through Sunday, May 11, the Colwell-Winfield Blues Band will share the bill with Sea Train, a six-man outfit that leavens its heavy sound with saxophone, flute, and violin. Singer Tom Rush arrives on Tuesday, May 13. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet backs up Anita O'Day, who sings as if she is having the time of her life. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, shrunken by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Yusef Lateef quartet. On Tuesday, May 13, the McCoy Tyner quintet will move in. Early-evening specials: Saturday, May 10, from five to nine, the Billy Cobham quintet; Sunday, May 11, at the same hours, Tyrone Washington's Concert Ensemble. Mondays at nine, one or another jazz group appears.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Mose Allison trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, the place will be turned over to veteran performers, with the Dizzy Gillespie quintet, the Thelonious Monk quartet, and the Horace Silver quartet taking turns on the stand. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, the Jimmy Smith trio will alternate with comic Richard Pryor. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Lee Morgan quintet and the Roy Haynes quintet will play through Sunday, May 11. On Tuesday, May 13, the Tony Williams trio and singer Novella Nelson will relieve the above groups. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A lot was happening here a few years ago, and innocent night-club hoppers may still turn up hoping to find the glory that was Carnaby Street, the grandeur that was Mod. The loud sound of the Fuzzy Bunnies alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Remodelled, and seemingly diversifying itself. Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. The Children of God provide live music until Tuesday, May 13, when Group Therapy arrives. On Monday, May 12, at eight-thirty, the Electric Ear series will continue with two compositions by Salvatore Martirano: "Look at the Back of My Head for Awhile," and "L'S G.A." On Wednesday, May 14, the regular groups will be off, and the Junior Wells Blues Band, along with singers Son House and the Reverend Gary Davis, will appear. On Thursday, May 15, at eight, a benefit concert by violinist Itzhak Perlman, cellist Stephen Kates, and pianist Malcolm Frager will precede the regular program, which will begin at about ten-thirty. Dancing usually starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a six-man group known as the Victorians plays and sings. On Monday, May 12, three girls who call themselves the Trilogy will take over. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the records reverb. When the records don't, Los Banditos do. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "The House That Jack Built," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that, in the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. On the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Rebels, and not without a cause. Every Monday and Tuesday, Mabel Mercer plumps gently but firmly for literacy in the American lyric (Buddy Barnes' piano provides the best in footnotes); the rest of the week (Sundays excepted), Joan Rivers sets forth the premise that man's place (if, indeed, any) is in the home and on the shelf. Ten is the usual starting time, but Fridays and Saturdays begin at nine-thirty.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Go Middle East, young man, young maiden, to where several contingents—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—join friendly hands. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Yoel Dan and his trio serve as dance masters, and a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The small revue called "Free Fall," now repaired by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. The players, too, have been touched up. All are excellent, and Patti Deutsch is exceptional. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, it's hail the conquering hero as Sergio Franchi takes the stand, during dinner and supper, to sing his well-groomed *fortissimi*. He bows out, but not down, on Saturday, May 10; on Tuesday, May 13, the 5th Dimension begins its piercing of ears. The musicianly Lee Evans band will continue its mission of special care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays and Monday, May 12.

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Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The reign in Spain falls mostly to Los Chavales de España, even when, as now, their majesties are on tour—chanting, chaffing, cajoling, and cantering through their festival of song and prance. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours, and every night. Emilio Prados is the highly necessary guitarist.

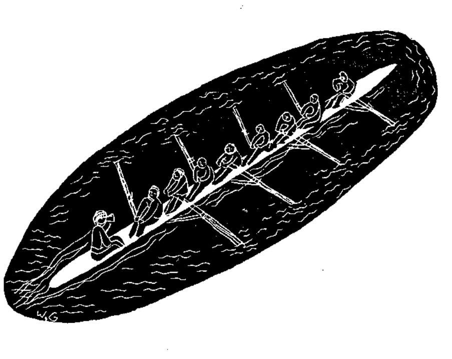
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Goddess in her own right is Dionne Warwick, though not a *dea ex machina*, the *machina* being, of course, the sweet chariot, swinging high, swinging low, that is laden with the songs Burt Bacharach thinks up for her. Every night, and twice or more. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the daybreak people and the night music (the foursome known as the Pacesetters) begin as early as ten.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The crack of dawn—the dawn of a fondly remembered old era—sounds off at six-thirty and goes on until two every night but Sunday. The participants: the Roy Eldridge quintet, for which Jimmy Rushing forges the lyrics; the All-Stars (Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Don Lamond); and Muriel Roberts' solo piano. No dancing, sorry to say.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, pleasure dome perennial, could never be anything but New York; Connie Stevens, whose song-and-dance charades fill it up during dinner and supper, could never be anything but Las Vegas, where charades designed to accentuate versatility accentuate only verbosity. On Wednesday, May 14, at ten, she will be replaced by the Lettermen, whose rockery, rollery, and raillery are of the current era. Thereafter, they will be twice-a-nighters. The chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**, Mousie Alexander's triad keeps its lyric power under a certain restraint when it serves up dance music; the Dukes of Dixieland, like jazz, come up the Mississippi, but they do it on an ornate showboat. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—*Sitting on top of the world*, and enjoying its eminence, which is by no means *grise*. Offhand dance tunes quite often, and—twice a night—Marilyn Maye, who usually takes a song the way Grant took Richmond. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The order of the night in the Maisonette is still revelry, though not until reveille; 2 A.M. is about it. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort are a large piece of the action; a smaller part is taken, during dinner and supper, by Jeanne Steel, a soprano of industrial-show antecedents. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Don Ho, the Hawaiian princeling whose island floor show is making doodles in the Empire Room during dinner and supper, withdraws his task force on Tuesday, May 13. One night later, Diana Ross and the Supremes come bursting in. Dance tunes in quantity, the best of them by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

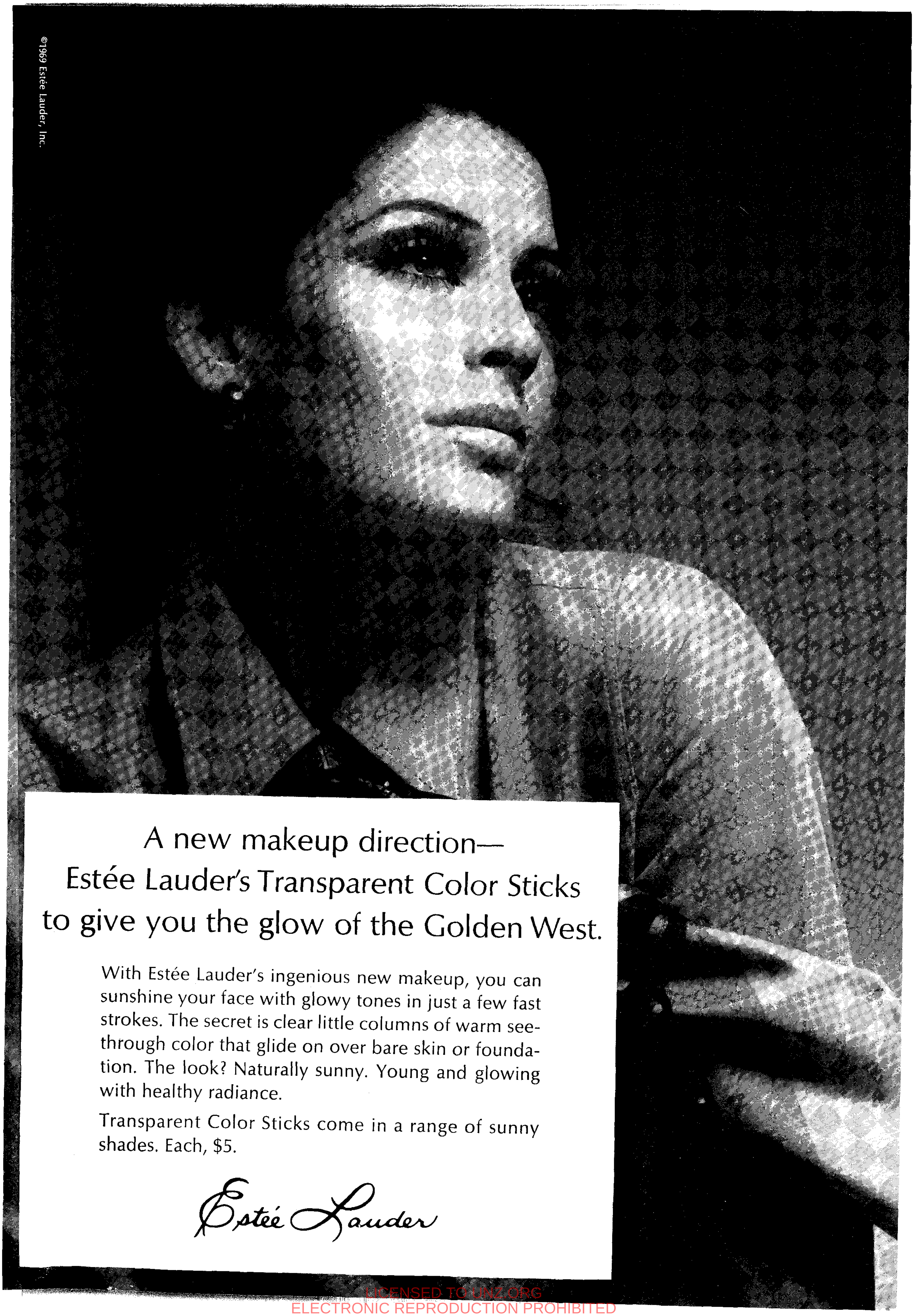
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Under what at times are difficult conditions, and every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **Grenadier**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in



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the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Alt Wien and Nieuw Amsterdam meet in the piano and commentary of George Feyer, upholder of the *ancien régime* in dinner and supper music. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani mingles guitar and tenor from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Modular floor sculptures; through May 21. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Twelve paintings, mainly landscapes, one a tennis match; through May 24. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

LEON BERKOWITZ—Color paintings by a Washington, D.C., founder of the mode; through Thursday, May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—A large exhibit of flower paintings and landscapes by a Russian-born follower of van Gogh who worked for many years in Hampton Bays; through Saturday, May 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE (1849-1916)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by this American Impressionist; through Saturday, May 10. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT (1812-68)—Portraits of Americans; through Saturday, May 10. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Dream figures and cityscapes in watercolor; through May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)—A comprehensive show of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through Saturday, May 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

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RENATO GUTTUSO—Drawings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" by a leading Italian social realist; through May 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—Semi-abstract reliefs and free-standing sculptures, mostly in bronze and aluminum, some in marble or slate; through Saturday, May 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HEALEY—Sculptural effects created through projections of light, by a British experimentalist; through Saturday, May 17. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Figures, landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a leading younger artist of Britain; through Wednesday, May 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—The first half (1950-58) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through May 29. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large benefit showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through May 28. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—Sculptures and sketches, some related to the huge sculptural compound on which this Viennese modernist was working at the time of his death, in 1965; through Saturday, May 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE AND GIORGIO MORANDI—Oil paintings, watercolors, and drawings; through May 24. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY AND CHAIM KOPPELMAN—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

NICHOLAS KRUSHENICK—Fields of color penetrated by eccentric systems; through May 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHEL LARIONOV (1881-1964)—Forty-two paintings covering the development of the Russian modernist famous for his work with the Diaghilev Ballet; through May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

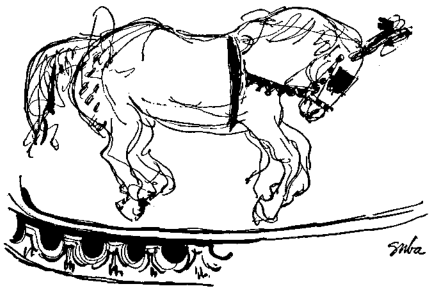
RICO LEBRUN (1900-64)—Almost all the sculptures created by this West Coast painter; through May 24. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX LIEBERMANN (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

RICHARD LINDNER—Watercolors and drawings by a specialist in fear-generating females; through Saturday, May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

CÉSAR MANRIQUE—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through Saturday, May 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)



BRICE MARDEN—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Saturday, May 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

AGNES MARTIN AND JOHN MCCRACKEN—Four paintings and four sculptures by two Minimalists; through June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings of Italian and French landscapes; through May 21. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—This Abstract Expressionist has turned to compositions based on the square, in one or two colors; starting Tuesday, May 13. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through May 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Fantasies about the human face and figure in drawings and lithographs by a California artist; through May 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN PACE—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, May 10. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP PAVIA—Fifteen monumental Abstract sculptures in marble. by a founding father of the Artists Club; through May 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—More of this artist's combines; through Saturday, May 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GLORIA F. ROSS—Tapestries executed from designs by Paul Feeley, Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, Jack Youngerman, and others; through May 25. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

HENRI ROUSSEAU—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, who, as it happens, is having a show (ending Saturday) of his own works at the nearby Danenberg gallery. Also letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others. Through May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

ROBERT RYMAN—Paintings composed of five-foot-square white panels; through Thursday, May 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TIM SCOTT—A British artist's first one-man show in the United States, consisting of two mammoth constructions of steel tubes and bars and acrylic sheets; through May 28. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT STADLER—Paintings featuring expanses of color; through May 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SIDNEY TILLIM—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Friday, May 9. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

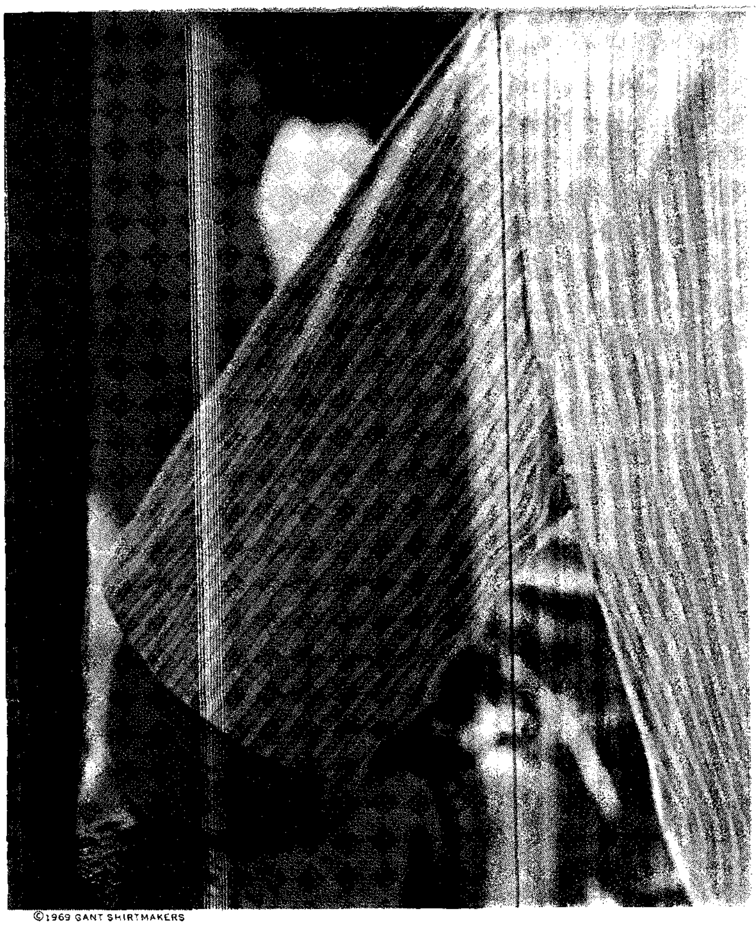
JOAQUÍN TORRES-GARCÍA—Abstract primitivist paintings done between 1931 and 1946 by this artist, who died in 1949; through Thursday, May 15. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

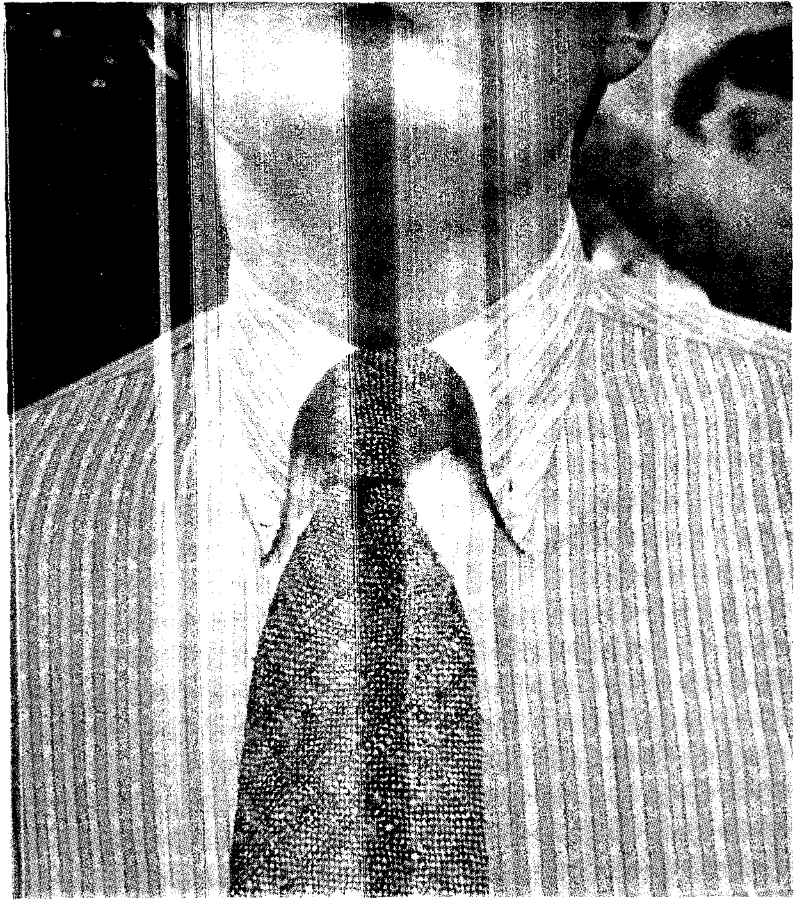
ROBERT VICKREY—Paintings, many in egg tempera; through May 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX WEBER (1881-1961)—Examples of work over a period of fifty years by an American identified with Paris modernism; through Saturday, May 10. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTISTS—The fiftieth annual award exhibition, plus a historical section with prints by Marin, Picasso, Cassatt, Matisse, and other exhibitors in earlier S.A.G.A. shows; through May 31. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artist-couples, in most of which the husband is the better known; starting Tuesday, May 13. . . . **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: About forty paintings and twenty drawings by Jared French, Maurice Grosser, Ken Davies, and Margo Hoff (to mention a few); through May 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Matisse, Avery, Brandt, de





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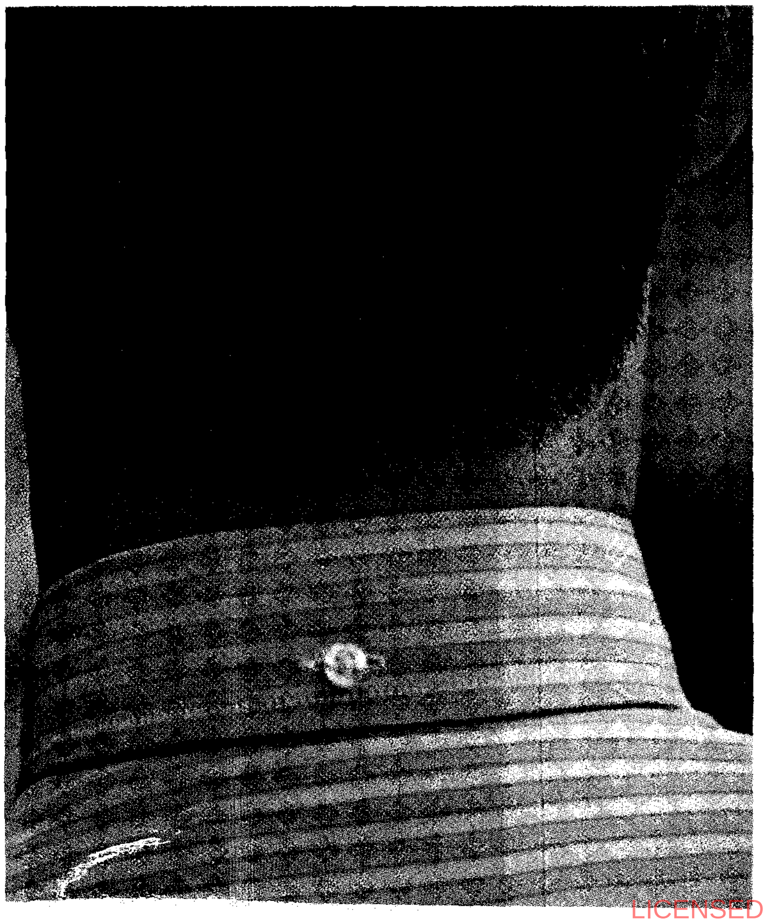

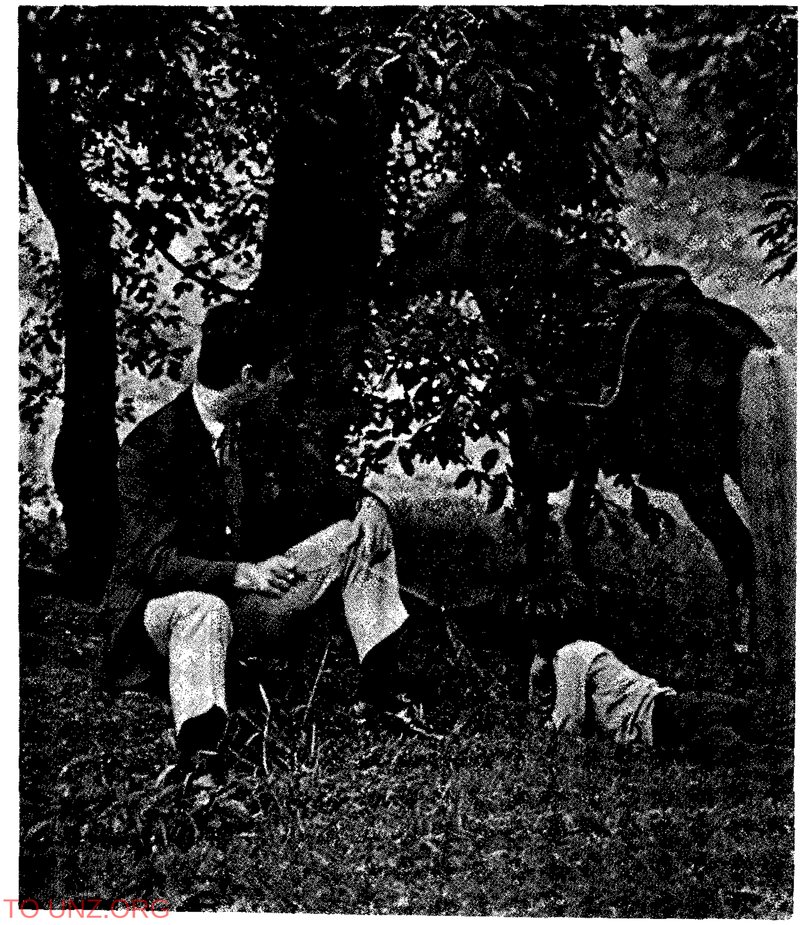

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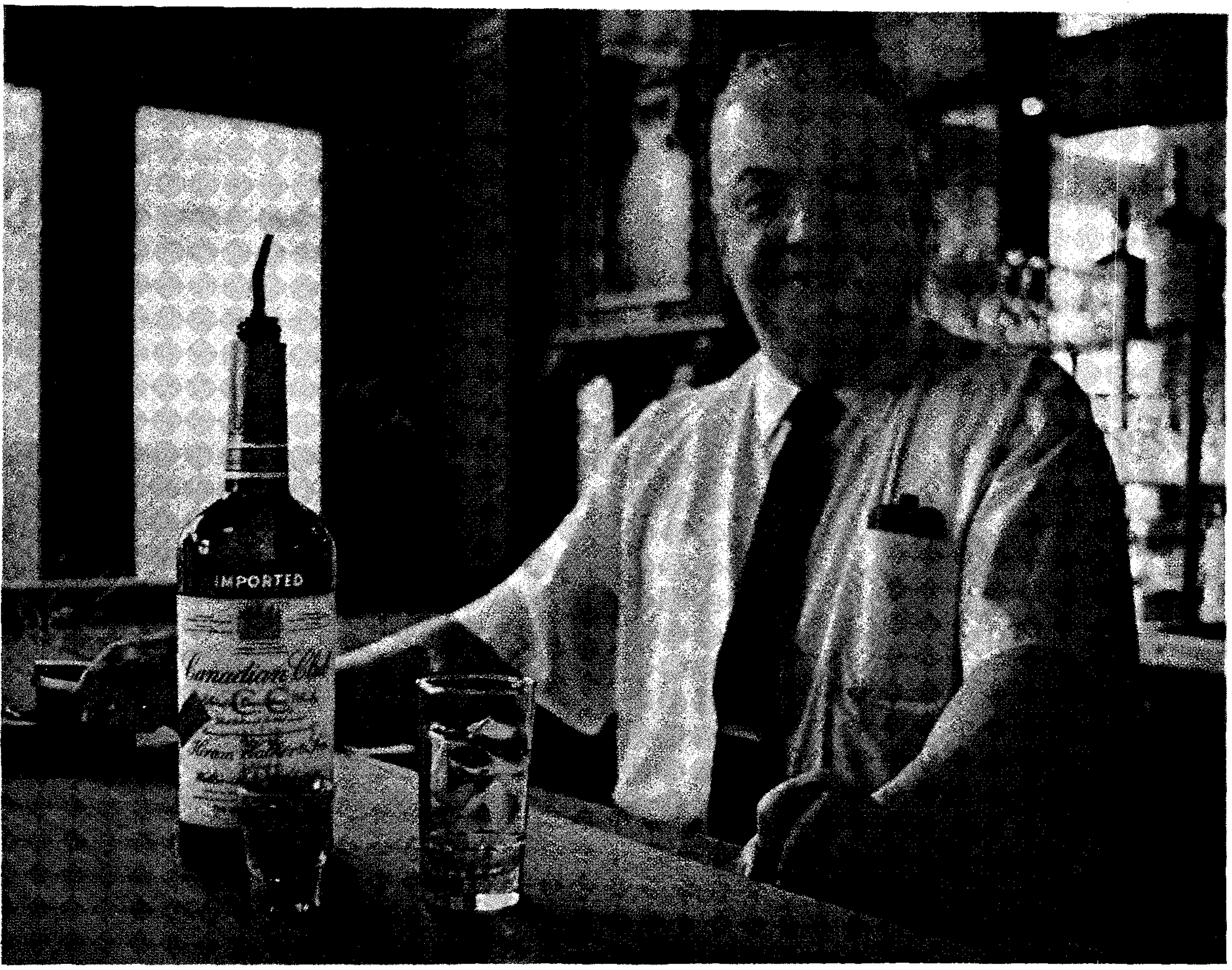

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kooning, De Niro, Kadish, Orozco, and five others; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A few of the artists in a comprehensive show of Dadaist work in many mediums are Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Richter, Schwitters, and Tzara; starting Saturday, May 10. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and collages by thirty black artists—Romare Bearden, Jacob Lawrence, Richard Hunt, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills, to name several; through May 29. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Oldenburg, Marisol, and Segal; through May 31. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth-century American landscapes by, for example, Durand, Cole, Kensett, and Inness; through May 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings mainly, by William Brice, Carroll Cloar, Marcia Marcus, and Paul Wonner; through Thursday, May 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NEW SCHOOL GRADUATE FACULTY CENTER**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Inaugurating the new center, an exhibition of fifty-eight paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Agostini, Baskin, Nevelson, Lester Johnson, Hedda Sterne, Bearden, and other noted artists; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never shown in the United States before). Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; starting Tuesday, May 13. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through May 22.

SCULPTURES—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through June 7. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BRYANT PARK**, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: An exhibition by the Sculptors Guild of works by such artists as de Creeft, Padovano, Gross, and Campbell, plus winners of a recent young sculptors competition conducted by the Guild; through June 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibit from the Museum of Primitive Art spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Starts Saturday, May 10. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sculptures done last year by the painter Jules Olitski; through May 18. . . . ¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sunday, May 11. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the career of the American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; through Sunday, May 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through

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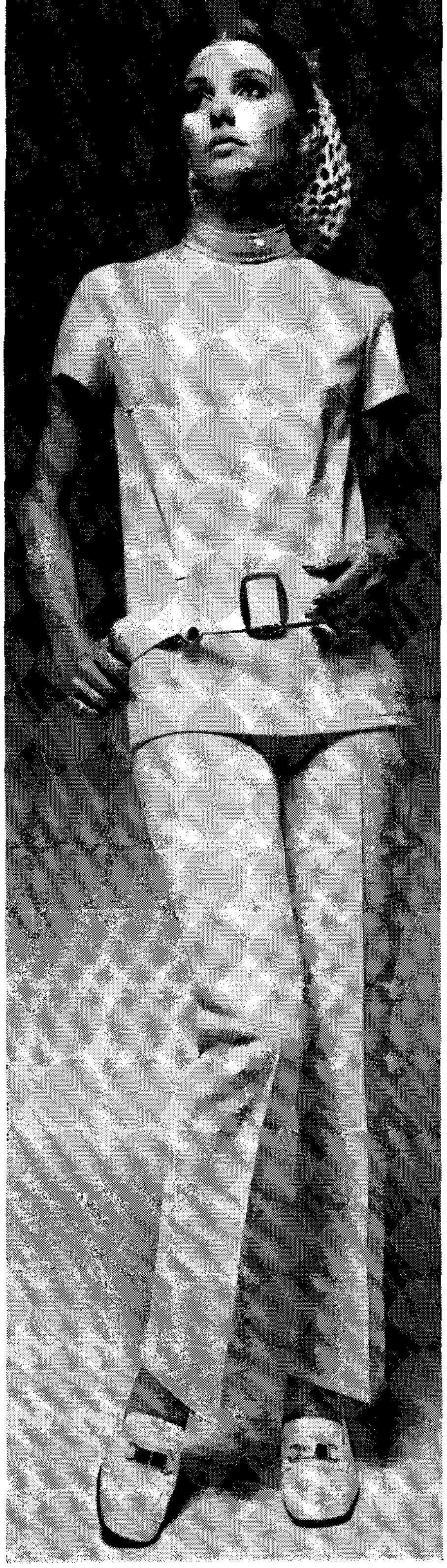

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Manet, and others; through June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The treasure chest of the Morgan Hall has been reopened to stock an array of minerals and gems, among them the Star of India, the DeLong Star Ruby, and the Midnight Star. The whale is downstairs. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls from eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures meant to be seen only by Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Figurines of the T'ang dynasty (618-906 A.D.) depicting non-Chinese who played various roles in Chinese life, and also ceramic vessels influenced by the West; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social-realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Nearly three hundred items (books, manuscripts, maps, prints, first editions) dated prior to 1821, and, at that, only an hors d'oeuvre from the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A gathering of handcrafted objects by anonymous Swiss artisans: chaff spitters, inn signs, lace pictures, and such; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, May 8, at 8:30; Friday, May 9, at 2; and Saturday, May 10, at 8:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist); and performances of Mahler's Symphony No. 3 on Thursday, May 15, at 8:30; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8:30 (all with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; the Women's Chorus from the Schola Cantorum of New York; and two boys' choruses).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Max Rudolf and Erich Kunzel directing, with Dave Brubeck, piano; Robert Hale, baritone; and the Miami University Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Reynald Giovaninepti directing a performance (postponed from Nov. 27) of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" in concert form, with Angeles Gulin and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; Tony Poncet, tenor; Justino Díaz and Joshua Hecht, basses; and others. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Daniel Paget directing, with the Columbia University Orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, May 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Hunter College Choir—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Thursday, May 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9250.)

Jean Kraft—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 5:30.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30.)

Mildred Dilling and John Robert Dunlap—Harp and baritone. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Country Joe, Hello People, and Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys—A benefit performance. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

The Band and Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

Elvin Jones Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8:30.

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 11, at 2:30.

Judy Collins—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 3.

Incredible String Band—Fillmore East. Sunday, May 11, at 7:30.

Count Basie, Jimmy Rushing, and Bobby Hackett—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8:30.)

The Who, Sweetwater, and It's a Beautiful Day—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

Jean-Louis Barrault, Madeleine Renaud, and the New York Chamber Soloists—A program (postponed from April 25) of words and music from France. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **Shea Stadium:** Mets vs. Houston, Friday, May 9, at 8:05; Saturday, May 10, at

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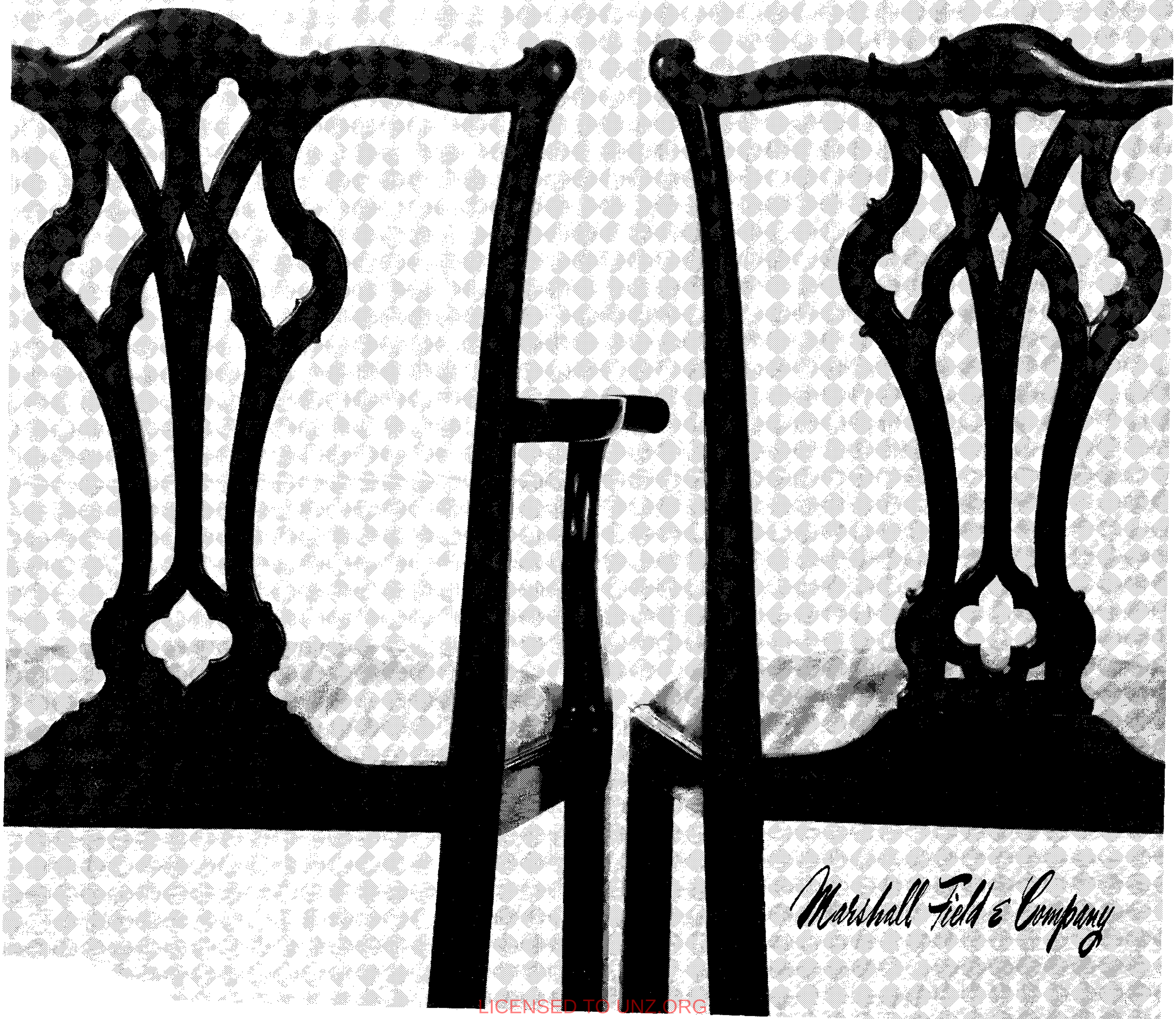

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:15; and Sunday, May 11, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 15, at 2:05.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. California, Friday, May 16, at 8, and Saturday, May 17, at 2.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Stanley (Kitten) Hayward, middleweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Monday, May 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 10.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 17.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 9-11.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 10.)... ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, May 17.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Withers, Saturday, May 10, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 17.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Friday, May 30.... PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Professional Tennis—Rod Laver, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, Roy Emerson, Tony Roche, Ray Moore, Marty Riessen, and Dennis Ralston. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 6:30, and Saturday, May 17, at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 17, at 11.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 17, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES: "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Sunday, May 11, and Saturday, May 17, at 1 and 3:30.)... SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturdays at 2:30.... ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Captives of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In CENTRAL PARK: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Monday, May 12. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Jean Garrigue reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Doris Lessing reading from her own novels. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Thursday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Lecture—"Arp—As I Knew Him," by Mme. Marguerite Arp. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. EN 9-5110. Saturday, May 17, at 3:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 13, from 2 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Dr. Frederick S. Conklin, Jr., and Mr. Ernest Murphy, Jr., 121 E. 94th St.; Dr. and Mrs. Alvan L. Barach, 72 E. 91st St.; Dr. and Mrs. Allan E. Kark, Mr. Thomas R. Todd, and Professor and Mrs. Floyd M. Shumway, 152, 154, and 157 E. 82nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Fink, 163 E. 81st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Mike Wallace, 133 E. 74th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Liberman, 173 E. 70th St.; and the Hon. and Mrs. John V. Lindsay, Gracie Mansion, Carl Schurz Park opposite 88th St. The Gracie Mansion garden will only be open between 2:30 and 4:30. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (*Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.*)—Thursday, May 8, at 1:45: Renaissance and eighteenth-century sculpture, Italian majolica, icons, ivory and other carvings, arms and armor, bronze plaques, and statuettes; from a number of collectors, among them the late Dr. Georg Swarzenski.... ¶ Thursday, May 8, at 1:45: Modern prints, including a large group of works by Picasso; from various owners.... ¶ Friday, May 9, at 1:45, and Saturday, May 10, at 10:15: Asiatic and other art, belonging to Jay C. Leff and another, unidentified, person.... ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 1:45: French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 10:15: Books and early printed manuscripts, from several collectors.... ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 1:45: Old-master, Barbizon, and other paintings and drawings; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 9.... ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors; from the estate of Clifford Odets and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 8 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Case Against Brooklyn" (1958), with Darren McGavin.... ¶ May 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Tattered Dress" (1957), with Jeff Chandler and Jeanne Crain.... ¶ May 10 at 11:30: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara.... ¶ May 10 at 3 and 5:30: "Man in the Shadow" (1957), with Jeff Chandler and Orson Welles.... ¶ May 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Charlton Heston.... ¶ May 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Sands of Iwo Jima" (1949), with John Wayne. ... ¶ May 13 at 2 and 5:30: "The Steel Helmet" (1951), with Robert Hutton.... ¶ May 13 at 8: "Love in the City" (1953), in Italian, five episodes by various directors, including Cesare Zavattini.... ¶ May 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Just a Wife" (1920), directed by Howard Hickman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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Eve of Roma, photographed in her Rome apartment.

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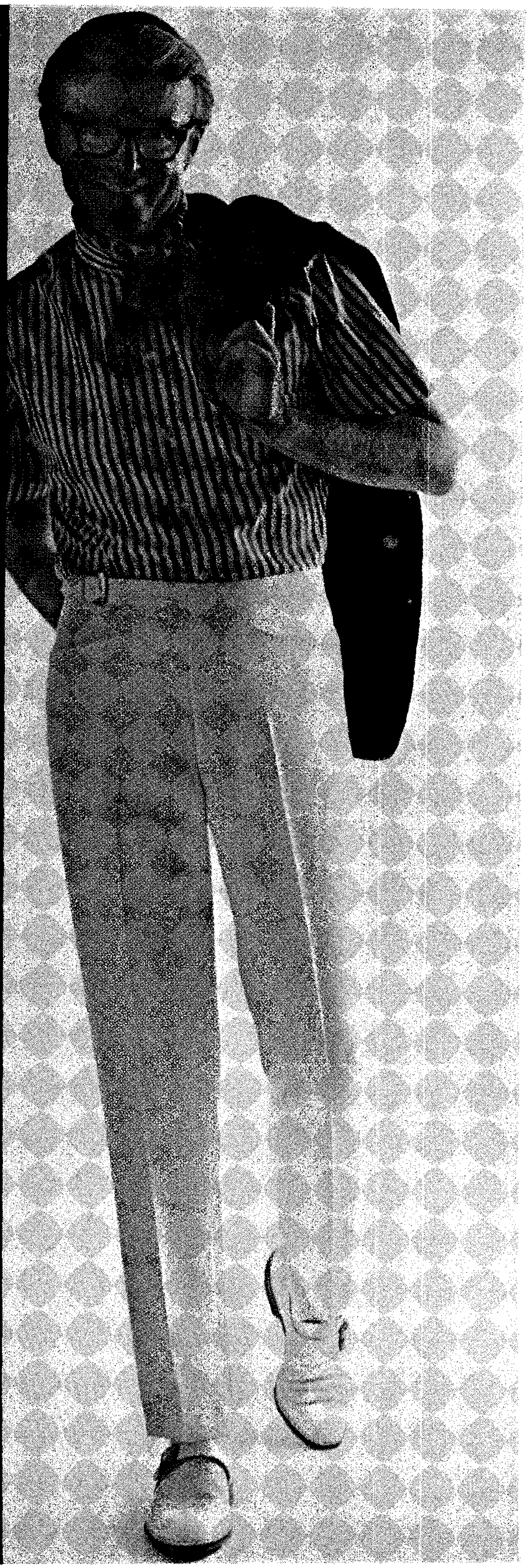

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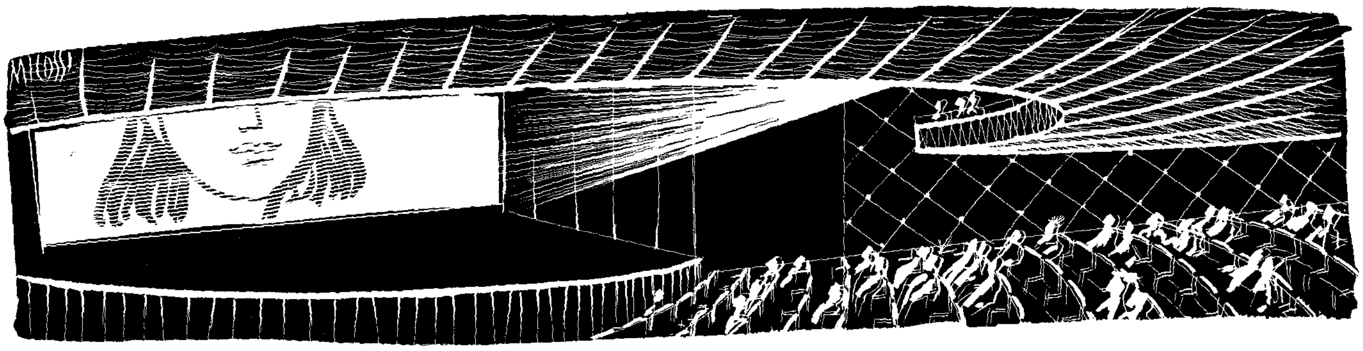
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Barbarella—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along, but Jane Fonda may be the sexiest funny girl since Mae West. With David Hemmings. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 14.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 9.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 13.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through May 11.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 8.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 8.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through May 12.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear (1964)—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in Prague during its occupation by an anti-Semitic power. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through May 11.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Hot Millions—Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov wrote this ridiculously funny English film, which has Ustinov as a cheerily criminal money-maker and Maggie Smith as his gutsy, drably dressed girl friend, egging him on in his life, if not in his work, and keenly practicing the flute. Miss Smith is quite something: a very serious as well as very entertaining actress, out of no English tradition known abroad—spunky, non-booming, non-grand, secretly frail, and insistent on a sensible capacity to cope. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 13.)

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

MOTION PICTURES

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11	12	13	14			

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but agreeable. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 14.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the freewheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls made this wonderful film in 1955. It was hacked down to three-fourths of its length by the backers, destroying its structure and gaiety, and he died (in 1957) without ever witnessing a public run of the film he had actually made. This is the first New York release in its true form. The story is set in a circus, but the movie is about more than that. Peter Ustinov plays the ringmaster, Anton Walbrook a deaf Bavarian king, Martine Carol a famous courtesan declined into a trapeze artist. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 9.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The stars are a collection of aging, slightly overweight, bump-and-grind dancers whose numbers have been choreographed and photographed with fine satiric skill. This isn't so much a backstage musical as an onstage musical. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman (memorably, elegantly comic), and Britt Ekland, with her warm, big smile that is a happy substitute for acting. Directed by William Friedkin. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 13.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 14.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 14.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 13.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Prisonnière—Henri-Georges Clouzot, director of "The Wages of Fear," makes one of the few erotic films that deserve the name at the moment. Only a born moviemaker could have brought off this story of sadomasochism without unintentional humorlessness, and he makes it gripping, and sometimes a little touching. In French. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó, of "The Round Up," makes a movie about the Civil War in 1918, when Hungarian volunteers joined Russian Reds against the Whites who still held power in Central Russia. An engrossing picture, made by a man with a powerful sense of the reign of ambiguity and no taste for dialectic recital. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 13.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 13.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

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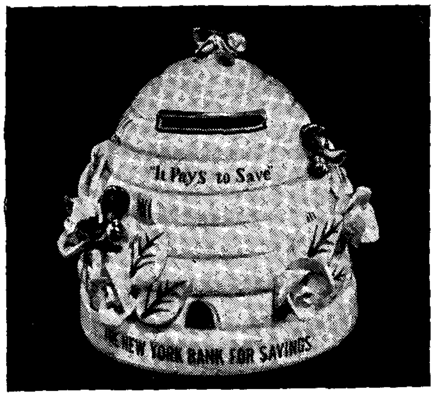

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 13: "Changes," Kent Lane.
From May 14: To be announced.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 13: "The Wedding Party," Charles Pfluger.
From May 14: "People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 13: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
From May 14: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 13: "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett; and "Deadfall," Michael Caine.
From May 14: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 13: "Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.
From May 14: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Wanderer" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 14: "Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, Philippe Leroy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Succubus" (in German).

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
LA PRISONNIÈRE (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Otley," Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
RACHEL, RACHEL; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968), Alan Arkin.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 13: "Joanna," Genevieve Waite.
From May 14: "People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
May 8: "The Mad Room," Stella Stevens, Shelley Winters.
From May 9: "Death of a Gunfighter," Richard Widmark, Lena Horne.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Miracle of Love," a semidocumentary film.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Where It's At," David Janssen, Rosemary Forsyth.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 11: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR** and **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS,** both Czechoslovakian films.
May 12-14: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 13: **HOT MILLIONS**; and "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From May 14: **BARBARELLA**; and "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
WEEKEND (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 13: **THE RED AND THE WHITE** (in Hungarian and Russian).
From May 14: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through May 13: "Hook, Line, and Sinker," Jerry Lewis, Peter Lawford; and "Young Americans," a documentary film.
From May 14: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 13: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom; and "Les Biches" (in French).
From May 14: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida; and another feature, to be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 12: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Min and Bill" (1930), Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.
From May 13: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**; and "Jezebel" (1938), Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 13: "Midas Run," Anne Heywood, Richard Crenna.
From May 14 (tentative): "The Illustrated Man," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Adelaide" (in French), Ingrid Thulin, Jean Sorel.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 10: "King, Murray," a semidocumentary film.
From May 11: "Laughter in the Dark," Nicol Williamson, Anna Karina.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Round Up" (in Hungarian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

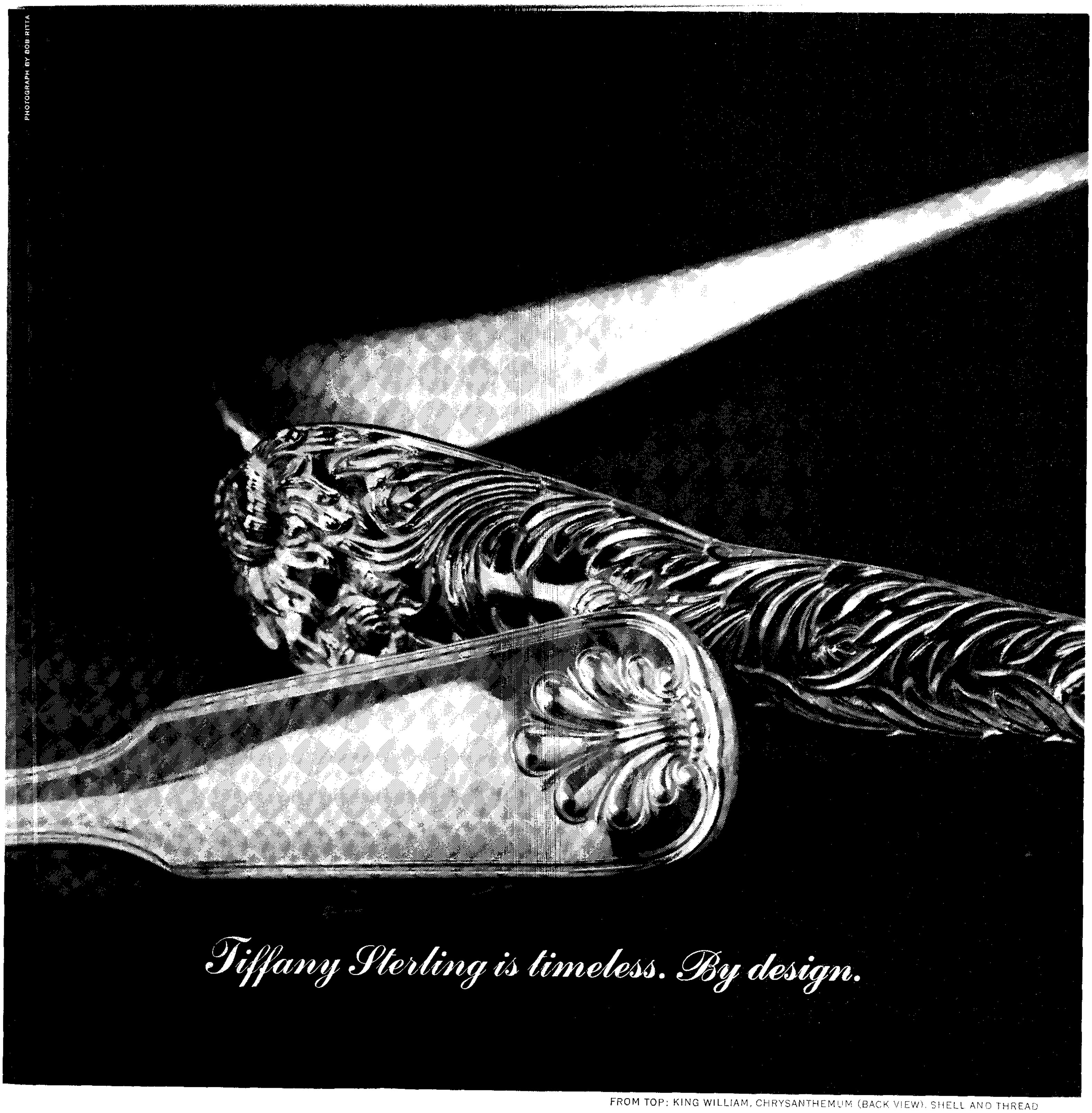
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Katerina Izmailova" (in Russian), Galina Vishnevskaya.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 14: "Six in Paris" (in French; six episodes, six directors); and "Black Girl" (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 13: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.
From May 14: "The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord; and "The Secret War of Harry Frigg" (1968), Paul Newman, Sylva Koscina.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 8: **LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE** and **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** (both in French).
From May 9: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**; and **THE BIG STORE.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GREETINGS.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

FROM TOP: KING WILLIAM, CHRYSANTHEMUM (BACK VIEW), SHELL AND THREAD

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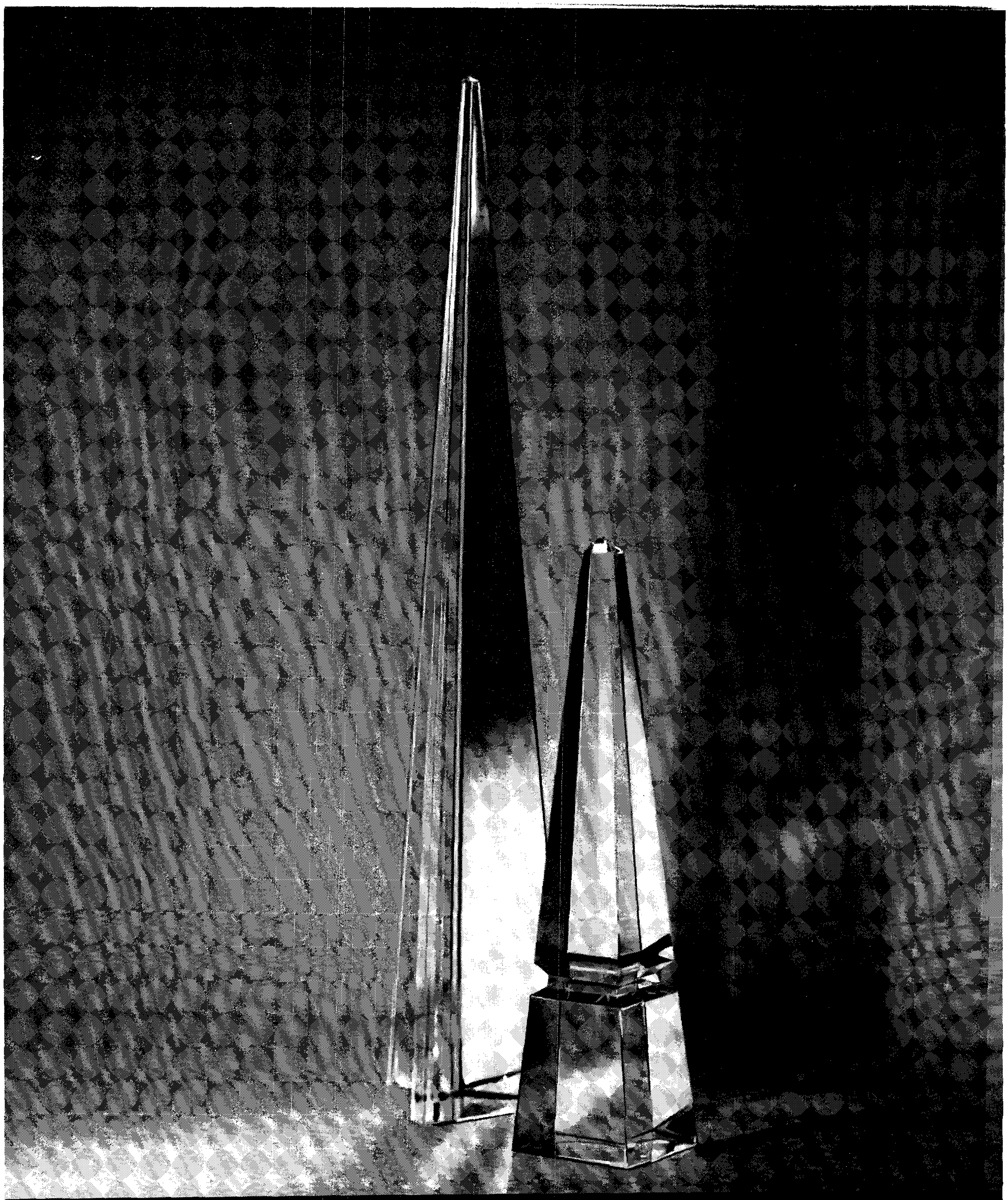

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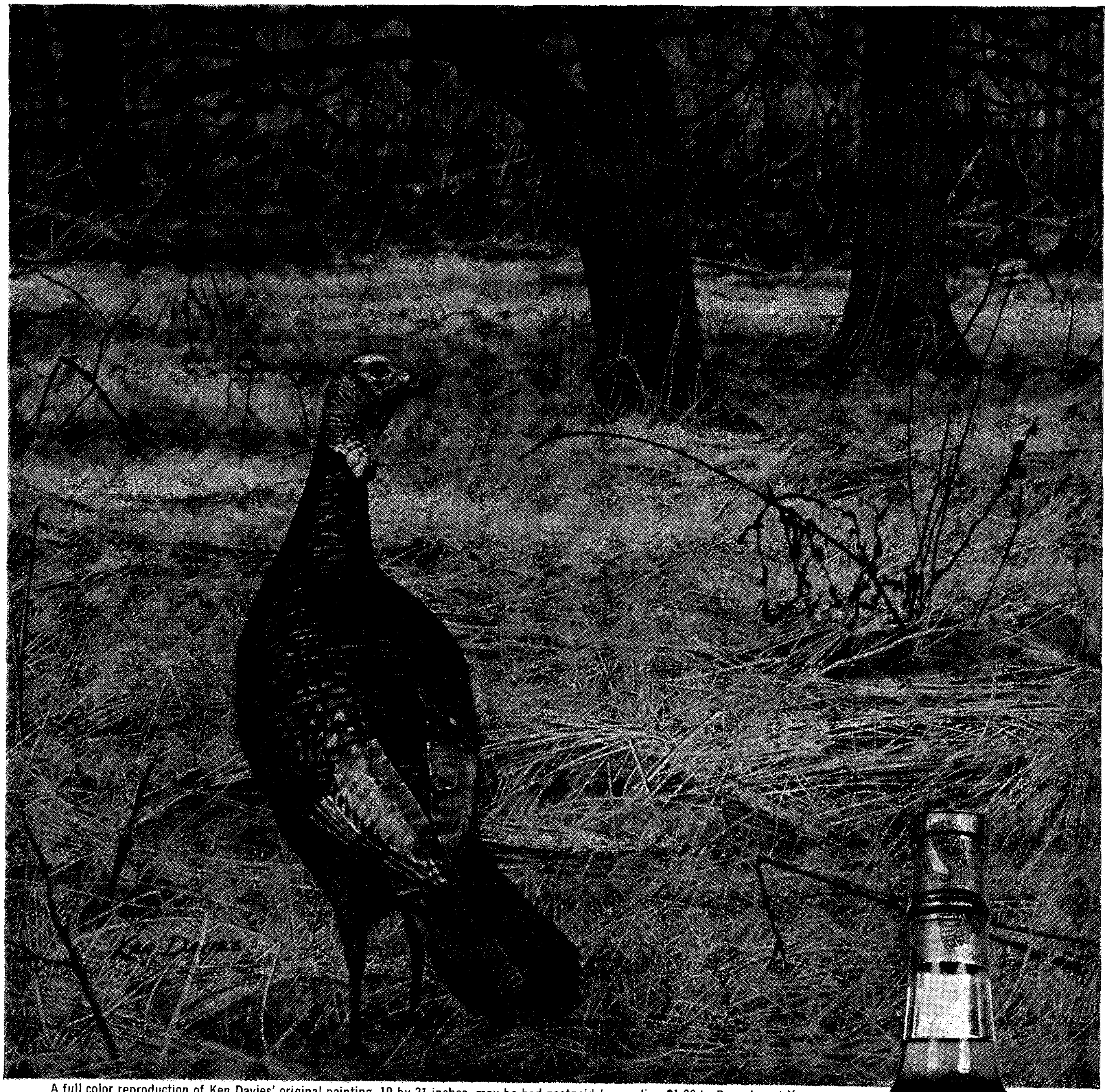

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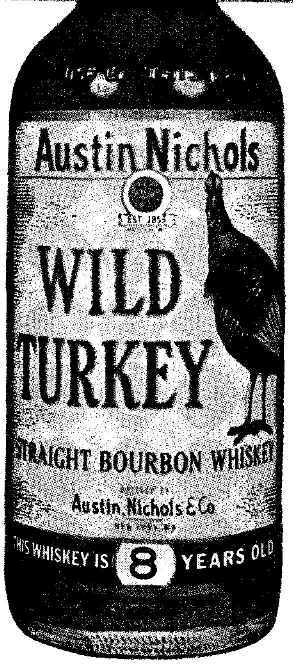
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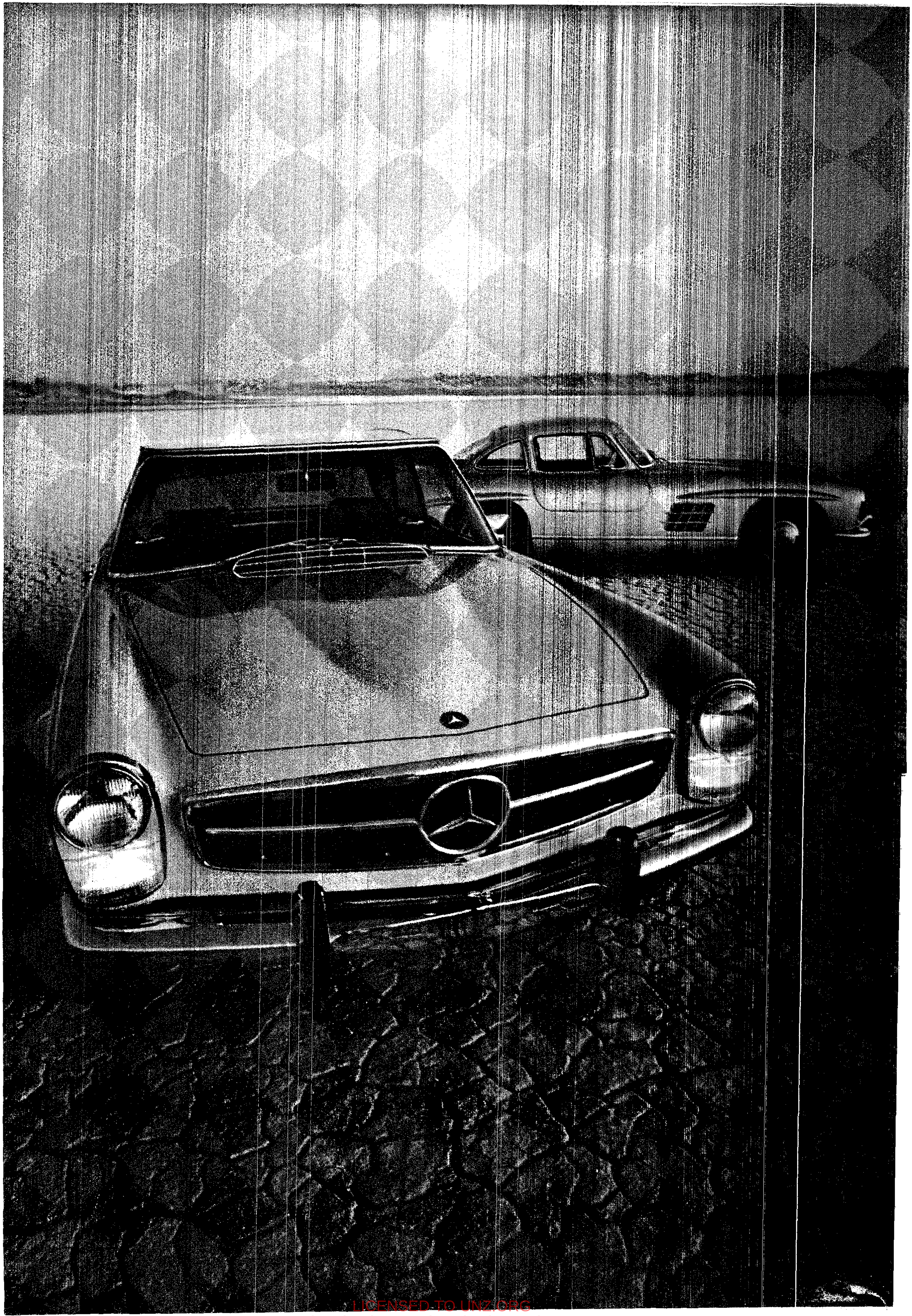
101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York



The 280SL is the grand total of everything Mercedes-Benz engineers have learned about high-performance sporting machinery.

Mercedes-Benz—greatest name in auto racing.

To some in the younger generation, that may seem a put-on.

It's not. No other car maker has come close to the Mercedes-Benz record of over 4,400 competition victories—a glittering heritage that stretches back to the winner of history's first auto race in 1894.

Mercedes-Benz sped to supremacy through the decades with a variety of mighty machines. The Blitzenbenz—record holder for 24 years. The immortal SSK. The W125, awesome 646-horsepower Grand Prix car.

In the background, you see a Mercedes-Benz standard-bearer of the 50's: the invincible "Gull Wing." Like Mercedes-Benz cars before and since, it bristled with sophisticated engineering innovations. First tubular-frame chassis. First fuel-injection engine.

The Gull Wing soared to legendary triumphs, sometimes obliterating the checkered flag in a blur of silver three cars deep.

Close descendant of the Gull Wing, the 280SL possesses an almost identical snout—and similarly shattering abilities. Yet many experts balk at calling it a true sports car. "It's just too comfortable," they say.

And that's the genius of this aristocrat. It's the one thoroughbred sporting machine that isn't cramped or hard-riding. That doesn't make you pay with ringing ears for a driving experience that can stir your soul.

(Price: $7,000 to $9,000, depending on options, taxes, etc.)

When Mercedes-Benz retired from competition in 1955 on the heels of two World Championships, American auto makers were growing more active in racing.

The results are ironic. Many U.S. cars now sport the trappings of racers—the stripes, the contours, the names—but little of the basic engineering. And today's Mercedes-Benz cars, though classically simple on the outside, are endowed with the hearts of champions.

Where no domestic sedan has the tenacious road-holding of a racer's all-independent suspension, every Mercedes-Benz does. Where no domestic sedan has the heroic stopping power of a racer's 4-wheel disc brakes, every Mercedes-Benz does.

If you appreciate the joys—and safety—of superb handling, arrange to test a Mercedes-Benz.

Whichever of 15 models you choose, from $4,500 to $27,000, pause as you slip inside. Grasp the wheel. Listen.

See if the whisper doesn't come: "Gentlemen, start your engines."

Background: 300SL "Gull Wing." Foreground: new 280SL, its descendant.
For a free, 2' x 3' wall poster of this photograph in full color, visit your nearest Mercedes-Benz showroom.

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A million dollars can't buy a dime's worth of nice.

Nice is way up there where money can't go. You don't switch it on and off. Not even for a million dollars.

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Richer than all the millions is the graciousness you will find.

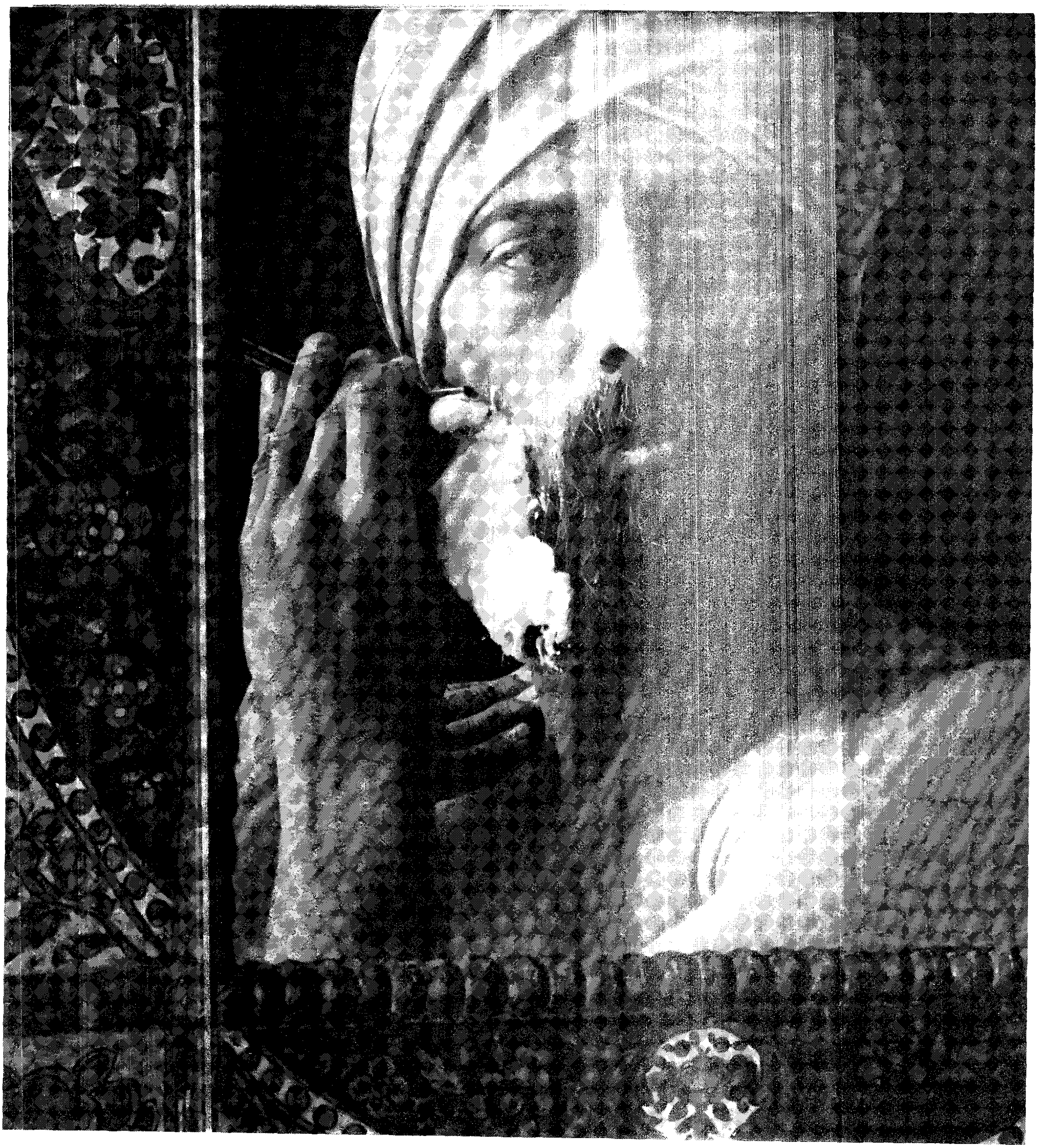
Hostesses with dark and smiling eyes, dressed in shimmering silk saris. Wonderful little kindnesses, as the hot and scented towels to soothe your face. Finely-prepared Indian or Continental cuisine.

Welcome to the airline where nice never cost anybody a dime.

Air-India to London, in a way that money can't buy. Your travel agent knows the way.

Air-India has something money can't buy.

The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 36 years of flying experience.



Something about चन्दन reminds me of home.

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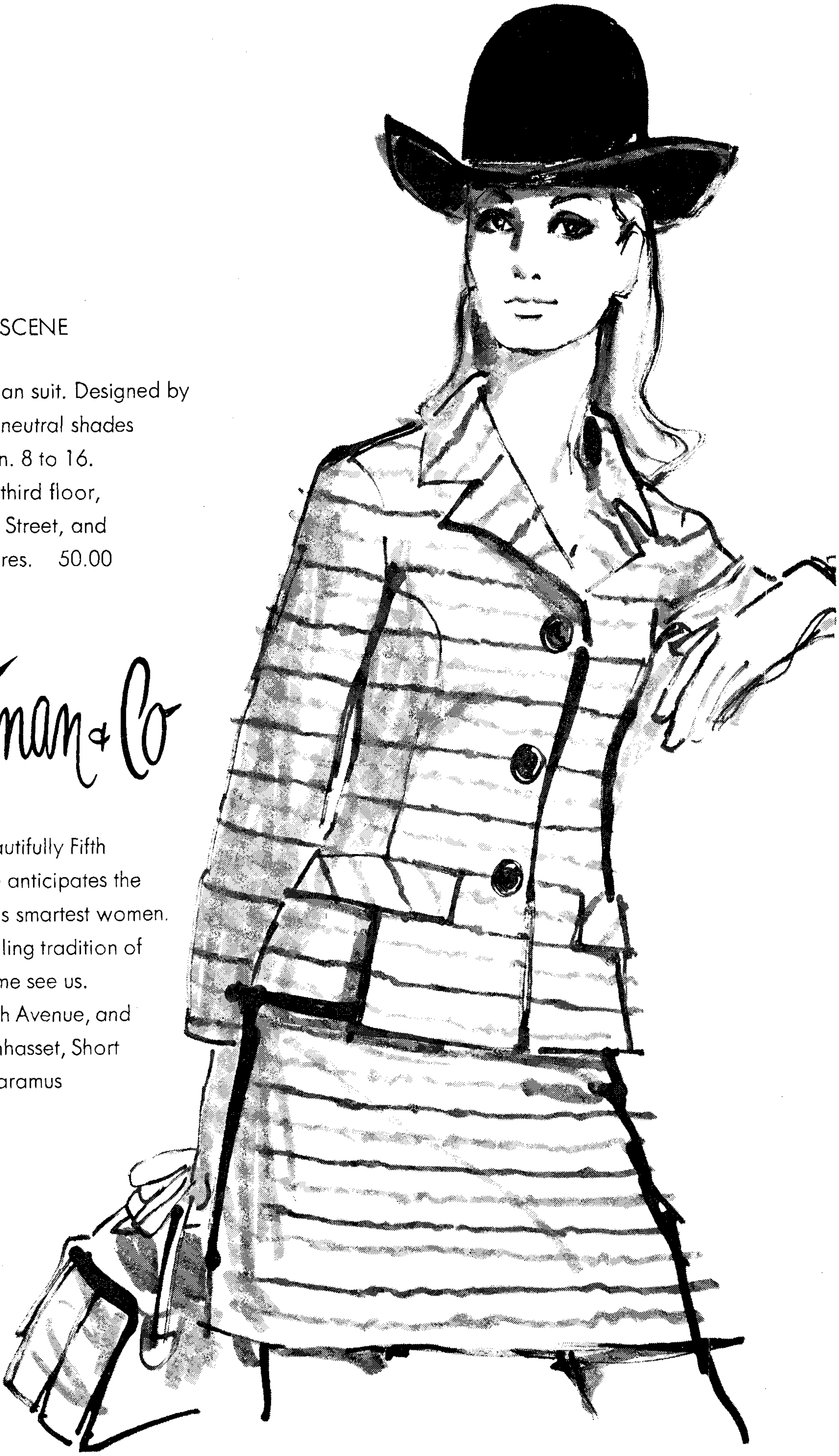
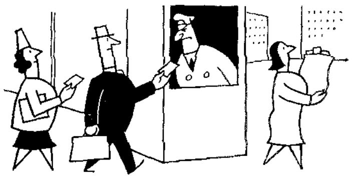


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

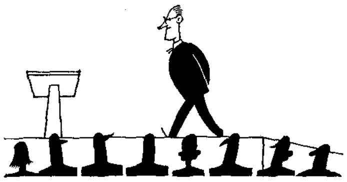
Notes and Comment

SPECIFICATIONS for a maximum-security residential development to be built in Potomac, Maryland, call for wire-mesh fencing around the entire hundred-and-sixty-seven-acre, sixty-seven-home enclave; for two guardhouses at each of the two entrances, where residents will show identification cards to gain admittance; and for electronic sensors installed in the shrubbery to set off an alarm on the arrival of unbidden guests. "We are going to give people safety—something they can't get anyplace else," said a spokesman for the developers. "We will make it as burglary-proof, as trespass-proof, and as vandalism-proof as possible. Security is the thrust and theme of the development." Once inside this security, residents of the development will live on streets called circles and named, according to the prospectus, after various literary figures, including Frost, Hemingway, Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman. Frost is, we believe, the poet who said, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." Hemingway referred to one of his characters as being "just a coward, and that was the worst luck any man could have." Melville wrote of "The Nantucketer," who, "out of sight of land, furls his sails and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales." Whitman wrote a line that went, "For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead." And if there is to be a Thoreau Circle in the Maryland development, it should be marked by a plaque reproducing the advice of that expert in maximum security, who dealt with the problem this way: "However, if one designs to construct a dwelling house, it behooves him to exercise a little Yankee shrewdness, lest after all he find himself in a workhouse, a labyrinth without a clue, a museum, an almshouse, a prison, or a splendid mausoleum instead." We hope that preliminary plans can be amended to include a Franklin Circle, in honor of Poor Richard, who once observed, "He that's secure is not safe." But, however the prospectus is adjusted and the maximum-security community is finally built, it seems fated to provide, in plan and spirit, one more dreary example of what happens to us when we function without the "Yankee shrewdness" Thoreau specified. We ought, somehow, to be able to outwit that kind of planning which seeks freedom from danger and finds that it has erected prison walls, or which, in its quest for peace and safety, shapes us a mausoleum world.

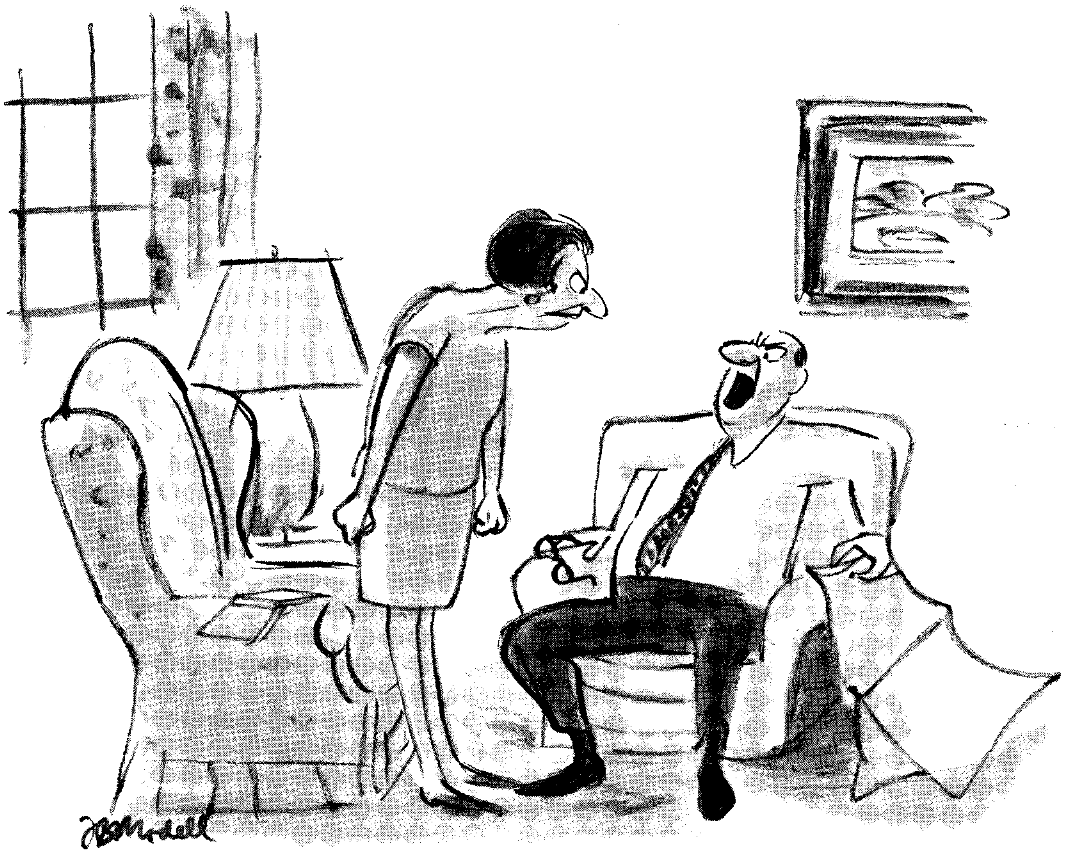


Venus and Mars

WITH the moon as good as in the bag, a number of astronomers in both the United States and the Soviet Union have begun chasing after Venus and Mars. At this moment, in what appears to be an equitable division of labor, two Russian spacecraft are racing toward Venus, whose orbit is about twenty-six million miles nearer the sun than our own, and two American spacecraft—Mariners 6 and 7—are shooting in the other direction, out toward Mars, whose orbit is about thirty-five million miles farther from the sun than ours. All four spacecraft will reach their destinations this spring and summer. The two planets bracket the Earth not only with respect to distance but also with respect to being on opposite sides of the area in the solar system which is considered a possible environment for life; that is, most scientists feel that life—at least, life similar to anything we know—couldn't exist much closer to the sun than Venus or much farther from the sun than Mars. Accordingly, when we heard that there was to be a lecture at the Rockefeller University entitled "Explorations of Mars and Venus," and that the lecturer was to be Dr. Robert Jastrow, the Director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, we made for York Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street.



We followed a small crowd into Caspary Auditorium, the domed building that resembles a half-moon brought to earth on the university's lawn; its interior reminded us a little of the inside of a planetarium. Dr. Jastrow, a tall, thin, very young-looking scientist with a square jaw, strode nervously about the platform. He is such a busy scientist that, it turned out, he didn't have time to finish his own lecture. However, he stayed around long enough to cast doubts upon the possibility that there is any life on Venus. Spacecraft that have flown near Venus have sent back data suggesting that all over the planet, from cloud-covered pole to cloud-covered pole, the temperature is well above the boiling point. What is curious about this situation, Dr. Jastrow said, is that if the Earth were moved into Venus's orbit, the Earth would be a good deal warmer than it is now—London, for instance, would enjoy the present climate of St. Thomas—but it wouldn't be boiling. The explanation of the discrepancy lies in the atmosphere of Venus, which is ninety per cent carbon dioxide, a gas impervious to infrared light. Sunlight that penetrates the Venusian clouds heats the planet's surface and is radiated away as infrared light but then can't escape from the atmosphere; that is, much of the sunlight that lands on Venus, and much of the heat, is trapped inside the atmosphere, by what has been called the greenhouse effect. The really puzzling thing, Dr. Jastrow



"Why is it every time someone opens his mouth around here you have to overrespond?"

went on to say, is that Venus, being the same size as the Earth, and presumably having coalesced out of the same kinds of dust and gases as the Earth, should therefore have developed along somewhat the same lines as the Earth, acquiring an atmosphere of approximately the same composition, and perhaps even developing life itself. One reason it didn't, Dr. Jastrow suggested, may be that the higher the temperature rises in the early life of a planet, the more difficult it is for rocks on the surface to remove carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and convert it into solid compounds called carbonates. As our atmosphere was forming, the Earth may have been just cool enough to permit an adequate absorption of carbon dioxide and so prevent the greenhouse effect from dominating the atmosphere, whereas on Venus the additional heat tipped the balance the other way. And, on Earth, once life had gained a foothold, plants and some marine animals began removing still more carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, further impeding the greenhouse effect. As Venus may have been, on the average, scarcely fifty degrees warmer than the Earth at the time its atmosphere was forming, the zone in a solar system where life can exist may be narrower than scientists once thought. Now, if you look in the opposite direction, toward Mars . . . But Dr. Jastrow never did; instead, he looked at his watch, announced that it was getting late, and jumped down from the platform.

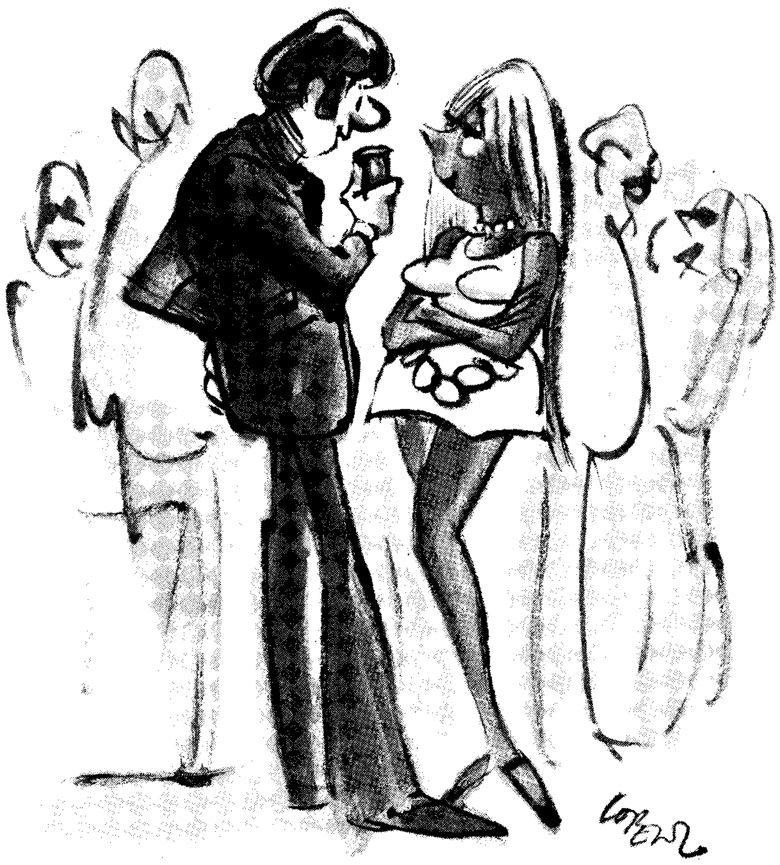
Some time later, we sought out Dr. Jastrow at the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, which is in a ramshackle building on West 112th Street—a curiously medieval street for such a modern enterprise, one end of it being dwarfed by the upsweeping façade of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine. The Institute, which is one of the divisions of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, was established in New York to draw on the talents of scientists at Columbia and other universities in the Northeast. In Dr. Jastrow's office, two huge photographs of the moon flanked a large brown blackboard that was scribbled all over with arcane mathematical formulas. Dr. Jastrow was a physicist before he founded the Institute, in 1961, and, as a physicist, he is known for the discovery of a phenomenon called Jastrow's Potential, which is the force that causes a high-energy proton to bounce back when it hits another proton squarely. Dr. Jastrow seemed to us to be propelled by Jastrow's Potential himself, for he exhibited even more high energy off the lecture platform than on. In one breath, he invited us to take a seat across from him at a cluttered wooden table, and in the next he announced that he was about to depart on a trip out of town. Hurriedly, we asked about carbon dioxide on Mars, and he replied that spectroscopic tests made from the Earth have revealed that carbon dioxide is probably a major component of the thin Martian atmosphere; however, since it is only about one one-millionth the amount of carbon dioxide on Venus, there is no danger of a greenhouse effect. On the contrary, the temperature on Mars ranges from just above freezing, at the equator in the summer, to a hundred and fifty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, at the winter pole. More worrisome from the point of view of life is the comparative aridity of Mars; spectroscopic tests from the Earth have shown that the quantity of water vapor on the entire Martian surface and in the planet's atmosphere is probably inadequate to cover the planet with anything more than a film of water a couple of thousandths of an inch thick. (In contrast, there is enough water vapor in Venus's fetid atmosphere to cover the planet with twelve inches of water, if the vapor should ever get cool enough to condense, and the Earth is the swampiest planet of all, with enough surface water in its oceans, ice caps, and atmosphere to make a uniform blanket eight thousand feet thick.) However, Dr. Jastrow said that he by no means despaired of finding life on the ruddy-seeming desert of Mars. He mentioned a seasonal darkening of the planet that sweeps across its face like vegetation leafing in the springtime, but he was quick to point out that there could be a geological or a chemical explanation for the change in color.

There is not enough moisture on Mars for life to originate there now, Dr. Jastrow continued, but there may be enough to support life, assuming that it got a good start during a wetter period in the planet's history. The indications are that there was once considerably more water on Mars than there is now. The disappearance of the water may be explained by the fact that Mars is so small, and its gravity therefore so low, that very large amounts of water could have escaped from the planet's atmosphere in the form of vapor. Dr. Jastrow believes that if life had once got a start when Mars was young and wet, and had had millions of years to adapt to progressively severer conditions as the water vapor leaked slowly from the atmosphere, plants undoubtedly *could* exist there today. Dr. Jastrow emphasized plants, because he doesn't envisage what he calls his watery Golden Age as having lasted long enough for animals to gain a foothold. The plants wouldn't be much to look at; they would be meagre, stunted versions of their presumably lush former selves. There would be nothing like them on Earth, and for this reason Dr. Jastrow is eager to get hold of some. "We would gain a new vantage point to look at our own life from. There is no telling what we could learn," he said as he stuffed some documents into a briefcase to take on his trip. Dr. Jastrow is very much in favor of sending men to Mars to look around; he doesn't think unmanned spacecraft can do the job. The Mariner 6 and 7 flights this summer won't answer the question of whether there is life on Mars; rather, these two spacecraft, being equipped with improved spectrometers and radiometers, will get more definite readings on the amounts of carbon dioxide and water vapor present in the thin Martian atmosphere, and these should give scientists a better idea of the environment of Mars and its suitability for life. The next step—and Dr. Jastrow doesn't think that this will be decisive, either—will be to send unmanned spacecraft that will land softly on Mars with some sort of instruments to detect life. One possibility is a sticky string that will be shot out onto the ground, reeled back in, and exposed to a culture medium, in which living organisms could grow and, as they grew, could release radioactive carbon dioxide, which would be detected by a small Geiger counter, which, in turn, would radio the evidence of life back to Earth. Dr. Jastrow is not sure that such a device could settle the dispute about life on Mars. "If the string finds evidence of life, half the scientists won't believe it, and if it doesn't find evidence of life, the other half won't believe *that*," he said. "The only way we can settle the matter for sure is to send a man to Mars. Nobody's going to believe a sticky string."

The Duke's Party

THE world trembles on, but somehow it manages to get important business done. Last week, on April 29th, the incomparable Duke Ellington was finally given his due by his country. The White House threw a black-tie seventieth-birthday party for him, and President Nixon presented him with the government's highest civilian award, the Presidential Medal of Freedom. A friend of Ellington's and ours was there, and he has sent us his impressions of the evening:

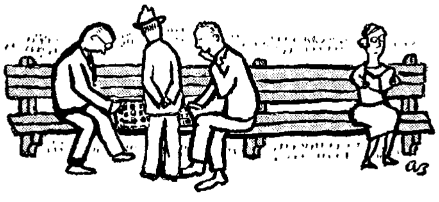
"I arrived at the White House with my wife via the southwest gate at a quarter to ten. There was a chill in the air, and it was drizzling. We were ushered swiftly through a handsome oval reception room into a small room full of cabinets displaying the china used by various Presidents. (I learned during the evening that the White House, with its myriad military aides and attendants, ushers its guests about with classic grace; one has the sensation of being constantly and gently propelled over velvet.) Earl Hines, sipping champagne as he stood with his back to the Canton china used by George Washington, was watching a Navy Band trio, made up of a drummer, a saxophonist, and an accordionist. 'That's the damnedest accordion I ever heard,' he said. 'It sounds like a *guitar*. It's just luck I'm here, and I'm very happy about it. Duke and I have been *very* close friends for a *long* time. I just finished an engagement at Blues Alley here, and tomorrow I'm off for South America.' Willie the Lion Smith, in his traditional garb of derby, horn-rimmed glasses, and cigar, drifted by, looking like a well-slept owl, and Gerry Mulligan and Clark Terry, who were carrying their horns, began to play with the trio. Gunther Schuller, the classical composer who is head of the New England Conservatory of Music, and who is one of Ellington's most fervent admirers, came in, followed by George Wein, the impresario. Marian McPartland was talking with Leonard Feather, the jazz critic, in a corner. The music was booming, and the guests had overflowed into an enormous arched hallway. Soon the aides wafted us upstairs and into the Great Hall, where a receiving line had formed. The President, the Duke, Mrs. Nixon, and Ruth Ellington, the Duke's sister, were receiving the guests near the door of the Blue Room, and across from them a contingent from the Marine Band was playing. I hadn't seen Ellington since last fall, when I spent three days on the road with him and the band in the Deep South, and the contrast between the two situations was startling. The three days were typical of the non-stop, no-vacations life that Ellington has led for forty-six years. On a Monday night, he played a sacred-music concert at South Carolina State College, in Orangeburg. On Tuesday, Harry Carney, his great baritone saxophonist and sometime chauffeur, drove him



"*You're kidding! You're much too warm and sensitive to be a Scorpio.*"

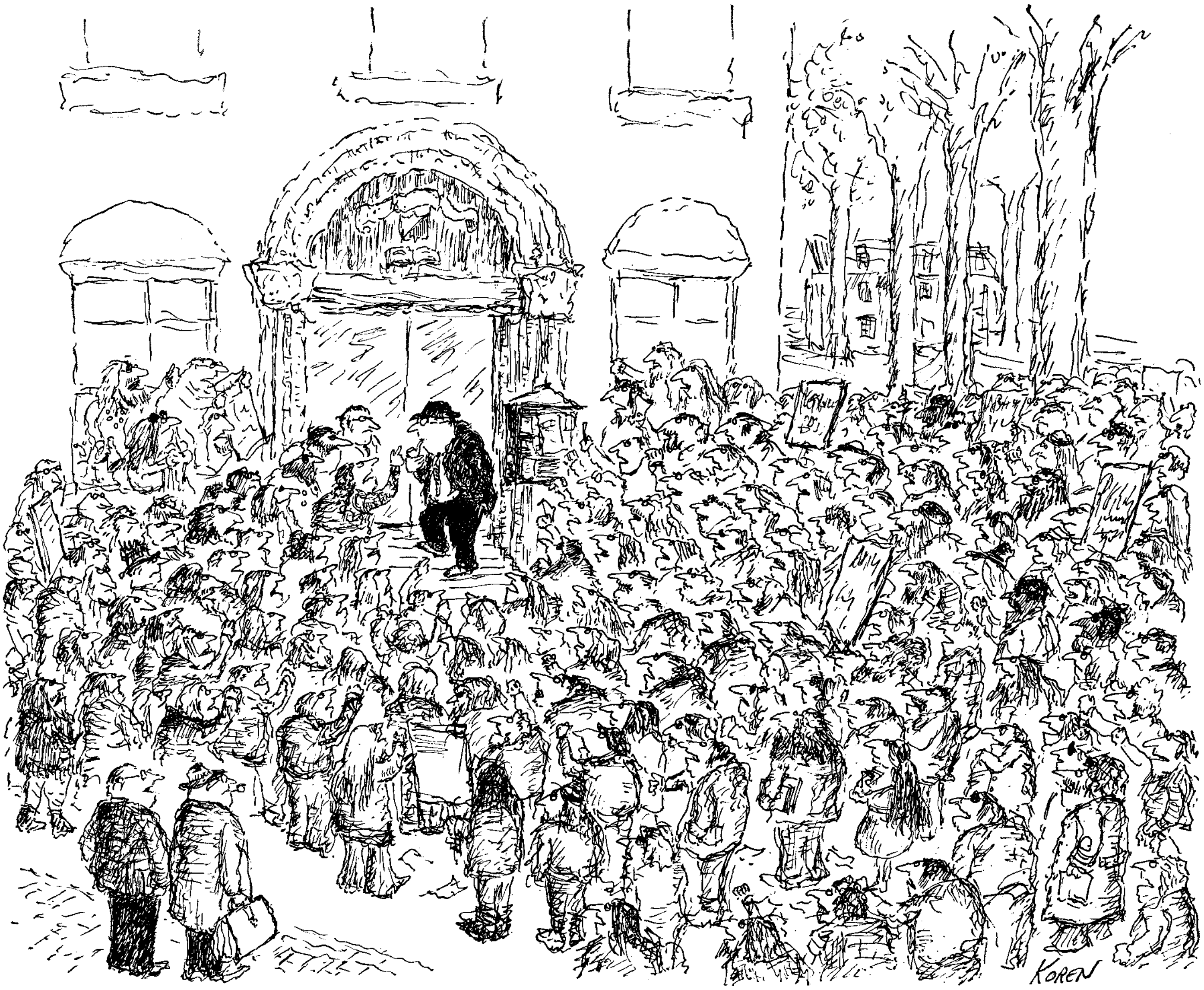
(and me) two hundred and twenty-five miles to Fort Valley, Georgia, where, ten minutes after our arrival, at eight o'clock, he started giving a concert at Fort Valley State College. Immediately after it was over, we piled back into the car and drove four hundred miles to Vicksburg, where he was scheduled to give a Wednesday-night concert. The Fort Valley-Vicksburg jaunt is unforgettable. Carney drove very fast over mile after mile of two-lane concrete roads. It was pitch-black, and the headlights seemed to bounce off the darkness. Ellington dozed a little and then said 'Lights.' Carney, maintaining his speed, switched on the overhead light, and the road all but disappeared from view. Ellington, dressed in his usual long-haul costume of an old sweater, rumpled pants, and a black bandanna tied around his head, pulled a thick sheaf of papers out of a small bag he takes everywhere and began to write. (The bag is shaped like a doctor's bag and was given him by his late friend and colleague Billy Strayhorn as a double gag, since Ellington holds an honorary degree from Yale and the bag was meant to hold the pills and other medicines he is never without.) Ten minutes later, Ellington said 'O.K.,' and Carney turned the light off. A similar work period took place every twenty minutes or so for the next three hours, and then we stopped for scrambled eggs and grits in a little town in Alabama. We were treated courteously, but nobody recognized Ellington. An hour or so later, we stopped for gas, and Ellington called New York and talked with his doctor and longtime friend Arthur Logan about some ailment that was bothering him. It was four o'clock. I fell asleep, and woke up in another gas station, near Jackson, Mississippi. The sun was coming up. Carney had got out of the car to pay for the gas, and the attendant, a white man in his fifties, asked him, 'Hey, is that Duke Ellington?' Carney nodded, and the man came up to Ellington's window. Ellington rolled it down and shook hands and said, 'How's it going?' The attendant said, '*Are* you Duke Ellington?' Ellington nodded. 'Wow! I've been listening to your records all my life. This is a great honor.' Ellington rolled up the window and we drove off. 'And I almost made it safely to the border,' he said.

"And here he was in the White House, in a tuxedo and a white ruffled shirt, standing next to the President and still nodding and smiling and shaking hands. When I reached the President in the receiving line, I told him he was doing a noble thing giving such a party, and he uttered a perfect 'Pshaw!' Ellington looked at me blankly, and I told him my name. He gave his Mona Lisa smile and said, 'And I was afraid *you* wouldn't remember *my* name.' After being greeted by Mrs. Nixon, who looked frail and bemused, and by Miss Ellington, who was almost invisible under a huge wig, my wife and I were ushered discreetly into the East Room, where several hundred chairs had been set up. Television and newsreel cameramen were packed into a screened-off area in the back of the room. (The *Times* reported that this was the first time the White House had ever allowed such an event to be covered by television cameras.) A ten-piece band was waiting on a dais in the front of the room, and it was a sterling group, made up of Hank Jones, Jim Hall, Milt Hinton, Louis Bellson, Bill Berry, Clark Terry, Urbie Green, J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan, and Paul Desmond. Vice-President Agnew was standing between the band and the audience, beaming and looking like a maître d. When the room was full, the President and Mrs. Nixon, followed by Ellington and his sister, entered, and everyone stood. I can't resist such fillets of melodrama, and I got a lump in my throat. The President, moving in a quick, wooden way, jumped up on a platform in front of the bandstand and, in his deepest rain-barrel voice, said something to this effect: 'Sit down, please, ladies and gentlemen. This is a very unusual and special evening in this great room. Before the entertainment begins, we have a presentation to make. I was looking at this name on here and it says "Edward Kennedy" '—he paused—' "Ellington." ' Laughter. 'For the first time during this Administration I have the honor of presenting the Presidential Medal of Freedom.' Ellington, standing pensively beside Mr. Nixon, was reading the citation over his right shoulder. 'In the royalty of American music, no man swings more or stands higher than the Duke.' The President handed Ellington the medal. Everyone stood, and the applause was thunderous. 'Thank you, Mr. President,' Ellington said, and, taking Mr. Nixon by both arms, he conferred *his* celebrated award—the classic French greeting of left cheek against left cheek, right against right, left against left, and right against right. The President blushed and took a seat in the front row. Ellington said thank you again and listed the four freedoms that Billy Strayhorn had lived his life by—freedom from hate, freedom from self-pity, freedom from fear of possibly doing something that might help someone else more than it would him, and freedom from 'the kind of pride that could make a man feel that he is better than his brother.' Ellington sat down between Mrs. Agnew and his sister, and the President jumped back up on the platform and said, laughing, 'One thing has been left out of the program—"Happy Birthday." Please don't go away while I try and play it, and everybody sing, please, in the key of G.'



"Everybody sang, and then the band went to work. The music, which lasted an hour and a half, was exceptional. Some two dozen numbers were played, and almost all were by Ellington and/or Billy Strayhorn. The high points included Gerry Mulligan's impassioned 'Sophisticated Lady;' a duet by Terry and Berry in 'Just Squeeze Me;' a gorgeous Urbie Green solo in 'I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good;' a long, stamping 'In a Mellow Tone;' an ingenious medium-tempo version of Ellington's ordinarily dreamy 'Prelude to a Kiss,' arranged by Mulligan; three exhilarating choruses of 'Perdido,' by Earl Hines; and a caroming Louis Bellson drum solo in 'Caravan.' Then Willis Conover, who had arranged the musical festivities, introduced the musicians. Ellington stood up, bowed, and sat down after each name. The President darted back to the platform and said, 'I think we all ought to hear from one more pianist.' He pulled Ellington from his chair, and the Duke took the microphone. 'It's the greatest compliment to be asked to follow this orchestra. I shall pick a name—gentle, graceful, something like Pat.' He sat down at the piano and improvised a slow, Debussy-like melody that brought the room to dead silence. Shouts of applause followed, and Mr. Nixon announced that if everyone would move into the Great Hall for refreshments, the East Room would be cleared for a jam session and dancing.

"I went out into the lobby looking for celebrities, and found them—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Preminger, Geoffrey Holder and his wife, Carmen de Lavallade, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Arlen, Daniel



"It looks as though Dean Smith is no longer beloved."

• •

Patrick Moynihan, Mahalia Jackson, the Reverend and Mrs. John Yaryan (he was one of the sponsors of Ellington's first sacred-music concert, in Grace Cathedral in San Francisco in 1965), Dr. and Mrs. Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Cab Calloway, and Mr. and Mrs. Billy Eckstine.

"Ellington himself moved easily from cluster to cluster, and when he got near us, my wife said to him, 'I was so glad you kissed President Nixon.' 'I think he liked that,' Ellington replied. 'I always kiss all my friends. So now he belongs.' I asked him why he was wearing such a conservative shirt, and he said, 'The man who was supposed to bring my pleated blue satin shirt lost it or forgot it, or something, and I had to go out and buy this *and* these studs and cufflinks.'

"A roar of music burst out of the East Room. Lou Rawls was shouting the blues, and he was followed by Eckstine and Joe Williams. Half of the accompanying band was made up of the all-stars, complemented by Dizzy Gillespie, and half of it of members of the Marine Band, who looked as if they were in Valhalla. The chairs had been pushed back, and dancing began. Geoffrey Holder, an enormous man in a black velvet outfit with satin trim, leaped around with Miss de Lavallade, and Ellington danced in turn with Mrs. Logan, his sister, and Mrs. Yaryan. He did a peppy foxtrot. George Wein sat in on piano and was followed by Ellington. Then Ellington and Willie the Lion Smith (Smith taught Ellington some piano forty-five years ago) played a duet, and so did the Lion and Marian McPartland. Harold Taylor, the former president of Sarah Lawrence College, sat in on clarinet. Ellington danced some more, looking fresh and happy and very young (he was due to fly to Oklahoma City for a gig the next morning at eight), and then he went over to Dr. Logan, who was sitting in the front row. The Doctor took his pulse and pushed Ellington back on the dance floor. The Nixons had gone to bed shortly after midnight, but the East Room rocked on until well after two.

"I said good night to Ellington near the front door of the White House. He embraced me and my wife, and then, as if it had been her party, paid her the kind of compliment women take with them to their graves: 'I'm so glad you could come. You looked so beautiful, and you brought such dignity to my party.' He waved, and we went out.

"So, as such evenings go, it was pretty fine. In fact, only one thing was really wrong: the band wasn't there. That magnificent assemblage is Ellington's voice, his right hand, his palette, his instrument, and not to have it present left an irremediable hole in the evening. But the next time I see the Duke I'll ask him about it, and he'll have the right answer. He always does."

THE METTERLING LISTS

VENAL & SONS has at last published the long-awaited first volume of Metterling's laundry lists ("The Collected Laundry Lists of Hans Metterling," Vol. I, 437 pp., plus XXXII-page introduction; indexed; $18.75), with an erudite commentary by the noted Metterling scholar Gunther Eisenbud. The decision to publish this work separately, before the completion of the immense four-volume *œuvre*, is both welcome and intelligent, for this obdurate and sparkling book will instantly lay to rest the unpleasant rumors that Venal & Sons, having reaped rich rewards from the Metterling novels, play, and notebooks, diaries, and letters, was merely in search of continued profits from the same lode. How wrong the whisperers have been! Indeed, the very first Metterling laundry list

LIST NO. 1
6 prs. shorts
4 undershirts
6 prs. blue socks
4 blue shirts
2 white shirts
6 handkerchiefs
No Starch

serves as a perfect, near-total introduction to this troubled genius, known to his contemporaries as the "Prague Weirdo." The list was dashed off while Metterling was writing "Confessions of a Monstrous Cheese," that work of stunning philosophical import in which he proved not only that Kant was wrong about the universe but that he never picked up a check. Metterling's dislike of starch is typical of the period, and when this particular bundle came back too stiff Metterling became moody and depressed. His landlady, Frau Weiser, reported to friends that "Herr Metterling keeps to his room for days, weeping over the fact that they have starched his shorts." Of course, Breuer has already pointed out the relation between stiff underwear and Metterling's constant feeling that he was being whispered about by men with jowls ("Metterling: Paranoid-Depressive Psychosis and the Early Lists," Zeiss Press). This theme of a failure to follow instructions appears in Metterling's only play, "Asthma," when Needleman brings the cursed tennis ball to Valhalla by mistake.

The obvious enigma of the second list

LIST NO. 2
7 prs. shorts
5 undershirts
7 prs. black socks
6 blue shirts
6 handkerchiefs
No Starch

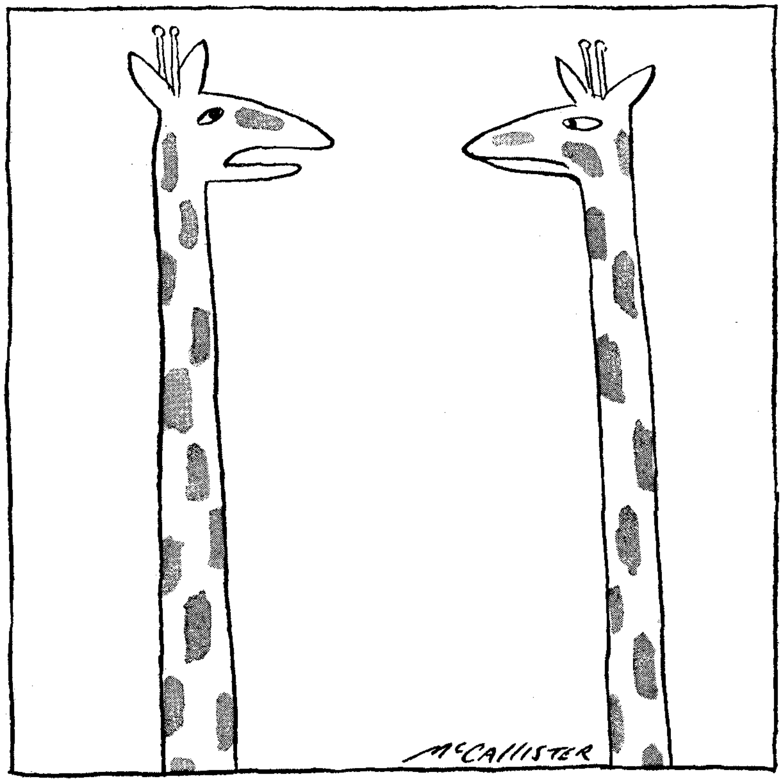
is the seven pairs of black socks, since it has been long known that Metterling was deeply fond of blue. Indeed, for years the mention of any other color would send him into a rage, and he once pushed Rilke down into some honey because the poet said he preferred brown-eyed women. According to Anna Freud ("Metterling's Socks as an Expression of the Phallic Mother," *Journal of Psychoanalysis*, Nov., 1935), his sudden shift to the more sombre legwear is related to his unhappiness over the "Bayreuth Incident." It was there, during the first act of "Tristan," that he sneezed, blowing the toupee off one of the opera's wealthiest patrons. The audience became convulsed, but Wagner defended him with his now classic remark "Everybody sneezes." At this, Cosima Wagner burst into tears and accused Metterling of sabotaging her husband's work.

That Metterling had designs on Cosima Wagner is undoubtedly true, and we know he took her hand once in Leipzig and again, four years later, in the Ruhr Valley. In Danzig, he referred to her tibia obliquely during a rainstorm, and she thought it best not to see him again. Returning to his home in a state of exhaustion, Metterling wrote "Thoughts of a Chicken," and dedicated the original manuscript to the Wagners. When they used it to prop up the short leg of a kitchen table, Metterling became sullen and switched to dark socks. His housekeeper pleaded with him to retain his beloved blue or at least to try brown, but Metterling cursed her, saying, "Slut! And why not Argyles, eh?"

In the third list

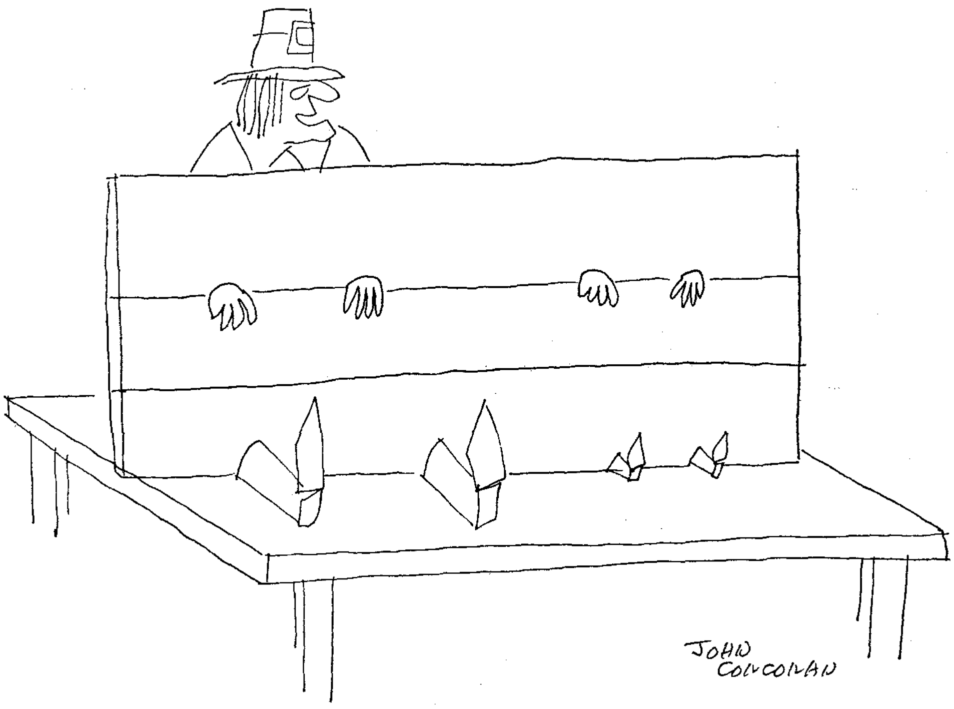
LIST NO. 3
6 handkerchiefs
5 undershirts
8 prs. socks
3 bedsheets
2 pillowcases

linens are mentioned for the first time. Metterling had a great fondness for linens, particularly pillowcases, which he and his sister, as children, used to put over their heads while playing ghosts, until one day he fell into a rock quarry. Metterling liked to sleep on fresh linen, and so do his fictional creations. Horst Wasserman, the impotent locksmith in "Filet of Herring," kills for a change of sheets, and Jenny, in "The Shepherd's Finger," is willing to go to bed with Klineman (whom she hates for rubbing butter on her mother) "*if it means* lying between soft sheets." It is a tragedy that the laundry never did the linens to Metterling's satisfaction, but to contend, as Pfaltz has done, that his consternation over it prevented him from finishing "Whither Thou Goest, Cretin" is absurd. Metterling enjoyed the



"I'm tired of fighting it. Heights terrify me, and that's that."

luxury of sending his sheets out, but he was not dependent on it.



"What are you in for, kid?"

• •

WHAT prevented Metterling from finishing his long-planned book of poetry was an abortive romance, which figures in the "Famous Fourth" list:

List No. 4
7 prs. shorts
6 handkerchiefs
6 undershirts
7 prs. black socks
No Starch
Special One-Day Service

In 1884, Metterling met Lou Andreas-Salomé, and suddenly, we learn, he required that his laundry be done fresh daily. Actually, the two were introduced by Nietzsche, who told Lou that Metterling was either a genius or an idiot and to see if she could guess which. At that time, the special one-day service was becoming quite popular on the Continent, particularly with intellectuals, and the innovation was welcomed by Metterling. For one thing, it was prompt, and Metterling loved promptness. He was always showing up for appointments early—sometimes several days early, so that he would have to be put up in a guest room. Lou also loved fresh shipments of laundry every day. She was like a little child in her joy, often taking Metterling for walks in the woods and there unwrapping the latest bundle. She loved his undershirts and handkerchiefs, but most of all she worshipped his shorts. She wrote Nietzsche that Metterling's shorts were the most sublime thing she had ever encountered, including "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Nietzsche acted like a gentleman about it, but he was always jealous of Metterling's underwear and told close friends he found it "Hegelian in the extreme." Lou Salomé and Metterling parted company after the Great Treacle Famine of 1886, and while Metterling forgave Lou, she always said of him that "his mind had hospital corners."

The fifth list

List No. 5
6 undershirts
6 shorts
6 handkerchiefs

has always puzzled scholars, principally because of the total absence of socks. (Indeed, Thomas Mann, writing years later, became so engrossed with the problem he wrote an entire play about it, "The Hosiery of Moses," which he accidentally dropped down a grating.) Why did this literary giant suddenly strike socks from his weekly list? Not, as some scholars say, as a sign of his oncoming madness, although Metterling had by now adopted certain odd behavior traits. For one thing, he believed that he was either being followed or was following somebody. He told close friends of a government plot to steal his chin, and once, on holiday in Jena, he could not say anything but the word "eggplant" for four straight days. Still, these seizures were sporadic and do not account for the missing socks. Nor does his emulation of Kafka, who for a brief period of his life stopped wearing socks, out of guilt. But Eisenbud assures us that Metterling continued to wear socks. He merely stopped sending them to the laundry! And why? Because at this time in his life he acquired a new housekeeper, Frau Milner, who consented to do his socks by hand—a gesture that so moved Metterling that he left the woman his entire fortune, which consisted of a black hat and some tobacco. She also appears as Hilda in his comic allegory, "Mother Brandt's Ichor."

Obviously, Metterling's personality had begun to fragment by 1894, if we can deduce anything from the sixth list:

List No. 6
25 handkerchiefs
1 undershirt
5 shorts
1 sock

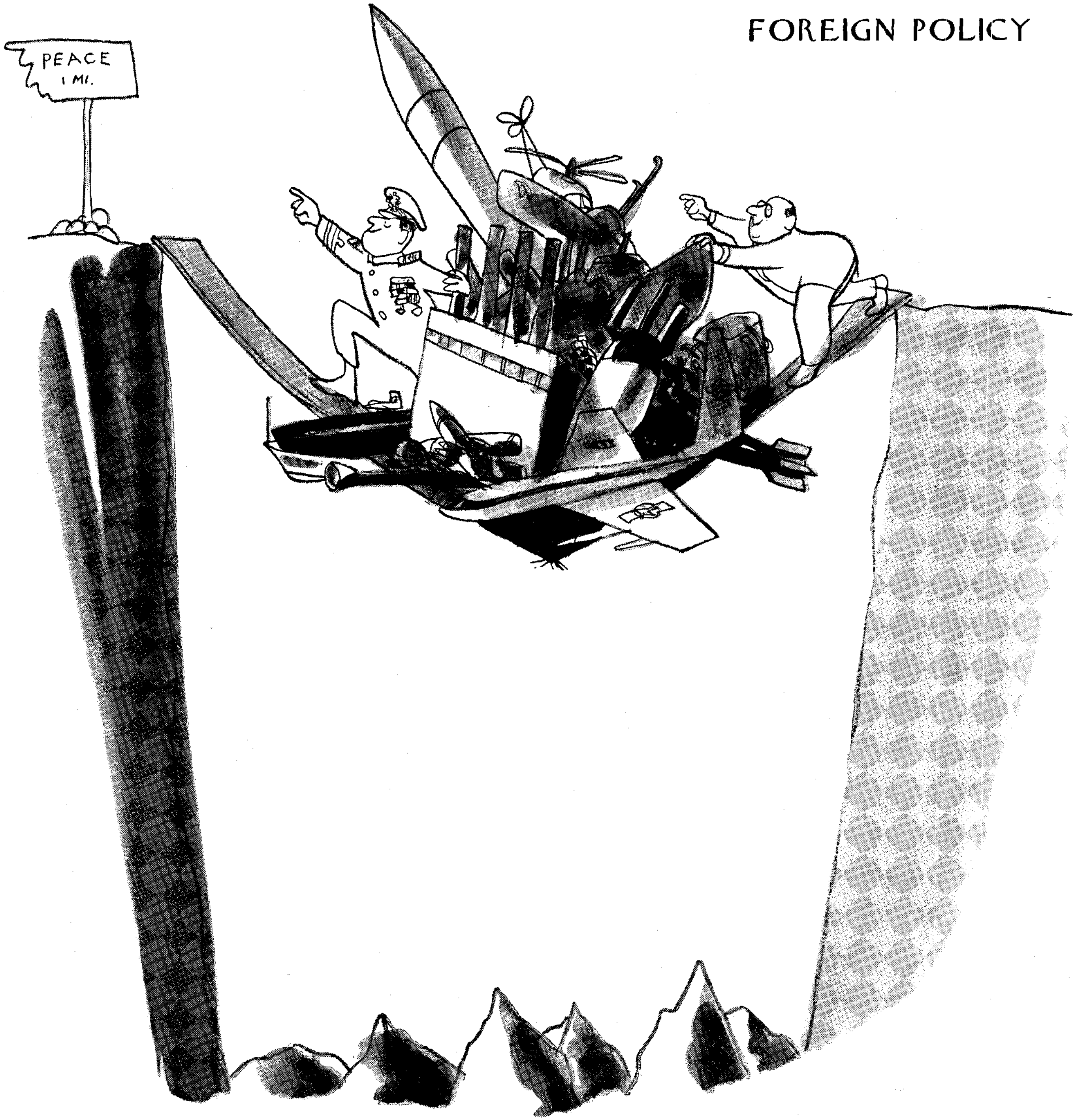
and it is not surprising to learn that it was at this time he entered analysis with Freud. He had met Freud years before in Vienna, when they both attended a production of "Oedipus," from which Freud had to be carried out in a cold sweat. Their sessions were stormy, if we are to believe Freud's notes, and Metterling was hostile. He once threatened to starch Freud's beard and often said he reminded him of his laundryman. Gradually, Metterling's unusual relationship with his father came out. (Students of Metterling are already familiar with his father, a petty official who would frequently ridicule Metterling by comparing him to a wurst.) Freud writes of a key dream Metterling described to him:

> I am at a dinner party with some friends when suddenly a man walks in with a bowl of soup on a leash. He accuses my underwear of treason, and when a lady defends me her forehead falls off. I find this amusing in the dream, and laugh. Soon everyone is laughing except my laundryman, who seems stern and sits there putting porridge in his ears. My father enters, grabs the lady's forehead, and runs away with it. He races to a public square, yelling, "At last! At last! A forehead of my own! Now I won't have to rely on that stupid son of mine." This depresses me in the dream, and I am seized with an urge to kiss the Burgomaster's laundry. (Here the patient weeps and forgets the remainder of the dream.)

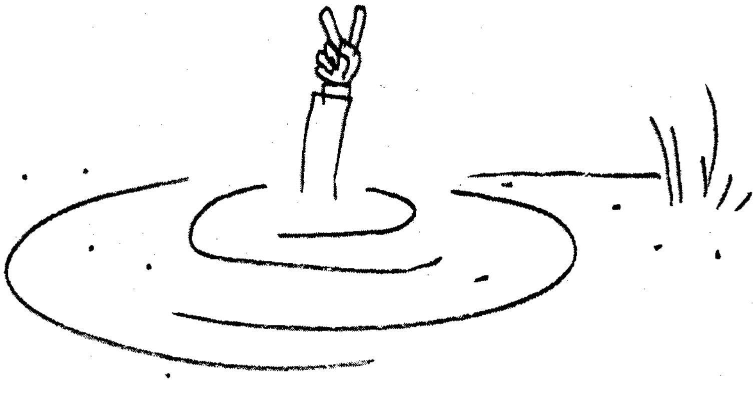
With insights gained from this dream, Freud was able to help Metterling, and the two became quite friendly outside of analysis, although Freud would never let Metterling get behind him.

In Volume II, it has been announced, Eisenbud will take up Lists 7-25, including the years of Metterling's "private laundress" and the pathetic misunderstanding with the Chinese on the corner. —Woody Allen

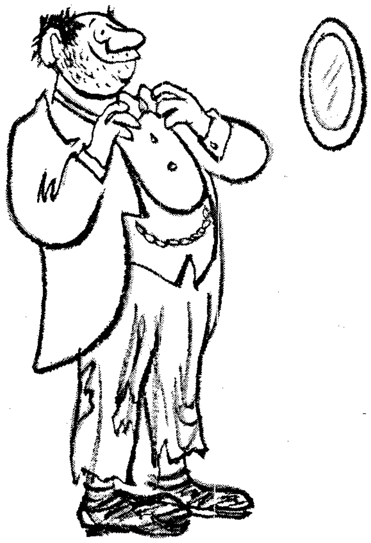
FOREIGN POLICY



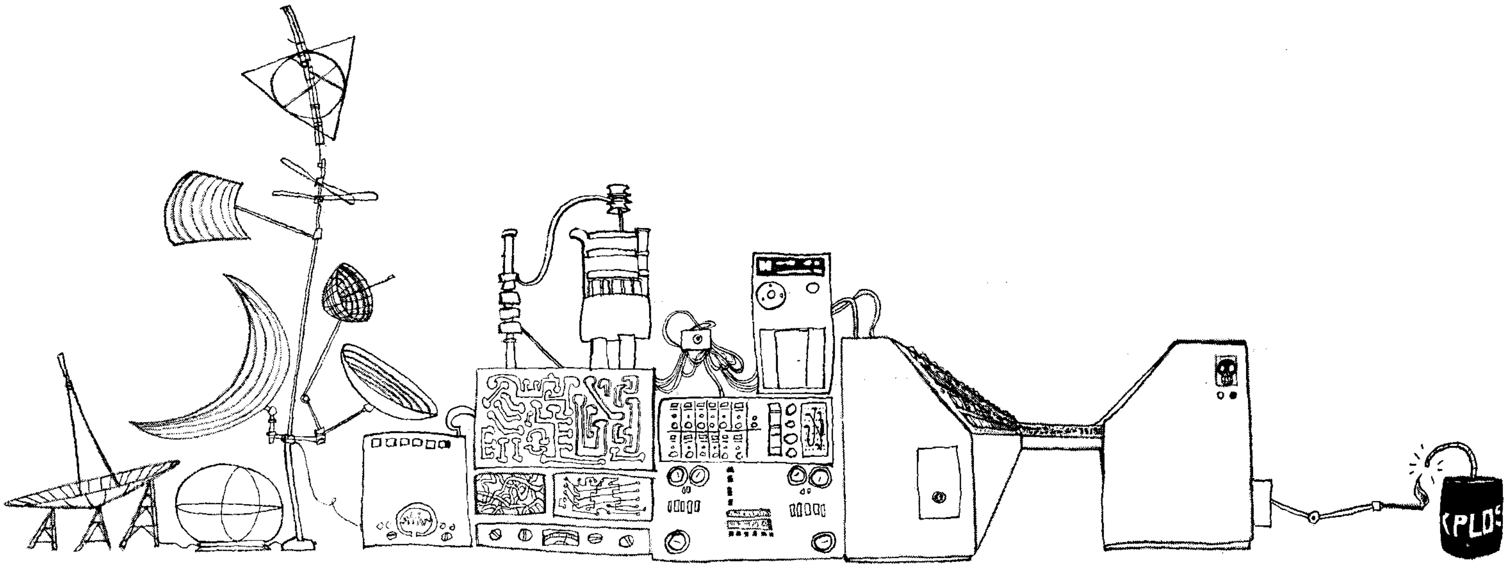
Peace Through Strength



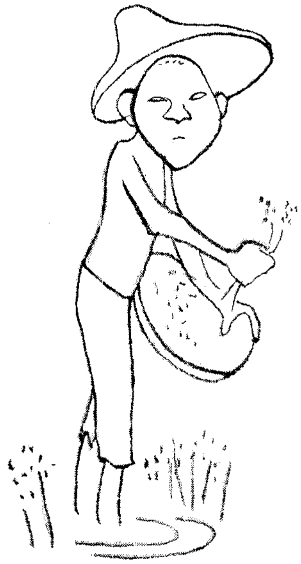
Unswerving Commitment to the Free World



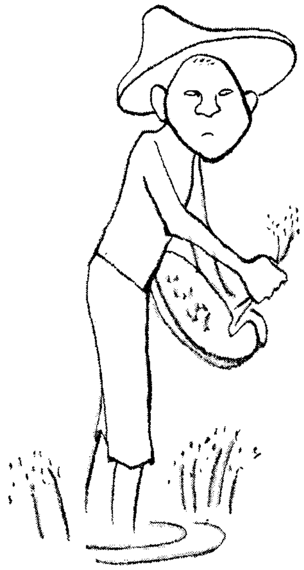
Revisionism



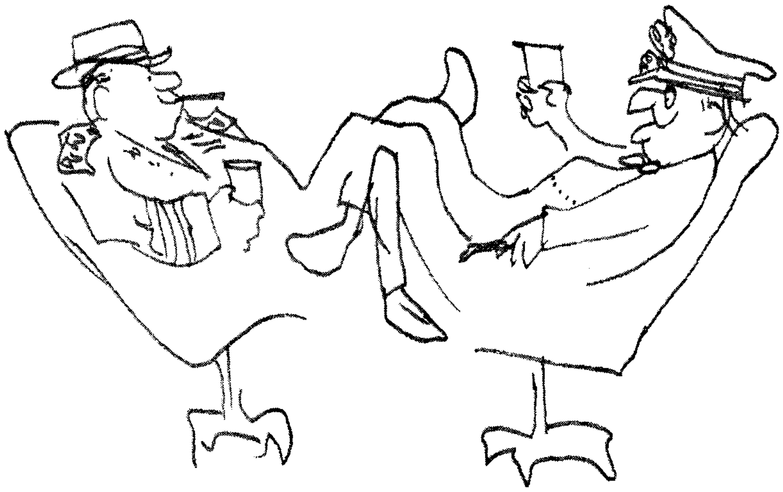
Sophisticated Hardware



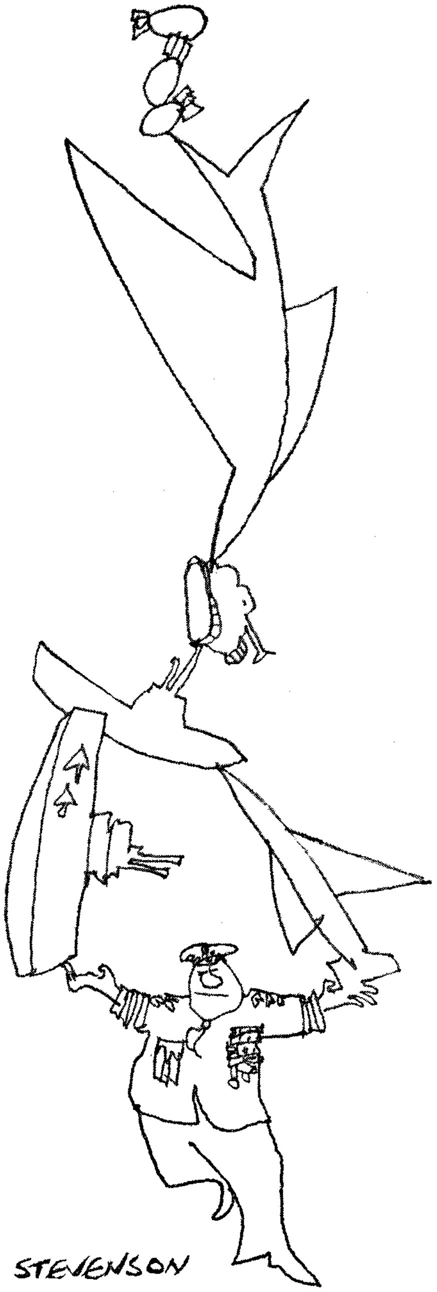
Implacable Foe of
Totalitarian Communism



Dedicated Enemy of
Capitalist Imperialism



Military-Industrial Complex



Arms Buildup

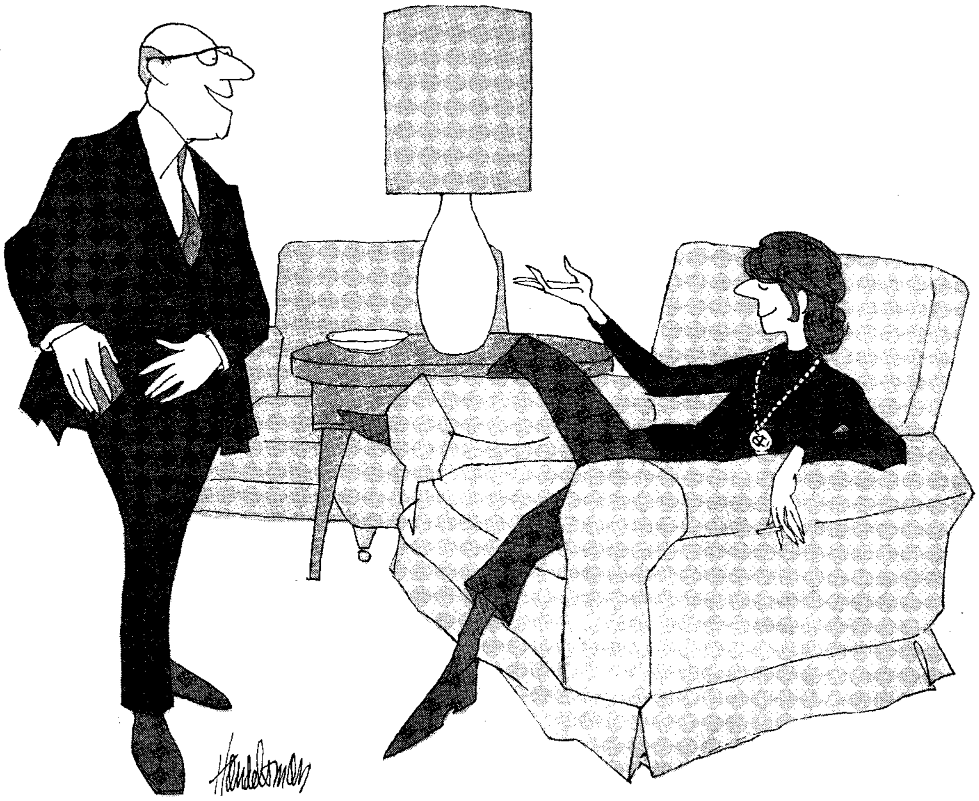
WET SPRING

DAVID had made up his mind not to get married till he was firmly established as a painter, and Theo had always intended to wait till she finished the Slade. But mind and intentions suffered the usual defeat. They met at a studio party in the fall, when David had not even begun to be established as a painter and Theo had still eighteen months to go at the Slade; married in the spring; had Angela by Candlemas.

For the first few months of their marriage, neither of them did a spot of serious work. The moment young people leave their homes and set up on their own, they have friends dropping in every evening and staying until all hours, and then, of course, they sleep late the next morning, which is fatal to creative output. When they do get up, there are all those dishes to be washed before the kettle can be eased under the tap. David spent a lot of daylight putting up bookshelves and repairing the chairs and a table bought in the Fulham Road. The kitchen was half a flight up from the only room in the top-floor flat—an attic, really, but it had a skylight in the slanting roof. David nailed a couple of boards against the wall to stack his canvases, and kept his easel in a corner cheek by jowl with floor mop and broom. Theo's canvases stayed at her mother's. One day the gas stove and the sink could be moved onto the landing, then there would be room for her stuff, too. The kitchen was cluttered up with David's, paintbrushes stuck out of a pitcher, and a hand dipped into an old biscuit tin supposed to harbor lump sugar as often as not came out with a half-squeezed paint tube.

David's mother offered them a double bed for the sitting room, but it took up too much space and they made do with David's old studio couch. Bed had not come up to Theo's expectations. Her mother told her this was often the case at first, and Theo hoped her dreams of bliss would one night suddenly come true, but the memory of inconclusive hours spent on studio couches with quite a sweet boy called Sam Hutton and afternoons in the woods with her cousin Richard that were complete fiascoes secretly disturbed her.

David wanted to paint her, but Theo could not endure the artist's cold, impersonal stare; it seemed to leave her out. So he started a portrait of her friend Phyllis instead, and Phyllis stayed to lunch and was with them practically all day. Theo's mother thought it most injudicious. "Don't tell me!" she said, lighting a cigarette and dropping the spent match on her plate. "Nothing is so dangerous as propinquity, and all men are alike."

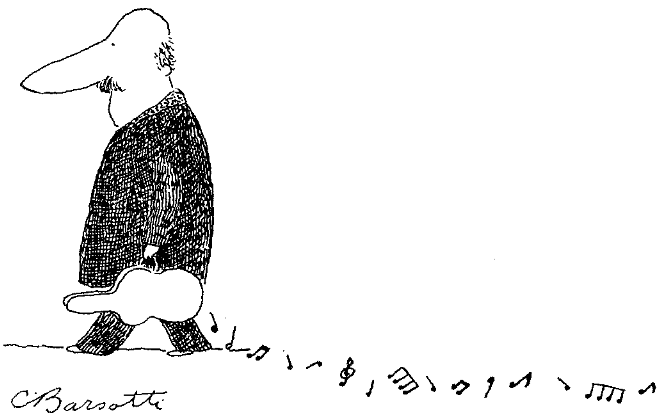


"By God, you young people today have all my admiration! You cut right through our sham and hypocrisy, our myths of achievement and meaningless success. Here, let me give you some money."

AFTER Angela was born, they decided to get away from it all. Nonsense about propinquity, of course, but Phyllis's arrival punctually at ten o'clock, cool and trim amidst their harassed domesticity, was beginning to get ever so little on Theo's nerves. And was their love, their delight in their baby, their work to be laid waste in parties, in washing up, in long talks about infant psychology with Theo's mother? It was not, and one day they packed Angela, a box of clothes, some volumes of poetry, and David's painting things (Theo's could be sent for after Angela was weaned) into the car and set out along the Portsmouth Road, to look for a place where David could paint. Their first stop was at a lonely pub under the Sussex Downs, and here they learned of a cottage to let. David went to see it and came back saying it was perfect, but a wet summer followed by a wet winter had turned the countryside into a Lake District; stiles and gates were submerged, and the way to the cottage lay across an improvised bridge to higher ground. They would have to leave the car in the village and submit all their stuff, including Angela, to porterage.

Everything stimulated David by looking like something else: tree trunks and gnarled branches were fishermen knee-deep in a lake; patches of grass were reefs and islets; hedges were marooned trains; a crow flapping slowly over the flooded meadows looked like a prodigal son returning to his father's house. The downs seemed to have stepped closer to form undulating shores. The cottage was some way off in a fold of the downs. There was not another dwelling in sight, only the sugar-loaf steeple of a little church rising from a clump of trees in the middle distance, and a whitewashed wall with a window low down in it, which might belong to a parish hall. David found something of Cézanne in this wall, but Theo said it was like a thick slice of cheese upright on a green plate. Of course there was something of Cézanne in that, too.

The back wall of their cottage was built into the side of a hill, and the floors were all on different levels, with steps leading from one room to another. It was inconvenient for shifting Angela's cot about from bedroom to kitchen and out of the front door, but the slope made a splendid drain and the house was dry. The windows had



shutters, and the huge iron range and a rug on the floor kept the kitchen warm all day long. There was no fireplace in the bedroom, but the kitchen wall stayed warm half the night and when they crept under the ciderdown the chill air was no more than an empty threat. They put Angela's cot in the "other room," with a screen between it and the window, where the shutters were never closed. (Theo's mother had told her that infants ought not to sleep in the same room as their parents.)

David started at once to make the house fit to live in. Something grim and systematic in the way he set to work showed that he aimed solely at essentials. Half a day went on placing boards over big stones in the soggy path from cottage door to wicket gate, another half in contriving a footstool from empty petrol cans wrapped in sacking and weighted with pebbles for Theo to rest a foot on when she sat by the fire to nurse Angela, and a slatted stand to protect her feet from the stone floor when she washed the dishes. David walked to the village to buy a light tin kettle that Theo could fill from the iron cauldron on the range. He thought of everything—repairing a clothesline on pulleys left in the ceiling by previous tenants, and instructing the coalman to void his sacks in the kitchen. Every night before going to bed, he piled logs and branches on top of the range to dry. Theo, who had been waiting for the day of small things to come, saw that he had now done. The canvases they had brought to hang on the wall stayed on the floor in the other room, and the knots in the string round them were too hard for Theo's fingers; all she could do was to unpack the poets and set them up between bookends on the high mantelpiece, where their bindings quietly darkened in the smoke that rose invisibly all day from the fire.

DAVID was up at break of day. Theo could hear him taking the wood off the top of the range, laying and lighting the fire, and filling the cauldron with ice-cold water that trickled incessantly from a pipe laid in the side of the downs into a stone trough at the gate. Theo fell asleep again to the sizzling of bacon, and David was out in gum boots and heavy sweater (he couldn't paint in a coat) before Angela waked. He stayed out till it was too dark to paint, afraid to lose a moment of the transparent gray veil that made separate compositions wherever you looked, or spread over the whole landscape like a gigantic sheet of paper, with trees and hedges lightly stippled as in a Rembrandt etching. There was not a moment to be lost; any day the beastly sun would be coming out and wiping it all up. Theo said, "Oh, David!," but was too loyal even to want the sun to come out before his picture was finished, though she could have used a spot of sunlight herself, goodness knows. Oh, to get the diapers swinging free in the yard instead of steaming motionless all day in front of the kitchen fire! But Angela was all right, thank G., not a sniffle.

When David came back at dusk, chilled to the bone, he was ready, after a huge meal and a short nap, to go on with his lamplight portrait of Theo nursing Angela beside the fire. As always, to have him painting her created distance between them. The painter's cold absorption in his work reduced her and Angela to the status of professional models. He actually suggested that she should kick away the footstool and plant her feet on the hearthrug in the interest of the pose. Artists were like that, Theo knew; she understood, she sympathized, but it was hard to take after one had been alone all day.

David was always cheerful, whistled gaily over the chores, loved Angela (who could help loving her, the red-haired poppet!), was always ready to change her and bed her down. Theo tried to match his spirits, but she could not always keep hers up; when they drooped, she nagged and David took refuge in cold hilarity. She would have preferred him to swear or at least answer back, but he never did. She would have been astonished if anyone had told her how abstracted *her* greeting was when he came in after long hours of toil, how she resented his suggestions as if they were interference in her closed life with Angela, how often she gave him his high tea alone, having been too hungry to wait, and made his meal an occasion for writing a long letter to her mother. The time for reading poetry aloud never seemed to come. Blake, Auden, T. S. Eliot, and Larkin blackened peacefully between the bookends on the mantelpiece.

Theo was convinced that David never noticed how she looked or what she wore, and soon it didn't seem worthwhile strapping herself up in girdle and bra. But one day while she was dressing he glanced at her sharply and told her she would be getting a tummy soon if she didn't look out. She noted sadly that nights when the almost mandatory connubial rites were omitted had begun to be a relief, and wondered seriously if she was frigid. Her mother had told her that men always thought women either frigid or insatiable. She couldn't reconcile herself to the implacable judgment. There was the grocer's boy, or the man who brought fish on Fridays; she might ask one of them in. The man from the fish shop was better-looking, but was saturated with the smell of raw fish. The postman did seem to notice her, and he wasn't a bit old really. It was time for her to try an older man; he might appreciate her more. So she always went out to meet the postman at the gate and receive his kindly greeting; otherwise he would just put the letters on the top of the gatepost, shout, and pass on.

One morning, a steady drizzle prevented even David from going out, but he got up as early as ever, and when Theo came into the kitchen with the mail he was giving his paintbrushes a thorough workout in the scullery. David took the letters from her and stared at the envelopes with an expression on his face that she could only describe to herself as peculiar. She made a snatch at a fat one he had stuck into his armpit. "It's from Phyllis," she said. "It's for me."

David hugged the letter closer to his ribs. "What's the violent hurry?" he asked. "Hadn't you better give Angela her elevenses first?"

Theo looked up, startled by the urgency in his voice. Then had come the moment of illumination. She looked out of the window to see if the sun had come out. All was gray and sullen there, but in its passage the moment had left a lightly etched image: David and Phyllis. That was it, of course. So this was the explanation of David's constant air of abstraction. And what was more, she told herself, she had known it all along really but refused to face it. Thoughts—not thoughts, impressions, stillborn and given hasty burial, had in reality only been lying fallow and were now sprouting, like those legendary ears of corn found in a mummy case. Theo was aware of a burning desire for solitude. She dragged a cane armchair through the scullery door onto the stone flags outside and went back for Angela, asleep in her cot.

David followed them out, like the conjurer's assistant, with shawl and footstool. The pebbles growled cynically from deep inside the stool as he let it slip from his light grasp to the ground. He leaned over Theo's chair for a moment, his hands resting on its arms. "It was nothing," he said huskily, looking away from Theo into Angela's smooth countenance.

Theo felt as if she had been shot through the heart. "When was it?" she asked, on which David went away without word or look, shutting the door of the cottage behind him.

Oh, he knew how to make her feel brash, more indelicate than a man could ever be, even now, when she was so patently the injured party. "And brash I will remain," she muttered, watching the milk-white mist roll back to the foot of the downs. The answer to her brash question came in a glare of hindsight. She remembered, or rather took out of her memory to inspect at leisure, David's startled glance and smothered grunt when she had said the day she came back from the nursing home, "I want Phyllis to be the first person after you to see the baby." Even at the time she had not *quite* liked Phyllis's facetious remark: "I hope you're duly grateful to me, my dear. I stayed with David when all but me had fled, and sat holding his hand the whole night till the glad news came." The unpleasant impression had been instantly dismissed, but now everything linked up with the peculiar look on David's face as he sorted the letters.

The sun came out from behind a shoulder of the downs, and points of light from the gleaming surface of the water, the white wall, the church steeple darted painfully at Theo's eyeballs. Suddenly the whole landscape was flooded with light. She bent over Angela to raise the shawl protectingly, thinking, Poor David, he won't be able to finish his picture. As if he had heard her thoughts, he was beside her with an open umbrella, which he fixed deftly to the bars of the cot to screen Angela from the glare. But a single finger of sunlight went straight through a seam in the taut silk and Angela opened her eyes, blinking. Theo picked her up and put her to her breast.

FLEDGLINGS

(THE TWELFTH GRADE AT ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL
IN JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI)

As I talk to these children hovering on the verge
Of man and woman, I remember the hanging back
Of my own fledging, the alternate terror and joke
A child invokes, its claws frozen on the nest-edge.

Fly, I hear myself say now, though they're not my young,
And suddenly I see they are heavy as stones—
I see we are all heavy as stones—
How many years is it now I've been falling?

Then two of them, a thin, overbright white
Boy and a slower, steadier Negro girl,
Striking out, each make a fluttering whirl,
And I know those two have already dreamt of the flight.

Oh, now the whole classroom is beating leaky wings
As if flying were a mere child's pantomime.
What a moment it is, what a mortal time—
Is there any plummet or flight as sheer as the fledgling's?

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

• •

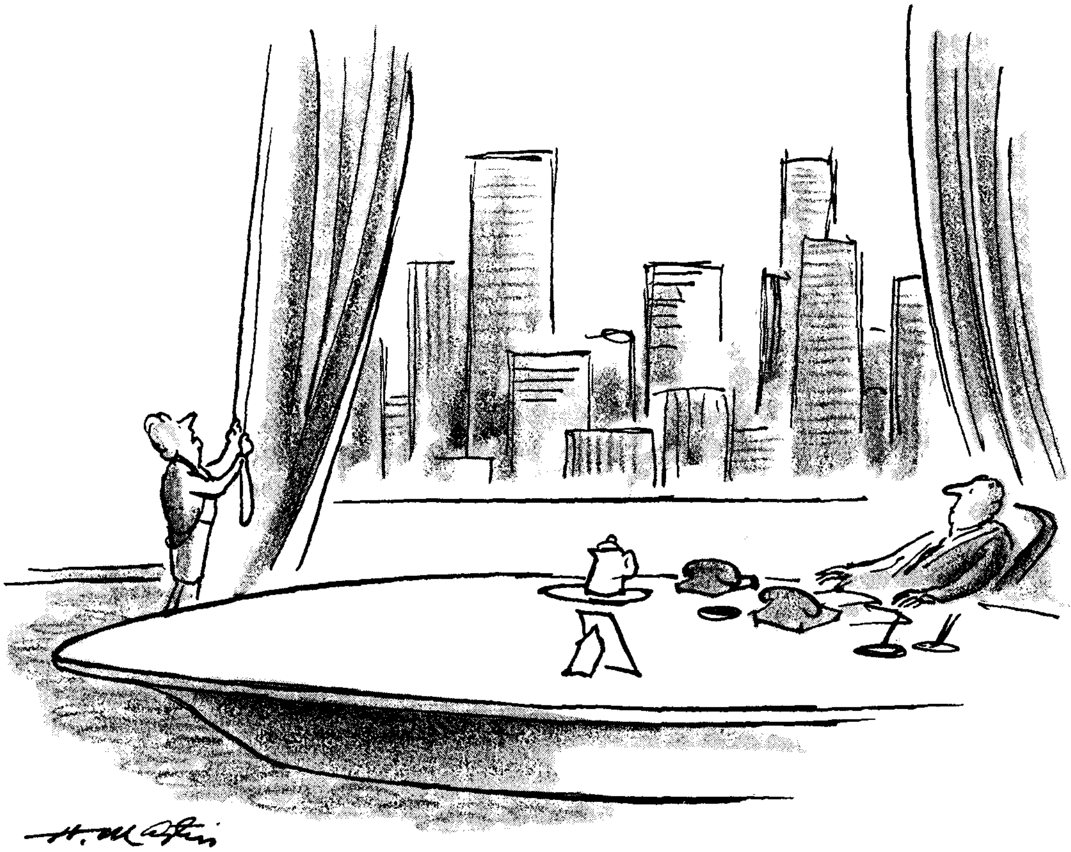
David came out ten minutes later to take the now sleeping baby. For a moment Theo wouldn't let go of the warm bundle. A wicked voice inside her cried "Mine!," but realizing that Angela must be soaking she relaxed her possessive grasp and watched apathetically while David trundled the cot, Angela and all, into the house. Angela would be swiftly and efficiently changed and put to sleep; she knew that.

The nursing had been a certain distraction, but as soon as Theo was left to herself she returned to her angry musings. The sting of jealousy was agonizing, but Theo almost welcomed it. Feeling of any sort was better than mere stolid endurance. To have someone else preferred was bitter; to have lost love for no reason but one's own inadequacy would have been unbearably humiliating. Gazing unseeing at the tenuous outline of the downs, she held one solution of the problem after another before her mind. She and Angela might go back to her mother; her mother would be delighted to have them. The thought of her mother's sympathy first brought tears to her eyes and then roused faint resentment. Wouldn't her mother be the weeniest bit triumphant? She might go away—anywhere—take Angela and simply disappear. Let Phyllis come and look after David. She'd soon discover it wasn't all going to bed. On the other hand, Theo would be damned if she made it so easy for them. Moisture began to ooze from the low clouds, not in drops but in a chill gray haze. She got up stiffly and went into the kitchen, which smelled of coffee. The first thing Theo's eyes fell on was a sprig of pussy willow in a milk bottle standing in the middle of the table, which was nicely laid for tea, with a plate of bread and butter, another of sliced ham and tomatoes, and the marmalade turned out of its pot and piled in a most seductive slab on a glass dish. Dangerously near the edge of the table was a grocer's carton with three eggs in it. The letter lay unopened on the dresser. Theo's heart felt as full as a nursing mother's breast, painful to the touch, and she burst into uncontrollable sobs.

David came out of the other room, shutting the door behind him without the faintest sound. "How can you let such a little thing destroy our happiness?"

It was said so mildly, so reprovingly, that Theo gasped. "Happiness? You've been happy all this time? But of course you have. You think of nothing but your painting. You never take any notice of me. You have no idea—you—"

"It's you who are absorbed," he



"If it's so lonely at the top, Mr. Blivins, why don't you go back to the bottom?"

• •

said sadly, and her heart leaped. "You're always afraid I'm going to interfere, always telling me what your mother says."

"And I thought—I thought—"

"What did you think? What? I want to know."

"I thought perhaps I was—no good."

He looked puzzled. "No good? When I'm always thinking you're the most marvellous little manager in the world?"

"I meant, in bed."

He stared at her for just a moment, and then, of course, all ended in deep, fervent kisses. And "Oh, how hungry I am!" cried Theo.

Watching David whisk the eggs, she wondered why kisses were only really sweet, sharply sweet, after a row. He poured the golden stream onto the pan, and when he turned from the fire and put the pan down carefully on an old *Guardian*, they ate and drank in a silence that had become mellow. Theo knew she could say anything to David now and he would listen attentively. "Aren't you longing to see Phyllis?" she said abruptly.

"Oh, God! Can't you understand it was nothing, just nothing?"

"Not quite."

"I suppose a woman can't."

"You would never have told me."

"I didn't want to hurt you."

"I never thought Phyllis would, either," said Theo.

"She said you ought to know. Honesty and all that. Anything for a sensation. She promised to leave it to me. And now she's written a great fat letter, making the very most of it no doubt. It was nothing, believe me, Theo."

"Would you say it was nothing if I slept with Tony?"

"Women are different. It couldn't be just an affair of the moment with you."

Theo thought of the grocer's boy, the man who brought the fish on Fridays, the postman, but only said, "Next time I have a baby—" and stopped when her eyes fell on the letter again. "Shouldn't we read it?"

"What about consigning it to the flames?"

Angela set up a wail from the other room. "I'll see what she wants," said Theo. "Don't you dare throw it in the fire while I'm gone."

"This is the best way to make something out of nothing," he said. "You open it. I'll go and look at her."

Theo picked up the fat envelope with a beating heart. Determined not to open it when she was alone, she felt it all over with inquisitive fingertips. It seemed curiously stiff. David came back holding Angela, rather moist and puckered about the cheeks, tentatively complacent. "We haven't the faintest intention of going to sleep," he said. "In fact, we're feeling exceptionally lively."

"The smug little thing!" Theo exclaimed. "Give her to me while you read Phyllis's letter."

"Surely you don't mean to feed her again! She's just had an enormous tea."

"Oh, she doesn't really mean it," Theo said comfortably. "She'll drop off in a minute," and she allowed the eager baby to feel for her breast.

David ran the handle of a teaspoon under the flap of the envelope. Out came four glossy postcards, slightly bowed, cradled in a half sheet of notepaper, on which was written in Phyllis's bold, shapely hand, "Looked in at the B.M. today and thought I'd send you a few p.c.'s in memory of ye good old days. Love to entire famberly. Phyl." David's thumb and finger went back into the envelope, exploring to the inside corners.

"Is that all?" asked the watching Theo.

He handed her the empty envelope without a word, and put the cards on the table. They were photographs of sculpture. He picked them up one by one, gazing long at each. "Nice of Phyllis to think of us. You must send her one of the church at Storrington."

Theo looked into his face for signs of irony, but he was scrutinizing the cold features of an Egyptian letter carrier with the ferocious absorption she knew so well. She looked down at Angela, whose silky head had already dropped away from the breast. The lineaments of gratified desire could be traced on her globed eyelids, the involutions of her petal lips. Theo's own eyes closed, her head dropped against the back of the chair. She slept.

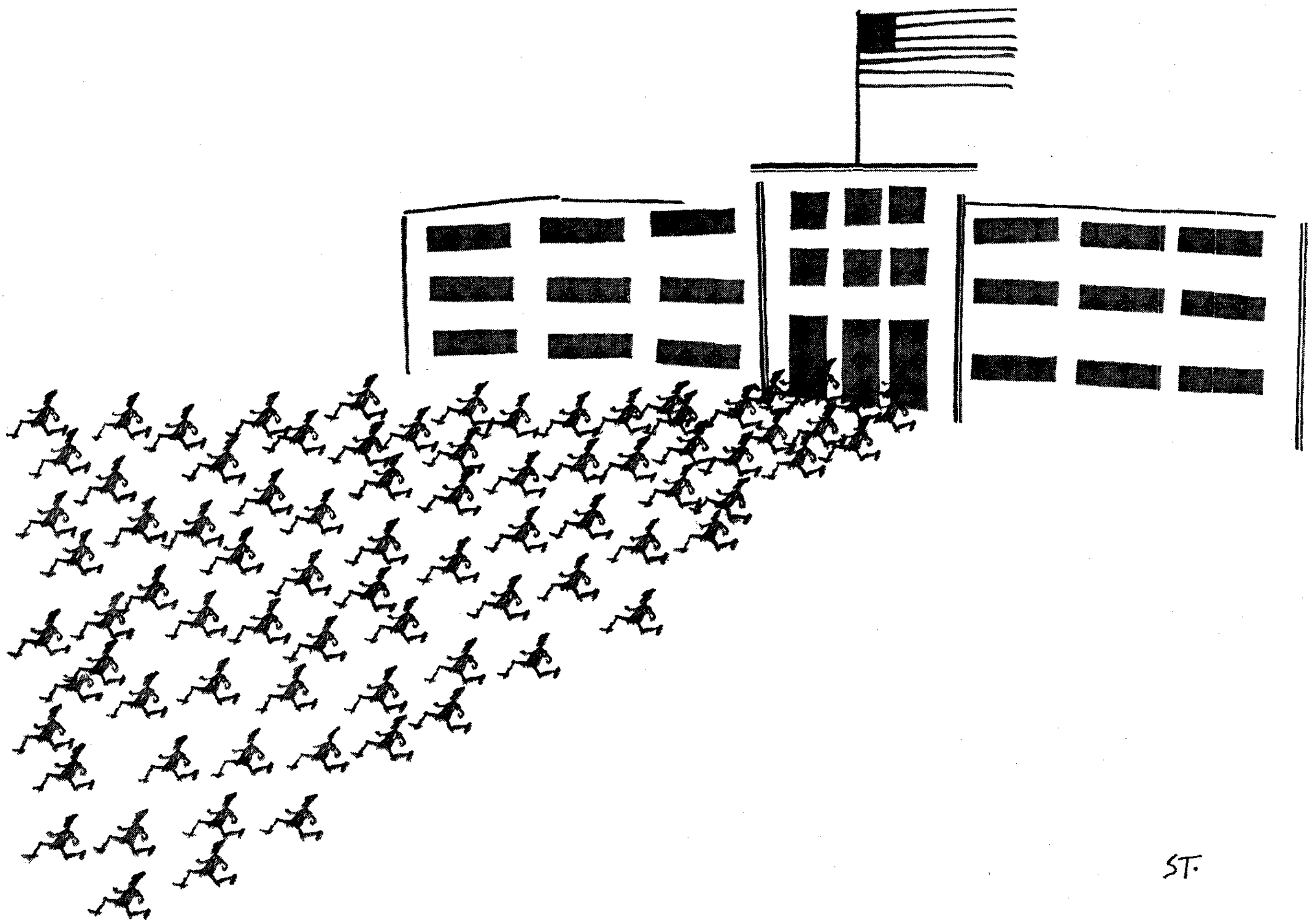
David stepped across the rug and lifted his sleeping daughter from the arms of his sleeping wife. He put Angela to bed without waking her, and came back to the kitchen to wash the tea things. Theo went on sleeping till he came to her and raised her from the armchair, and walked her out of the kitchen.

And the evening and the morning were another day. —IVY LITVINOV

PROFILES

THE MAYOR

II—THE WORST ALTERNATIVE IS DOING NOTHING



ON October 14, 1968, as John V. Lindsay was nearing the end of his third year as Mayor of New York, his administration was confronted with the third teachers' strike in six weeks. The United Federation of Teachers, which had also struck on September 9th and 11th, in calling its members out again charged that eighty-three teachers were in danger of being removed from their positions in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Demonstration School District. The strike would not be ended, according to the union's president, Albert Shanker, until that district, one of three districts in the city where local control was being tried on an experimental basis, was dissolved. Meanwhile, in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, where large numbers of police had been stationed since September 9th, the Board of Education had temporarily suspended the local governing board and its unit administrator, Rhody McCoy. McCoy, however, remained in his office despite the suspension, and continued to run the school district.

On the day the third teachers' strike began, I received a telephone call from William Strickland, a young black writer and activist who at one time had been head of the now defunct Northern Student Movement. He spoke in his usual manner—very softly and with great determination. He had been asked to set up a citywide committee to meet with the Mayor and express the support of various civic leaders and citizens' groups for the Ocean Hill-Brownsville School District. He asked if I would join it, and though I didn't represent any particular group, I had never been a member of a delegation to City Hall and I thought the experience might be instructive, so I agreed to go along.

Among those on the committee were two black legislators, State Senator Basil Paterson, of the Twenty-seventh Senatorial District, in Manhattan, and Assemblyman Charles Rangel, of the Seventy-second Assembly District, in Manhattan; a white Assemblyman, Jerome Kretchmer, of the Sixty-fifth Assembly District, in Manhattan; the Reverend Donald Harrington, minister of the Community Church, on East Thirty-fifth Street, in Manhattan; Dr. Mamie Phipps Clark, executive director of the Northside Center for Child Development; Aryeh Neier, executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union; Jesse Grey, who has become known for his leadership of rent strikes in Harlem; former Assemblyman David Dinkins, of the One Hundred Black Men (a group of civic officials and community leaders); the Reverend Randy Nugent, executive director of the Metropolitan Urban Service Training Facility, or MUST; Mrs. Edythe First, of the Citizens Committee for Children; and Mrs. Angeline Pool and Mrs. Alvan Barach, both of the Public Education Association, which is a private citizens' group formed before 1900 to improve the quality of public education in New York City. Also to be with us was the Reverend C. Herbert Oliver, chairman of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Governing Board.

We met in the early afternoon at the MUST offices, on East Forty-ninth Street, and agreed that on behalf of Ocean Hill-Brownsville the committee would request that the Mayor immediately remove the police from the district and reinstate the local governing board and McCoy. We would also request that the Mayor issue a statement supporting community control of the schools. "There's one detail," Strickland said as the meeting ended. "Lindsay won't be there. He and the Police Commissioner are going to a hospital in East New York to visit two cops who were shot by a sniper in Brooklyn yesterday." Instead of seeing Lindsay, he said, we were to meet with Deputy Mayor Robert Sweet.

Our appointment with the Deputy Mayor was for five-thirty. I arrived at City Hall half an hour early, to watch a demonstration that was also supporting Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Some five thousand people were filing past a row of police barricades in front of City Hall. The majority of them were white, young, and good-humored. A black teen-ager walked jauntily, holding up a sign:

SEE SHANKER STRIKE
STRIKE, SHANKER, STRIKE
SEE TEACHERS FOLLOW
FOLLOW, TEACHERS, FOLLOW

Several ranks behind, a white boy of about fourteen carried a sign that read:

UFT MATH—
TWO BLACKS + ONE PUERTO RICAN =
UNRULY MOB

The crowd began to jam into Murray Street, across from City Hall, to hear McCoy and several other speakers. I was left at the barricades with several other committee members and some policemen and reporters. A black city planner who works for the city came down the steps of the Hall.

"You on City Hall detail?" I asked.

"Well, today," he said. "Sweet's going to be a little late."

By the appointed time, the rest of our committee had arrived. "It's a mistake," said Jesse Grey, a small, wiry man who at times is easily stirred to contention but at other times is quite amiable. "We shouldn't go in there just to talk to an underling. Let's give The Man our piece of paper and leave."

Strickland, tall, thin, and self-contained, came up as a policeman, at a wave from the city planner, opened the barricades for us to enter. Halfway up the City Hall steps, Strickland motioned for us to stop. "The Reverend Oliver has pulled out," he said calmly. "He doesn't want to see a Deputy Mayor."

"Well," said Assemblyman Rangel, "is it your sense that by going in we'll be doing something contrary to what Reverend Oliver wants?"

"The revolutionary responsibility works both ways," Strickland said firmly. "If Oliver had a question at Forty-ninth Street about meeting with Sweet, he should have raised it then."

We moved on up the steps. "That's a bad scene," the city planner said to me, with the flicker of a smile, "breaking with your black brother like that."

"Just remember," Grey grumbled, "I didn't want to go in at all."

We were shown into the Blue Room, a large conference room in the West Wing. The city planner stood at the door. Strickland nodded to him in recognition.

"Earning money, baby, I see," Strickland said.

"It's the first time I had to earn it this way," the city planner answered.

After we had seated ourselves around a long table, the Deputy Mayor walked in, smiling. As he began to speak, I felt as if I were listening to a recorded message to which his lips were synchronized. "May I just preliminarily extend to you the hospitality of City Hall," he said. "I shall be glad to meet with you for as long or as short a time as is necessary. I understand the concern that has brought you here, and I regret the Mayor is not present. Unfortunately for you, fortunately for me, you have to be satisfied with his deputy, which is me."

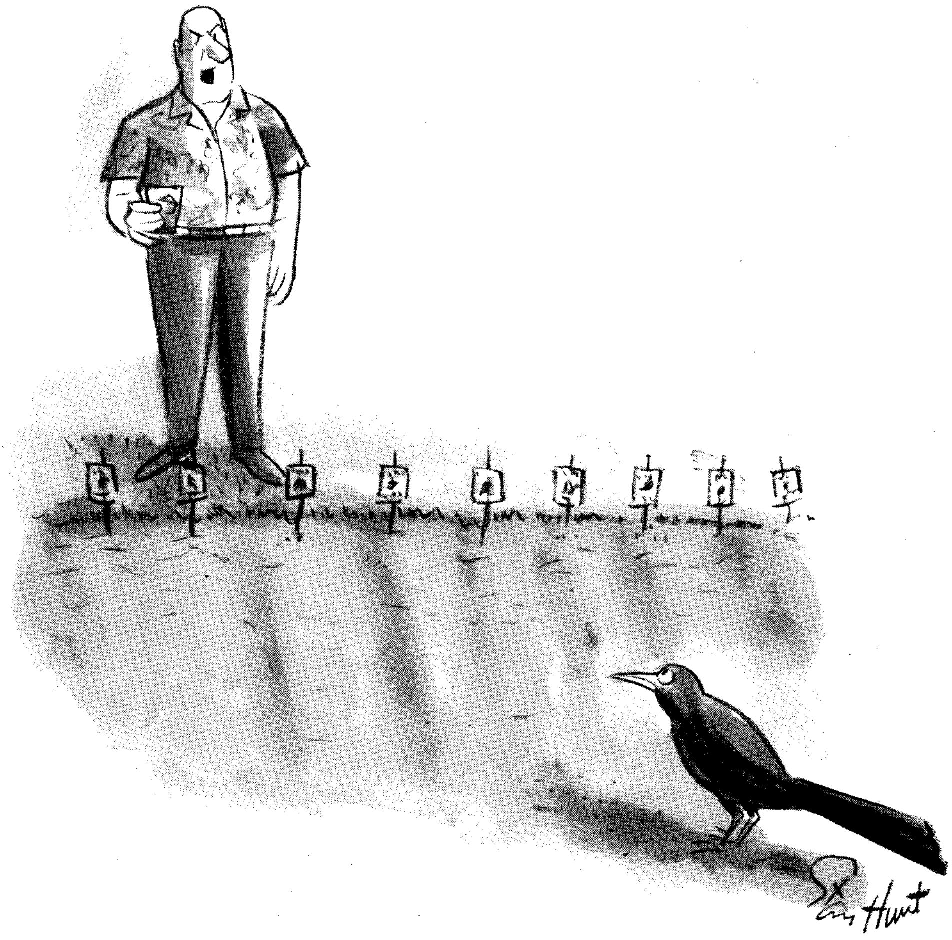
"Some of us would like to wait for his return," Assemblyman Rangel said.

"I can't give you an undertaking that he will be back," Sweet answered.

"We did think that the Mayor would welcome our kind of support," Rangel continued. "We are a broadly representative group which backs his goal of school decentralization."

"I take your presence precisely in that sense."

"It seems to us, however," Strickland said, "that if the Mayor's schedule can be arranged to show concern for wounded policemen, it should also be arranged to show concern for the growing polarization in the city about the schools. Mr. Shanker has resources to make his position felt—resources of a size and order that are not available to us and to the children of Ocean Hill-Brownsville. We do feel we have the right to speak to our



"*I'm ordering you to leave.*"

elected Mayor. You, sir, are an appointed official."

"It is perfectly true that elected officials should be available to powerful constituencies, and this is one," said Sweet, apparently unruffled. "And no one is more available than the Mayor. But, for the Mayor to do his job, he must be able to determine whom he can meet and how he can best arrange his schedule. I can't tell you whether he'll be back tonight, because I don't know."

"Nobody has more respect for policemen and for the wounded than I do," Rangel said, and Grey, sitting in a back row, snickered. "But here we have a beautiful, peaceful demonstration outside—I've never seen one more beautiful—and it's a demonstration supporting him. *He's* declared the strike illegal. *He's* said the union has gone too far this time. It is insulting to us for him not to be able to arrange his priorities so that he can meet with us, too."

Assemblyman Kretchmer, who is a dapper man in his thirties with a bold mustache, addressed the Deputy Mayor: "Tell us, what applications are you going to make in court? You're now in the third strike. Three strikes and you're out."

"I think that the Corporation Counsel has applied for sanctions against Mr. Shanker," Sweet said.

"But what about getting the schools open?" Kretchmer pursued. "You're speaking for the Mayor. How are you going to get the schools open tomorrow?"

"The Mayor's efforts today," Sweet said, "have been to contact everyone he can who might have a useful suggestion in that regard."

"Oh, God!" Grey groaned.

"The issue before us," the Deputy Mayor said, ignoring Grey, "is whether the Superintendent of Schools is going to run the schools or whether Mr. Shanker will. The Board of Education is meeting this afternoon. What will come of that I don't know. I have been in meetings with Mr. Shanker all week, and I don't think he will change his mind about the strike."

'So much for the issue before us," Grey said.

Senator Paterson was annoyed. "What *about* getting the schools open?" he demanded. "Why all the hesitation?"

"We might all agree that just the physical opening of the schools will go a long way toward solving the problem," the Deputy Mayor said.

"Yes," said Paterson. "Strange things can happen once the schools *are* open."

GATHER

Sometimes still wet from the shower
she will come to me to lie by me,
saying she could not wait to be with me,

and then do I take her head in my hands,
gather all to her grace, the fields
of my childhood, all songs I have sung,

all hill-paths taken, all evenings
among friends, the summer waters, the flame
of the white farm, the filling of all flowers,

her head in my hands, her eyes wide, gather
all that I was and am, all I shall be,
and love.

—Michael Dennis Browne

• •

"I agree, I agree," said the Deputy Mayor.

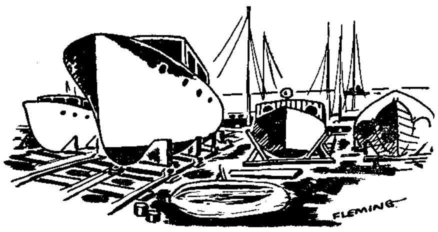
There was silence as we searched for what had been agreed to. Then Assemblyman Rangel said, as he settled back in his chair, "I assume you'd have no objection to our waiting for the Mayor, if we are willing to inconvenience ourselves."

"Yes, I do!" For the first time there was an edge to the Deputy Mayor's voice. "I would object because we have not had any sit-ins at City Hall for some time. And we just cannot have any more. If there was a sense of hostility toward the Mayor in this delegation—if there was not a sense of shared objectives—it might be a different situation. But even then—"

"I don't think that we're calling this a sit-in," Grey said, smiling. "What we're saying is that we're just resting until the Mayor returns."

"It is not our responsibility that the Mayor is not here," Strickland told Sweet, looking at him almost as if he were a building. "This is a question of our expressing solidarity with Ocean Hill-Brownsville, and perhaps the best expression of our concern would be to extend our bodies here to show our solidarity with our brothers in the street."

"Let me speak honestly and from the heart," the Deputy Mayor said. "I do have respect for you and the organizations which you represent. The Mayor is deeply committed to a whole host of activities devoted to the strike and ways to solve it. I really do not think you will be doing your cause any good by staying here."



"I would like to caucus the committee," Strickland said, rising.

Sweet nodded and strode out of the room.

"I'm for staying," Rangel told the caucus. "That legislature I'm going to in January will be the most conservative in years. It's not going to give my community any reason to have faith in constitutional procedures. The only use I can be in that legislature is to dramatize this school situation, and it seems to me I can start doing that right now. Here."

"If we stay," said Neier, of the Civil Liberties Union, "it will give Shanker a chance to point to us as another illustration of what he would call the illegality that is synonymous with community control. On the other hand, the Mayor has determined so far not to meet this issue head on, and maybe we *can* put more pressure on him if this heterogeneous group of responsible citizens does stay."

"I don't see how anyone can call it illegal," said Rangel. "This is not a sit-in."

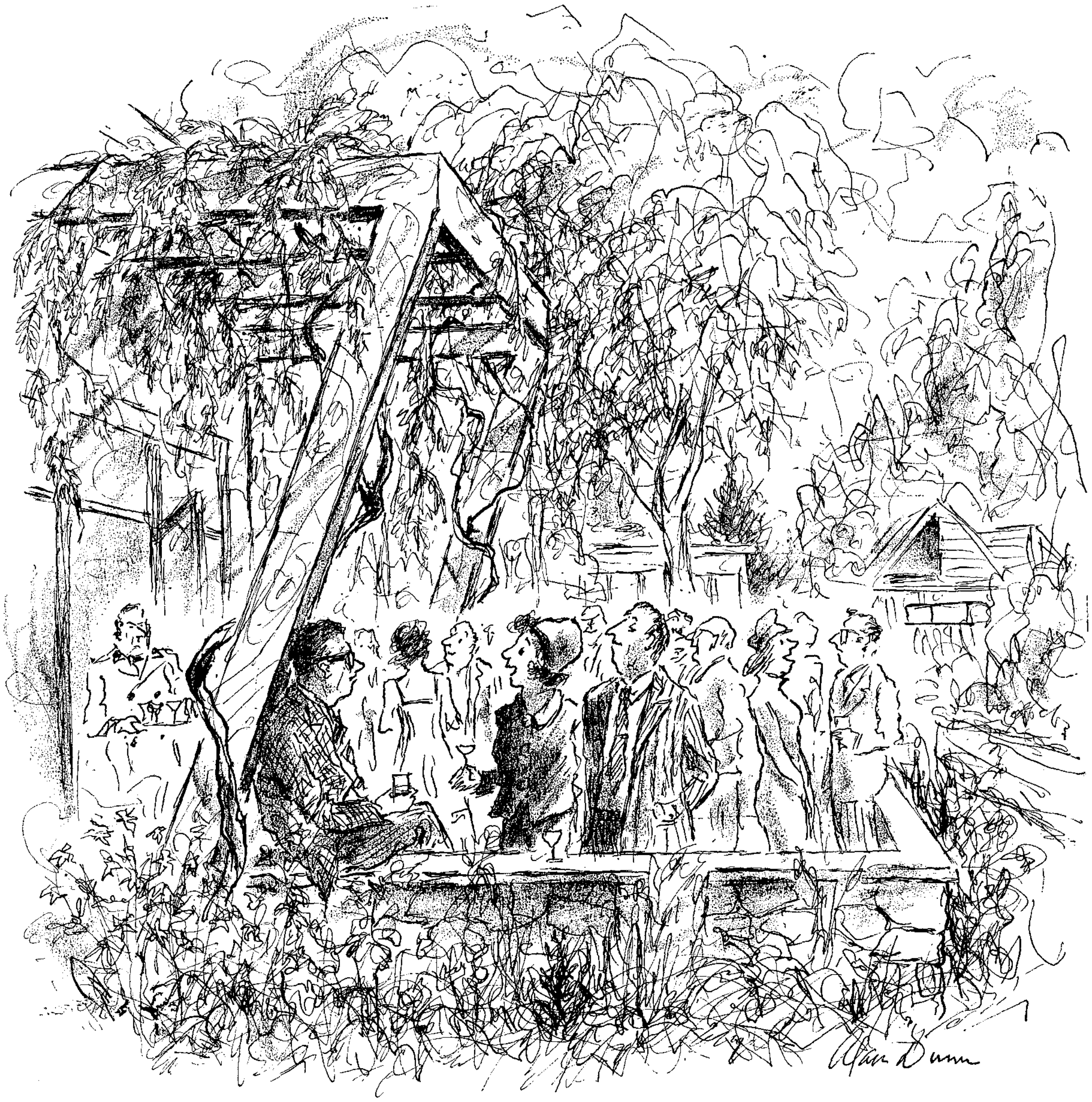
"Listen," Grey said. "I've got some experience at this. I've had my head busted several times here, and I've been arrested here. Sure, it's not a sit-in—until they ask you to leave."

The city planner I had seen earlier came in. "Can I talk to you?" he said to Strickland.

They left the room, but Strickland quickly returned, alone. "I have some more information to feed to the committee," he told us. "They're all gone, out there." He pointed toward the window. "They're marching to Brooklyn on the bridge."

"I don't know about staying," Kretchmer said, resuming the debate. "Coming from the West Side, I may lose credibility with my constituency if I stay here and get arrested. I have to figure how I can be most effective."

"Hell," Grey said cheerfully, "I already lost my credibility with *my* constituency just by coming in here, just by begging The Man. But I know what you mean. You and Charlie come from different kinds of districts." Grey stood up, leaned against the wall, and went on, "Look, this struggle won't end today, whether we stay or go. The basic thing is, we want to stay together, even though we may disagree on incidentals. There's nothing wrong in a temporary retreat so that we can regroup our forces. I've made my move for rapprochement by coming in. I ought to be on that bridge right now. I think we should just back out."



"We're really a three-car family, but two of them have been recalled."

Rangel was not persuaded. "Look. The Mayor is concerned that the black community may lose all trust in the system, that they may take things into their own hands. But he's also afraid for his political image and of what he'll lose by bucking Shanker and the unions behind him. I think if we stay he may benefit by this show of support. And then I have to think of myself, too. As an elected official, I don't feel good saying this, but we black legislators are castrated if we go back to our people without doing anything." He turned to Assemblyman Kretchmer. "You're right, Jerry, you go back to different people than I do."

Throughout the caucus, the ladies from the Public Education Association and the Citizens Committee for Children had been silent but clearly anxious. Now Mrs. First said, "I do think we've accomplished something by showing broad support."

"O.K.," Rangel said. "Not everybody has to stay. If anyone walks out, we say, 'Thanks for hanging on as long as you have.' "

"Yes," Grey said. "But why break our unity? The task is greater than anything that happens this one evening. We should find another evening and get broader forces for what we decide to do then."

The Reverend Dr. Harrington said, "That's a good idea. We're gathering support all the time, and I think we can run an ad showing how many different organizations *are* behind Ocean Hill-Brownsville. And there are other ways in which we can move. Also, I do feel uneasy being here without Reverend Oliver. He's played it beautifully the last few days—putting the heat on Shanker, where it ought to be. We oughtn't to do anything to shift the focus."

At that point, although no vote had been taken, the question of whether to stay or go had obviously been decided. We all rose. "I'll leave the list of demands with The Man," Strickland said to Grey. Grey shrugged.

As I was leaving, Sidney Davidoff and Barry Gottehrer, assistants to the Mayor, stopped me. "I expected you to be our guest for tonight," Davidoff said, without smiling. I had no answer.

"Listen," he went on. "The Mayor's really stringing himself out on this. What do you accomplish by sitting in?"

"We didn't sit in," I said.

"All right," Gottehrer said, frowning. "But what about those people marching across the bridge. What do *they* accomplish?"

"I guess they thought it was the right thing to do at that point," I said.

"It doesn't help," Davidoff said gloomily. "It doesn't help. All it'll show is black people stopping traffic. Everybody will forget the nice, peaceful demonstration before they went over."

"What will help?" I asked.

Davidoff shrugged.

I walked on down the steps with Neier. "I was surprised that it turned out to be Jesse Grey counselling against breaking the law," I told him.

"It's like he said," Neier answered. "He's been arrested often enough before. He doesn't have to prove himself by staying. As a result, he can have a more realistic view of the situation."

A WEEK and a half later, on a Saturday morning, a story on the front page of the *Times* announced that a settlement proposed by State Education Commissioner James E. Allen, Jr., had been rejected by Shanker, so the school strike was still on. Meanwhile, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the Uniformed Firefighters Association, both of which were unhappy with the financial settlements their leaders had arrived at, were conducting work slowdowns to put pressure on the city to reopen contract negotiations, and that same issue of the *Times* reported that the leaders of the two unions had just defied a State Supreme Court order to cease that strategy. Also on the front page was a story about a citywide rent revolt being planned for December by an organization of welfare recipients. The plan called for the recipients to spend their rent money on food, clothing, and furniture as a way of pointing up what they considered the inadequacy of a newly instituted system of flat grants of a hundred dollars a year for clothing and household items. Mass evictions of the recipients from their homes were expected, and "occupations" of welfare centers and the lobbies of midtown hotels were to take place.

"Somebody's been sleeping in my fire."

Later that morning, the telephone in my apartment rang. It was the Mayor, proposing that I join in a game of touch football. He sounded remarkably brisk, in view of what I had been reading. When I arrived at Gracie Mansion not long afterward, I found several members of the Mayor's cabinet, most of his young assistants, some of the other relatively agile members of the administration, and a number of reporters on the lawn for the game.

"Glad you could come," Mary Lindsay said to some new arrivals. "John thought of this at two this morning. 'Let's have a party,' he said."

Mayor Lindsay, in chino pants and a green nylon parka, was tossing a football with zest. On the edge of the grass and on the porch were children, wives, and girl friends.

The Mayor came up, and I asked him about the chances of ending the teachers' strike.

"Shanker thinks he'll win if he can get a special session of the legislature," the Mayor said. "And he could be right. There's no telling what they'd do. They might *kill* decentralization entirely. But it has to be made clear to him that there's not going to be a special session."

"Is it clear to you that Rockefeller won't call one?"

The Mayor laughed, and said, "At this point, I don't know." He ran back to the grass, shouting for the ball.

"Well, how come you're not out demonstrating or on some delegation?" Davidoff said, coming up to me. "Yes sir, you people took your stand, and look where it got us."

"I still think there's a lot more white support for Ocean Hill-Brownsville than the Mayor realizes," I said.

"Oh, sure," Davidoff said. "There's support all over the city. There are whites everywhere just waiting for the blacks to come out so they can bop them over their heads."

After the game, in which the Mayor's team decisively triumphed, we all went into the ballroom for lunch. It was a cheerful domestic scene for the headquarters of a city undergoing multiple crises. Children, hot dogs in hand, raced around the room;

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Germaine Monteil

cabinet members and assistants to the Mayor and their wives sprawled on chairs and on the floor. Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary was standing alone at a window looking out at a touch-football game in Carl Schurz Park.

An aide to the Mayor was talking to a young woman about John M. Doar, the new President of the Board of Education. Doar had worked in the Justice Department when the late Robert F. Kennedy was Attorney General, and had specialized in civil-rights cases. "If anybody can be a force for reconciliation, it's Doar," the aide said. "He's so fair, so slow, so straight, so *goyish.*"

"Right now I'm not so sure that what's needed is another *goyish* type," the young woman said.

Before I left, I heard another of the Mayor's young assistants discussing with a colleague an imminent complication resulting from the teachers' strike. "If it doesn't get settled soon," he said, "there are going to be awful problems in preparing for Election Day. With the custodians siding with the teachers and keeping most of the schools locked, can we get them all open in time to deliver the voting machines? And if we do get them open and the strike is still on, voters may have to cross picket lines. And in that case defeated candidates could charge that they lost votes because some of their supporters had been restrained from going in. Not physically, you know, but there are people who won't cross picket lines. It could be a real mess."

"And John Lindsay could become the first Mayor in the history of the city under whom people were not able to vote," said the colleague. "Great."

DURING that indoor picnic at Gracie Mansion, I met Jeff Greenfield, who was then a relatively new assistant to the Mayor. Greenfield, who is twenty-five years old, had been a legislative aide to Senator Robert Kennedy, and had come to work for Mayor Lindsay in September, 1968. Even in his brief time with the Lindsay administration, he had impressed several officials I knew. "He's not only very bright," one of them told me, "he really does believe the cities are where the action is now. John keeps talking about the new urbanists. Well, Greenfield is a quintessential example of what he means."

One morning in mid-November, I went to City Hall to see Greenfield. The teachers' strike had at last been

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settled, before Election Day; the police and the firemen had stopped their slowdowns; and the plan for a rent revolt by welfare recipients had been abandoned, because the tacticians had decided that it wouldn't have sufficiently broad support. Still, the city was hardly at peace. There were tensions in the schools; the police and the firemen were continuing to press for new contract negotiations; and other municipal unions were trumpeting alarms in preparation for new rounds of contract talks. Meanwhile, everyone—ghetto residents and tenants in luxury apartment houses alike—appeared to agree that crime was increasing. And the *Times* had recently complained, in an editorial, that "New York ranks as one of the most polluted cities in the nation, and yet the fight against air pollution, which should have been an all-out war, limps along as a left-footed affair marked mostly by strategic retreats."

Having arrived early for my appointment with Greenfield, I took a walk around City Hall. On all four sides, there were stacks of police barricades, in readiness—not for any particular demonstration planned for that day but just in readiness. I remembered visits I had made to City Hall during the first year of the Lindsay administration; most of the time, there had been no barricades at all.

Greenfield, who is sandy-haired, short, self-assured, and crisply informal, was on the telephone when I was shown into his office, which is on the first floor of City Hall. He ended the call, and I asked him what his responsibilities were as an assistant to the Mayor.

"Research and intergovernmental affairs," he answered. "Doesn't that sound fancy? Actually, the two main areas I work in are speeches and legislation."

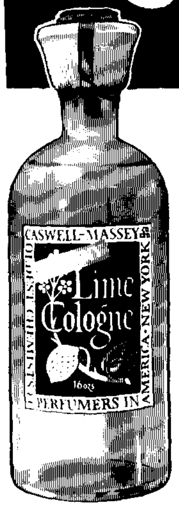
"Does the Mayor do much rewriting of the speeches you put together?" I asked.

"He rewrites more than almost anybody I've ever heard of," Greenfield said. "He's good on precision. I tend to use vague phrases at times, and those are the ones he'll almost always pick on. 'That's not what we mean,' he'll say."

I said that I thought the Mayor used to be quite stiff when he read from a text, and asked Greenfield about this.

He lit a pipe, and replied, "He's getting much less so, although he's still best when he ad-libs. Like at the Park Avenue Synagogue a few days ago. The audience was kind of cold at first. He gave a short speech in which

"Do You have a little Squirt for a Father?"



asks Ralph Taylor Phg.

PRESIDENT, CASWELL-MASSEY (AND A FATHER HIMSELF)

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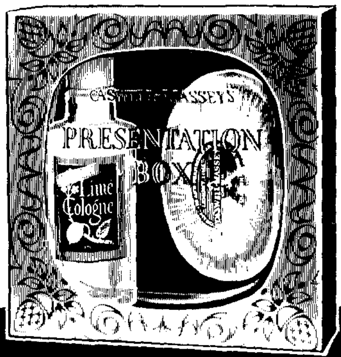

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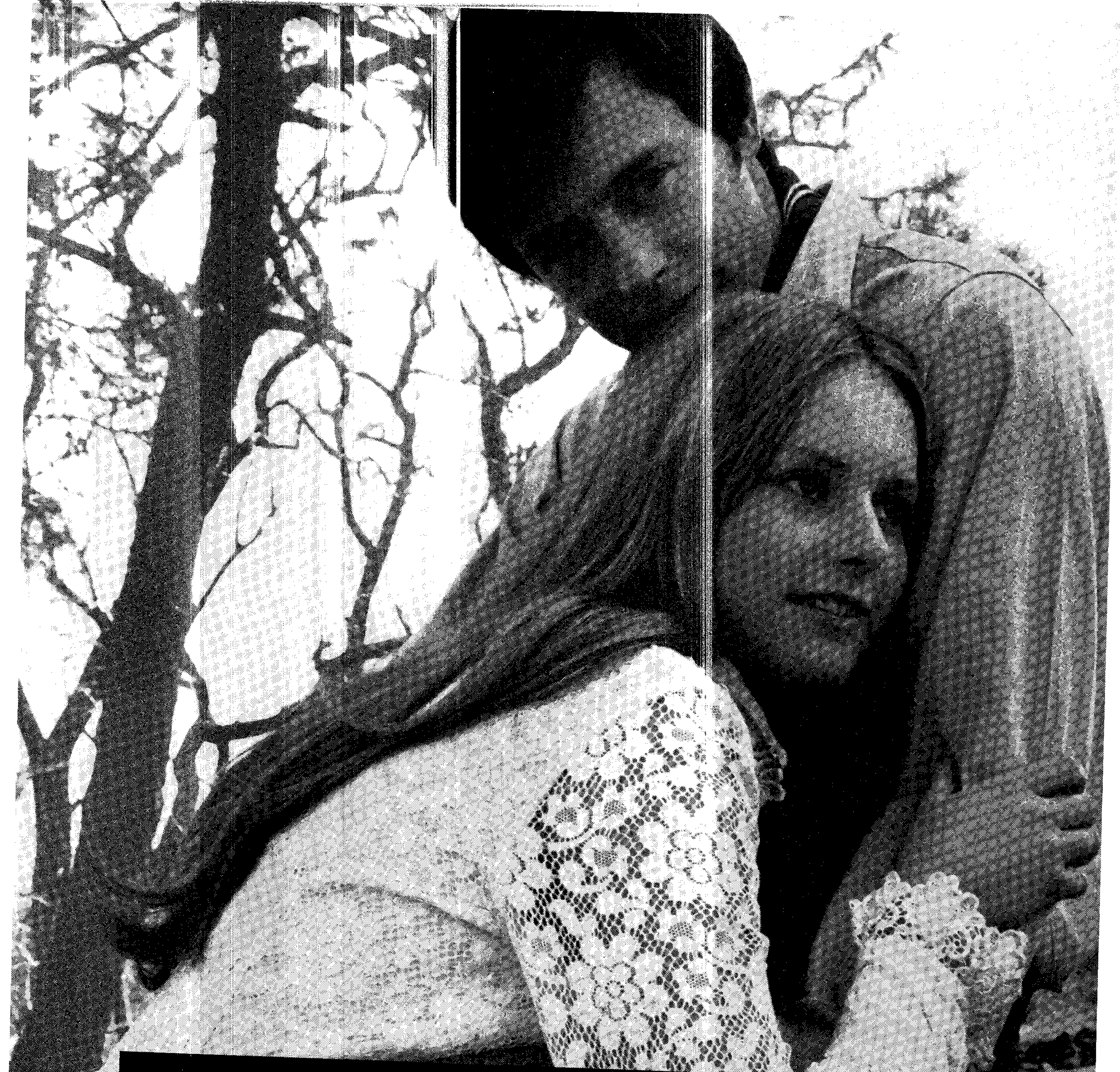
he was very candid, very open, talking about what the schools had been doing to the children in the ghettos, and going on to explain why there was so strong a feeling in those communities that the schools had to be made accountable. The audience was becoming somewhat warmer. Then, in the question period, he was especially effective, and by the end he had really wrapped them up. Remember, Bobby Kennedy wasn't a good speaker, either, when he had to deal with prepared texts. He really came through in answer to questions, which let him get spontaneously into what most interested him. The effects of poverty, for example. Lindsay's the same way. When he's into something he really cares about and can talk without a piece of paper in the way, the caring shows. Before I came here, I didn't think he was capable of expressing that much feeling. I know better now."

I asked Greenfield what his work on legislation consisted of.

Putting his feet on his desk and leaning back, he said, "Well, for example, I'm working on federal legislation that would provide underwriting from Washington for the general police costs of the cities. To a significant extent, after all, crime is a national problem, intensified as it is by the migration to cities, which is caused by national trends in unemployment. I'm hoping to get the Conference of Mayors and the Urban Coalition behind this kind of bill, and get a bipartisan group of legislators from urban centers to introduce it. I don't know if anything will come of it, because it's such a departure from the usual way of earmarking federal funds. But it's worth trying. My main interests, however, lie in other kinds of legislation."

Greenfield was now walking around the room. "Ever since law school, at Yale, I've been trying to get as specific as I can in devising legislation for community control and decentralization," he said. "One of the things that most impressed me about Kennedy's people was that they did have specific legislative ideas in that direction. Take his plan for tax incentives to stimulate businesses to go into the ghettos. That's been attacked, I know, as a cop-out, a sop to business, but the critics don't mention that the Kennedy bill had provisions in it for real community involvement in the decision-making that went along with such ideas as community-development corporations.

"What I particularly want to focus on now is ways to involve whites in community control. The Wallace vote



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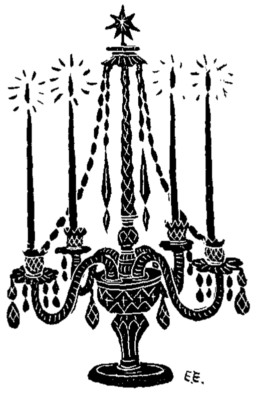
came from people who were also alienated, from whites who had been deracinated by excessive centralization. From their perspective, they feel as impotent in terms of affecting decision-making as the black poor do. I think you're going to see, among people working on urban affairs, a growing understanding of the needs of the white lower middle class. Look at this city. Community action, as it's been used in the poverty program, isn't geared to the needs of white communities. The notion of an urban task force is suited to neighborhoods like Harlem, East Harlem, and Bedford-Stuyvesant, where there are street organizations and street spokesmen. White neighborhoods are more formally organized. In Flatbush or Midwood you'll find fifty or sixty organizations, but you don't know which ones to connect with to get anything done. There ought to be ways in which these organizations could be really involved in restoring the sense of a neighborhood as a place in which you participate, rather than just take refuge. Sure, there are limitations to what a community can do for itself. As Paul Goodman says, there are some things you can't decentralize. You can't solve air pollution that way. That takes city-wide and regional planning. And the answer to excessive crowding in the subways is to get more cars and build more subways. But there are things people can work on by themselves, if they get the money. I don't understand, for instance, why there couldn't be small federal and city grants of seed money so that local groups could turn grim subway stations in their neighborhoods into more enjoyable places. And school decentralization can have real meaning for whites, too, if they can get more involved in the schools and see that a lot more could be done for *their* kids."

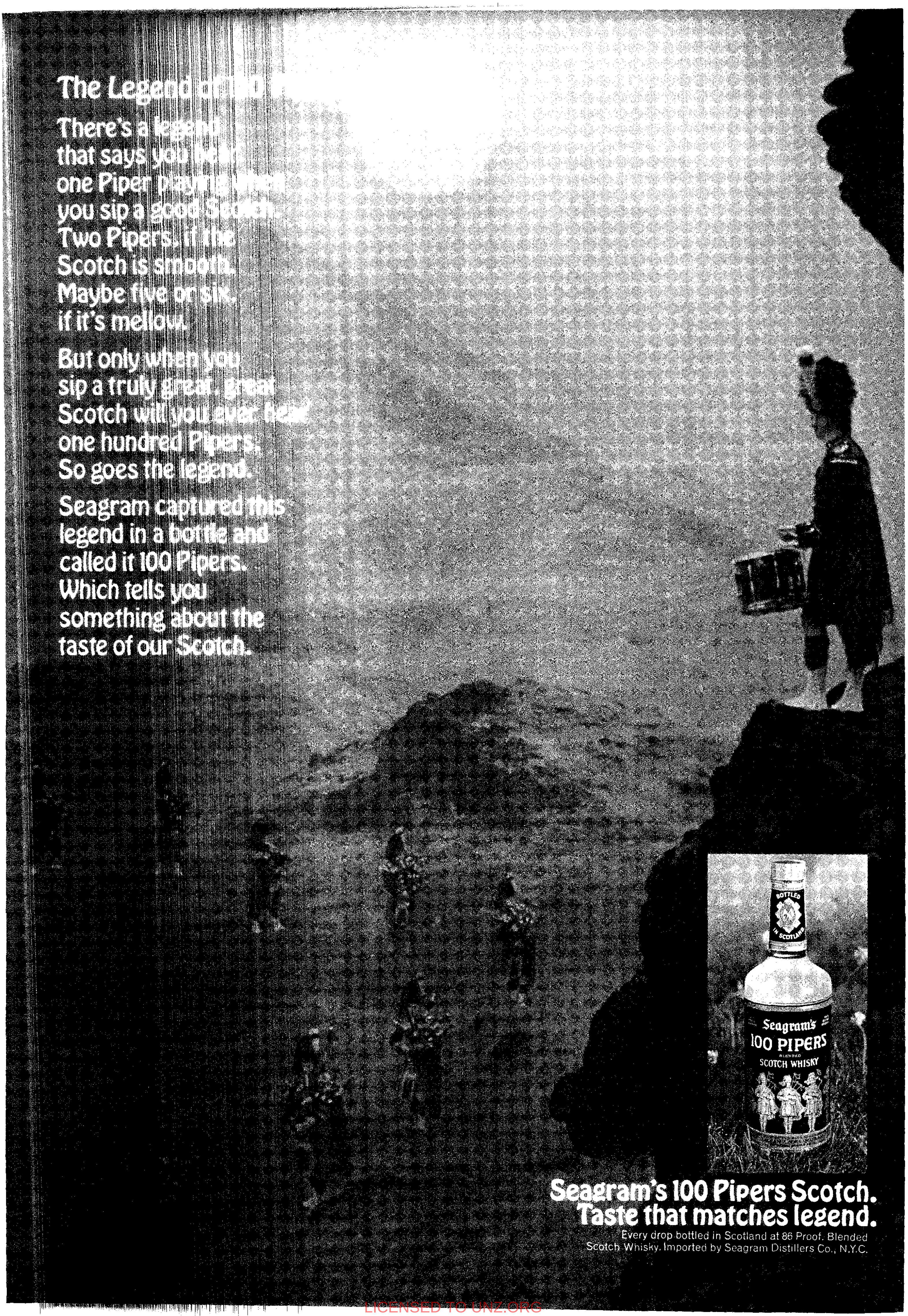


Greenfield returned to his desk, sat down, and went on, "In working out specific legislation of this kind, the problem is that you need an awful lot of time. Nothing is easier than to formulate a marvellous plan, but to take hold of a city like this and make your plan realistic, viable, and politically possible is an enormous undertaking. I know that the Mayor is interested in moving in this direction, but, with all the other pressing problems he has, drafting legislation of this sort may not even wind up as a priority of the city for some time. But it's going to be a particular interest of mine, because I still insist it can be done."

I asked Greenfield whether his interest in decentralization was the main reason that he had decided to come to work for the Mayor.

"Oh, it wasn't as thought out as that," Greenfield said. "When Senator Kennedy was killed, I decided I might write. But I found out I didn't have the discipline to do it full time. I get more writing done in my spare time now than I did when that was my 'vocation.' I'm finishing a book on popular music, for instance. The other alternative I had was teaching at a law school in southern California, where the climate is nice. But then I got called to talk with the Mayor. He's a guy I'd always admired. A lot of the Kennedy people didn't like him, but I hadn't shared that feeling. Sure, he's different from Kennedy; he has his own assets and liabilities. But *fundamentally*, like Kennedy, the Mayor is willing to put himself on the line for what he feels deeply are the right things to do. Now, that is not the most common attribute of American politicians. When I talked with him about coming here, it was a time, I felt, of real despair about what was happening to this country. I decided that if he wanted me I'd give it a whirl. In that first meeting, several weeks after Kennedy was killed, Lindsay spoke very sombrely about where the country was going. He impressed me with how concerned he was. He had convictions, and he was committed to act on them. I also found out that the cliché of his being a 'lightweight'—a guy who looked good but didn't have much brains—just didn't apply. Now that cliché is changing to 'He's very bright, but he's not an intellectual.' I hear a lot of that in New York, but those Kennedy-McCarthy primaries, in which I was somewhat biassed, changed my impression of the way the intellectual community in this city makes its political judgments of people. They didn't care how McCarthy had voted, but he writes poetry. Whoopee! Look, Lindsay has clear ideas and principles, he takes stands on them, and I don't care if he footnotes what he says, if that's what is meant by being an intellectual."

Greenfield was back on his feet, pacing. "This whole business of character-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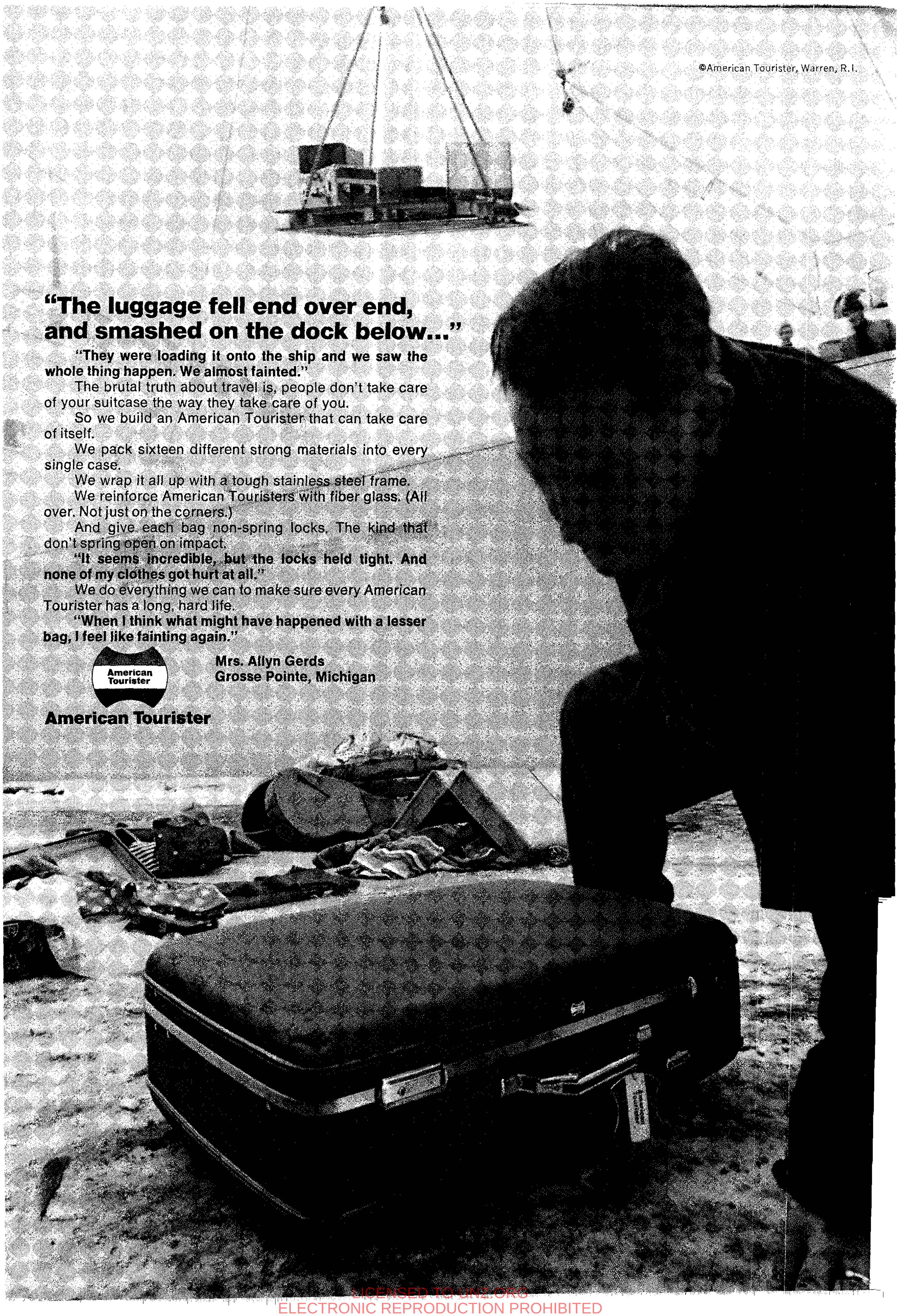

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izing people in public life is so weird," he said. "All those who *know* that Lindsay is this or is that—on what do they base their judgments? On interpretations by people who really don't know a hell of a lot themselves. The so-called well-informed intellectuals interested in politics read the news analyses and the political coverage in the *Times;* they read the *New York Review of Books* and maybe *Newsweek* and such columnists as Evans and Novak. And on that basis they come up with the most facile assumptions. Bobby Kennedy—and this is true of Lindsay, too—revealed a certain tensile strength and an intellectual core when you saw him day after day instead of just reading about him. But the intellectual community didn't know that. You remember, Kennedy was supposed to be the kind of person who was fed ideas and quotations for his speeches. Oh, he might select from among them, but he wasn't a *real* reader. Well, during the campaign last spring we were working on a speech and he said, 'Why not use this line from "Agamemnon"?' And he pulled the book out of his pocket. What bugs me is that so many intellectuals simply assumed he wasn't a serious reader of poetry because nobody had told them he was. Lindsay's the same way. He'll suggest lines from poems he has been reading. Yet there are people who claim to *know* that John Lindsay is not the kind of man who reads poetry."

Greenfield returned to his chair, swivelled around a full circle, and said, "Did you ever realize that out of this way of 'knowing' things from magazines and political columnists there are five or six anecdotes about a guy which will be cited to you again and again as the core of the man? And all these people think they're informed."

I asked Greenfield what he, as one who had been informed by close working contact, considered to be some of the important differences between the late Senator and the Mayor.

"In a way," he said, "I think Lindsay is an easier person to talk with than Kennedy was. Kennedy was withdrawn a lot of the time. There was an air about him that kept most people distant. Lindsay's personality is more easygoing. You see, that, too, is counter to the conventional wisdom, which insists he's stuffy. But Kennedy was like Lindsay in having an excellent sense of humor, particularly in private. The Mayor's is very mordant, very irreverent, but I guess that's a way people in high position have of keeping their sanity. Maybe the Mayor ought to show

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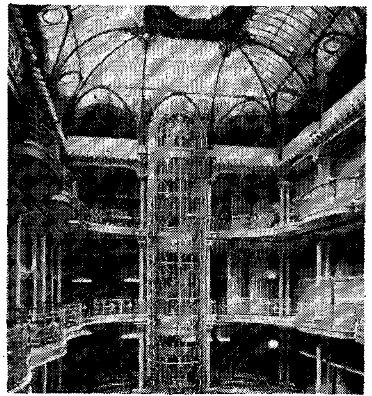

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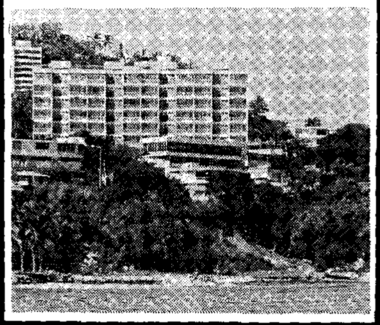

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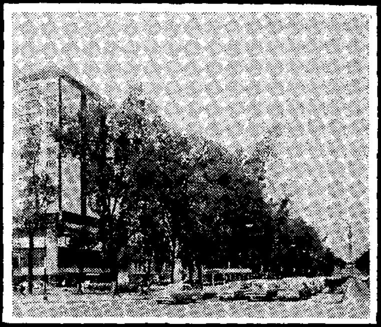

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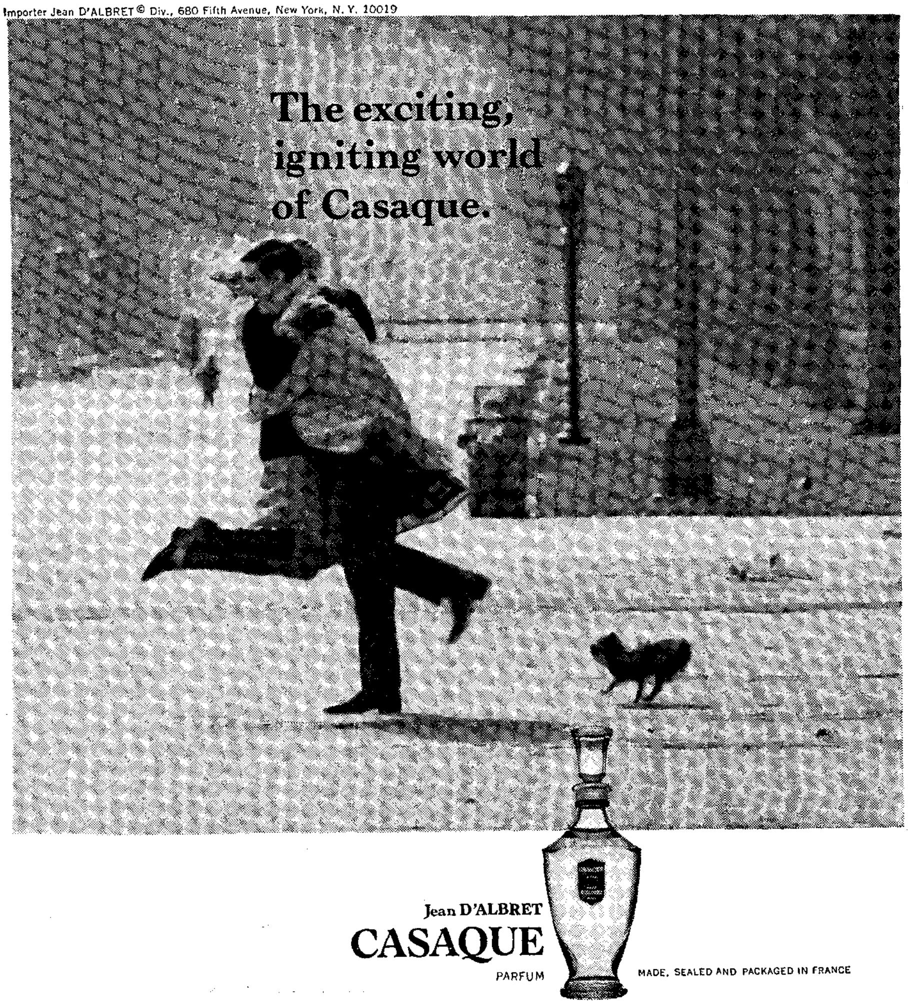
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"The pressures—the pressures on him are incredible. Look at the school thing. He knew from the beginning that, however it turned out, his administration would inevitably get the blame. With such deep divisions in the city, neither side is going to get all it wants, and whom do they both find as the target for their frustration? The Mayor, of course. I've been very impressed with how he's handled himself during this whole conflict. Sure, he had his highs and lows, depending on how tough the pressures were from day to day, but he didn't succumb to those pressures. You've got to keep in mind how terribly involved people were emotionally. This wasn't an ordinary labor argument. It was much more intense than 'Why isn't my garbage being picked up?' Most people seemed to be in a state of hysteria. The letters that came in *shrieked.* Obviously, it's the most serious thing he's gone through, but he maintained his sense of humor, and he kept trying. It would have been easier for him at various points to just throw up his hands and wait for Allen, the State Commissioner of Education, to take over. But every day the Mayor was working on specific ways to resolve the dispute. He just kept at it. He wasn't getting enough sleep, he was being attacked from all directions, but he would not let it defeat him *inside.* This is a very strong man."

I asked Greenfield how badly he thought the Mayor had been damaged politically over the last few years.

He whooped and said, "If you're going to ask me about his political future in view of what's happened this year, and if you think I'll make any predictions, you are out of your skull. By election time next fall, we may have the Second Coming, with Christ on the ticket for President of the City Council."

I asked Greenfield how much difference he thought it would make for the city if Lindsay were to win a second term, and if he thought that anybody could actually make the city a better place to live in.

Greenfield put his feet back on his desk and looked out the window. "In some ways," he began, "I think the press is right in giving the impression that the city is being continually assaulted by absolutely conflicting interests. But there's a difference now. As well as I can figure it out, before Lindsay's guys came in, New York was run literally without a thought of what would eventually happen to a city of eight million people if you kept doing

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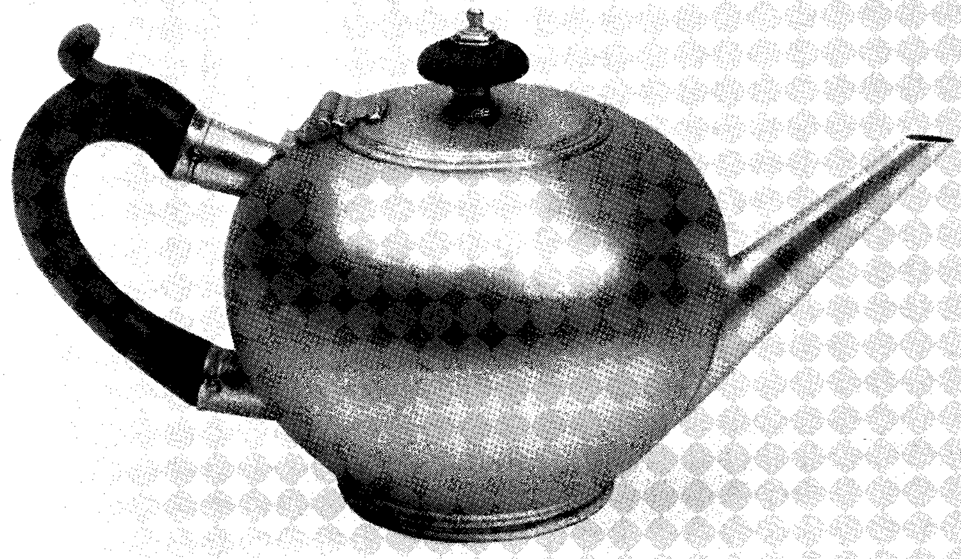

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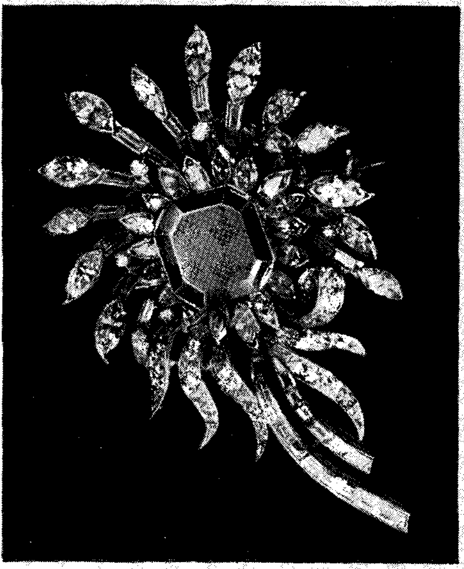

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"Now, I'm not using this as a cop-out, but the Lindsay administration has come to grips with what amounts to thirty years of chaos. But it was quiet chaos. The only way to prevent ultimate disintegration was to start *really changing things, even* if *those* changes caused serious discomfort. Lindsay's people are immersed in the difficulties of actual problem-solving. We don't build wings in the middle of the air anymore. The school system, for example, had to be changed, had to be decentralized. Under Wagner, the ghetto schools were getting worse and worse. Obviously, they're still bad, but at last a real attempt is being made to *do* something about them. And naturally everybody's shrieking.

"For another example, we now have a tough anti-pollution law, and the city is taking a lot of flak because its own incinerators won't be upgraded in time for the deadline set by that law. But the point is that something *is* being done about air pollution, for the first time. Why wasn't that tough a law passed before? Because there finally is an administration with a realization that problems have to be attacked in the open, even if the administration gets hurt in the process. *That's* the stiff-necked quality about Lindsay I admire. He knew he'd have to take an awful lot of political heat if he let all these problems come out in the open instead of making patch-up, short-term arrangements behind the scenes which would solve nothing basically. The thing is that he and his people are making attempts—even if they're sometimes half-baked—to really come up with solutions.

"And the Mayor is on top of those attempts. A while ago, he was talking to Fred Hayes, the Director of the Budget, about getting a new kind of sanitation truck—trucks that can do double the work in half the time. They operate on some kind of suction principle, so they can get the trash underneath parked cars and in other ways pick up a lot more stuff. I was astonished—and somewhat abashed at my own ignorance—when I heard Lindsay, the Mayor of a city with as many problems as this one, talk so precisely about how the damned trucks work. He really is a hard study. He picks up

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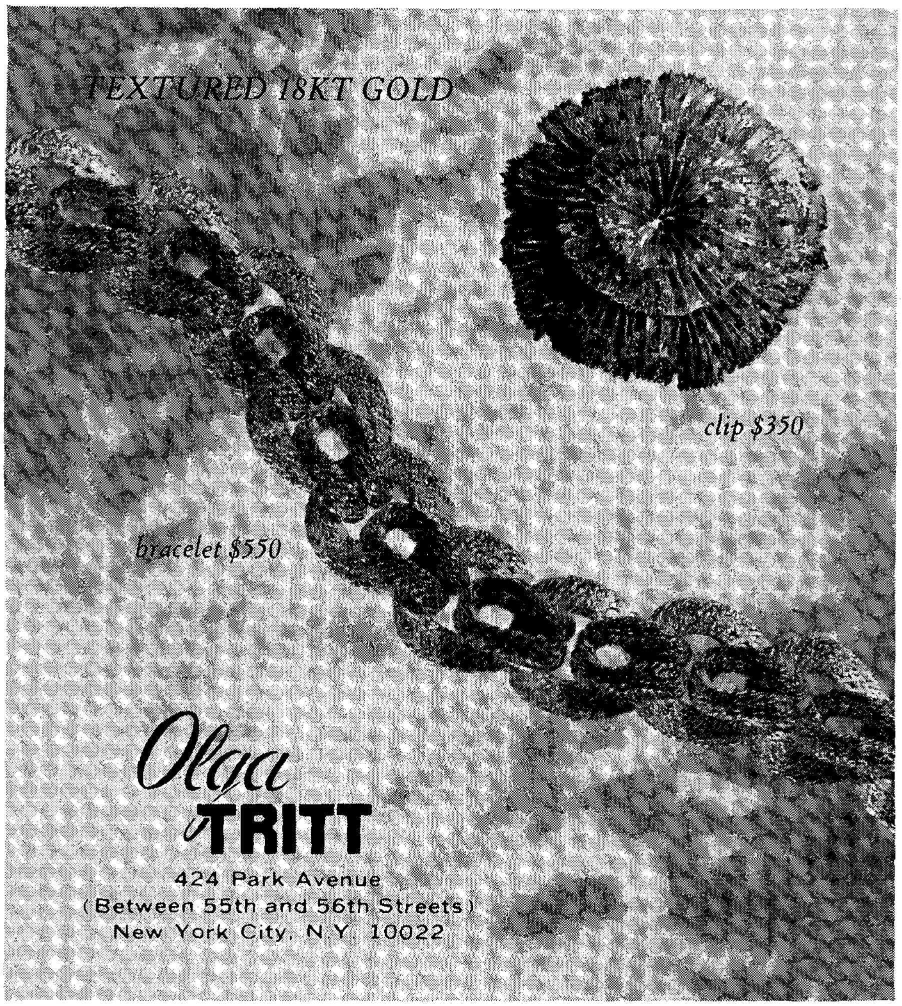
that kind of thing, retains it, and relates it to other problems, and that's how he really does know what's going on.

"But all that is in the context of the man's genuine sense of public service. That's what some people mean, I suppose, when they call him stuffy. Or—what was it they used to call him? 'The White Knight'? People are just not accustomed to that kind of Mayor. A President can get away with setting moral imperatives, but the Mayor is supposed to be the guy who cleans the streets. He said he was elected to change the city, and that's what he has gone on to do, because that's what he *should* be doing. Now, those people who call him stuffy are usually the same people who say that he doesn't basically understand the realities of the city—the conflicting interest groups. Of course he understands them. But he has chosen not to play the old games."

Greenfield paused, and then said, "At the core of what this administration is all about is a continuing analysis of how to get things working, and people working, with greater efficiency and with a clear sense of direction. A small example: In 1966, much of the equipment in the Sanitation Department was in bad shape. Trucks were old and kept breaking down. I'm told there were times when only half of them were operating. O.K., it became clear, on analysis, that the way to really improve the functioning of that department was to buy enough new equipment so that repair costs could be sharply cut while more garbage was being collected faster. That's simple planning. Here, look." Greenfield opened a copy of the city's 1968-69 Executive Budget and pointed out a paragraph. I read:

> The replacement of 1,000 collection trucks—over two-thirds of the fleet—over the next year and a half by larger and more efficient models will have a lasting effect on the Department's operations. The average age of trucks in the fleet, now eight years, will be reduced to an average of two years by the end of the coming fiscal year. The City intends to maintain a five-year replacement cycle for collection trucks to reduce maintenance and repair costs.

Greenfield leaned back in his chair and went on, "As I say, that was a simple solution, but in terms of the city's past it was a remarkable one. Similarly, money is being put into buying air-conditioned buses and new subway equipment because in the long run it makes *sense* to do it that way, instead of just stumbling along patch-



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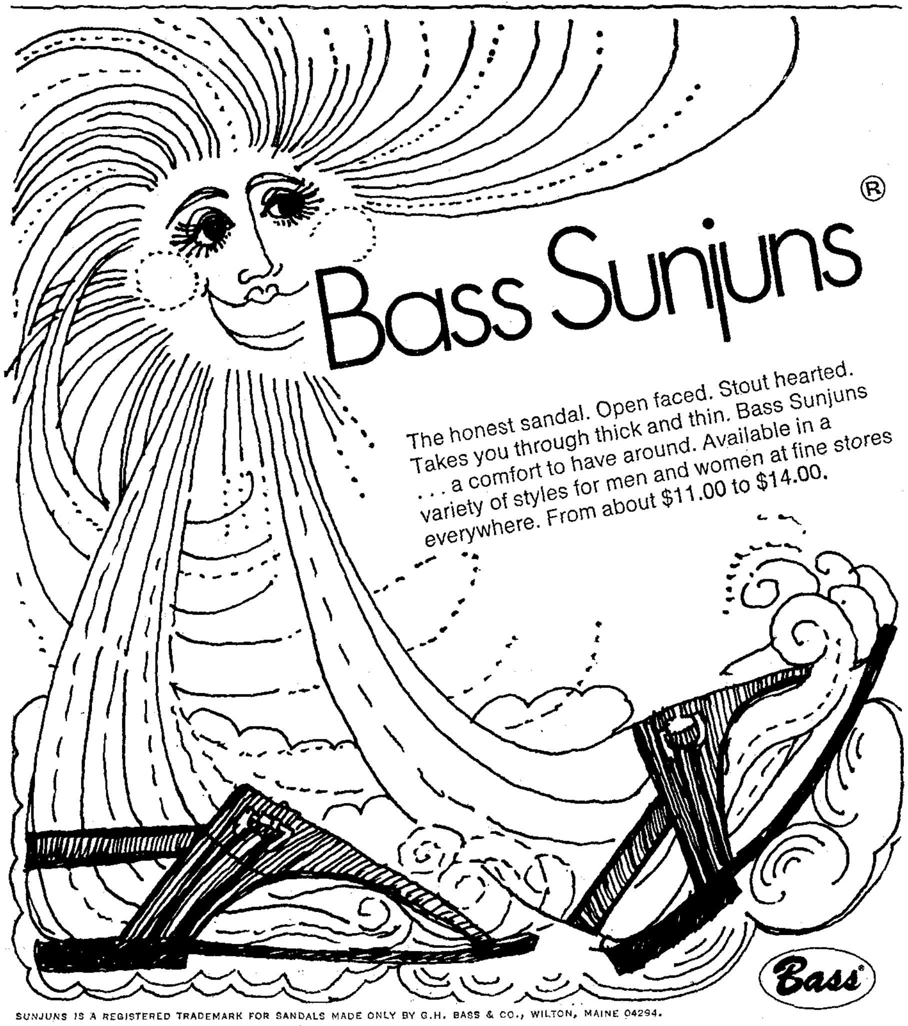

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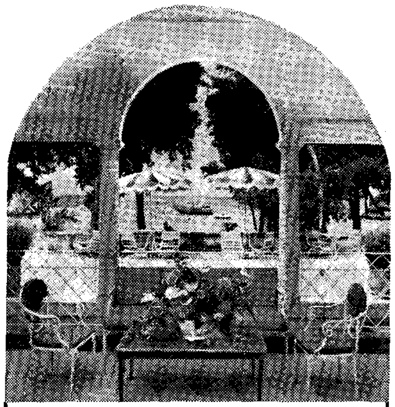

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ing things up. Obviously, there are problems you can't handle just by placing more funds in the capital budget. But what you can do is face them in such a way that the depth of those problems becomes clear to everybody. Sure, the school thing revealed a lot of tensions between blacks and Jews in this city, but it's important that those tensions finally came to the surface. How are you going to deal with them until you know how deep they are and what caused them? And it's now clear to everyone how very dissatisfied the ghetto communities have been with their schools. Now *that's* in the open, and people are organizing to change those schools. Lindsay might well have had a much more peaceful city if he'd been willing to go along with the way things used to be done, but he's sacrificed the chance for tranquillity by insisting on action for change."

"Are you going to stay in urban affairs for the foreseeable future?" I asked.

"I'm going to stay with Lindsay," Greenfield answered. "Because he's a guy worth walking a long way with. For all the reasons I've given you, and for one more. He treats his assistants and subordinates with remarkable consideration, and that's a rare quality. An awful lot of good political people don't have it. This man is aware of the feelings of the people who work for him, and he'll accommodate himself to them instead of always demanding that everything be done in only one way—his. As for myself, I have other interests in addition to urban affairs, and I have serious doubts about working *within* any institution at all. But until he chooses otherwise, I'm keeping on with this man."

ON a table just outside Greenfield's office as I left I saw a pile of thick paperbound books issued by the Bureau of the Budget for the 1969-70 fiscal year and titled "Program/Budget Instruction." In view of what Greenfield had been saying about analysis and planning being the core of the Mayor's approach to city government, I asked for and got one of the books. I was particularly interested in a section of the introduction that was devoted to the "P.P.B.S."—initials I had been hearing with great frequency from assistants to the Mayor and other city officials. I read:

> During the next 18 months, the Bureau of the Budget together with the administrations will undertake to complete the development and installation of a City-wide planning-programming-budgeting system (PPBS). The system must meet both general budgetary requirements and the distinct management needs of individual programs and agencies. . . . PPBS is a tool for improving understanding and decision making. It is based on three premises—namely, that:
>
> The City should identify the objectives of municipal services—i.e., the results it wants to achieve by providing these services
>
> Different ways (i.e., alternatives) usually exist to achieve these objectives
>
> The decision maker should be informed about the costs and the effectiveness of the alternatives open to him so that better choices can be made.
>
> Thus, PPBS helps to improve decisions on: (1) how to make individual programs operate more effectively and efficiently, and (2) how much emphasis an agency should give to different programs. . . .
>
> Besides aiding the Mayor and the Bureau of the Budget in making budgeting decisions, the PPB system should be useful to agencies in planning and controlling their own operations. It strengthens management by: (1) linking resources and activities to results; (2) framing the choices to be made among program emphasis; (3) providing yardsticks for evaluating performance; and (4) facilitating coördination among agencies operating related programs under separate auspices. Administrations just getting under way will find the PPB effort especially valuable. Furthermore, all agencies will be able to justify their budget requests better to the Bureau of the Budget and the Mayor, since the supporting documentation for budget requests will be developed in the course of analyzing issues and alternatives.

The man behind the budgeting system, I knew, was Frederick O'R. Hayes, whom the Mayor had appointed Director of the Budget in August, 1966. Before coming to New York, Hayes was Deputy Director for Community Action Programs in the Office of Economic Opportunity, and he had previously held executive positions in the federal Urban Renewal Administration and had worked for eleven years in the United States Bureau of the Budget. When the Mayor announced Hayes' appointment, he called him "one of the toughest budget men in the United States" and described him as "one of a new breed—the urbanists." The Mayor had predicted that "in bringing his tough-minded methods to New York he will be the key man in putting the city on a new budget-planning basis."

"He *is* the key man," Mitchell Ginsberg, the head of the Human Resources Administration, had told me soon after Hayes started his third year as Director of the Budget. "He has great influence on the Mayor. If I had to pick one guy who has the largest impact on policy in

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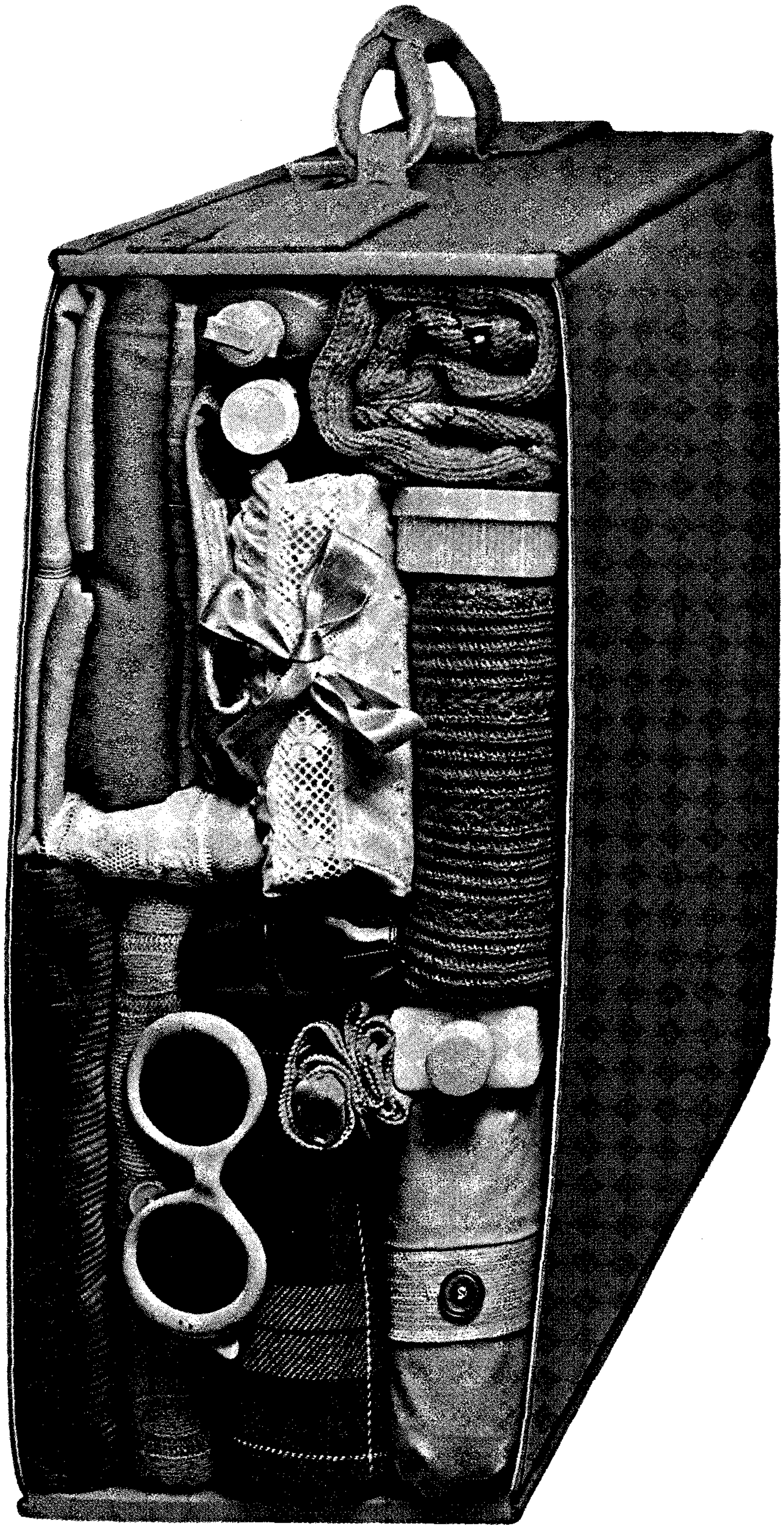

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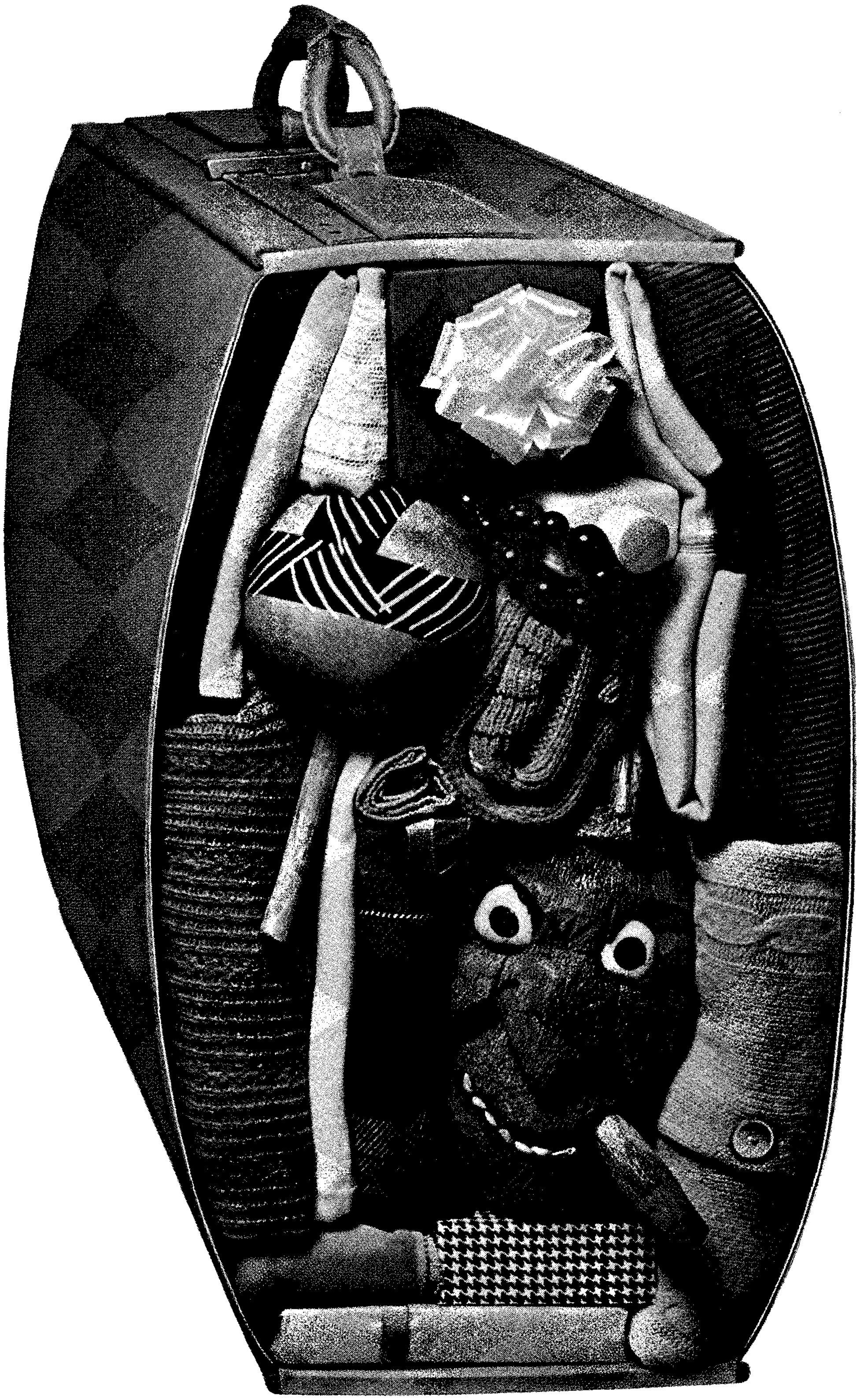

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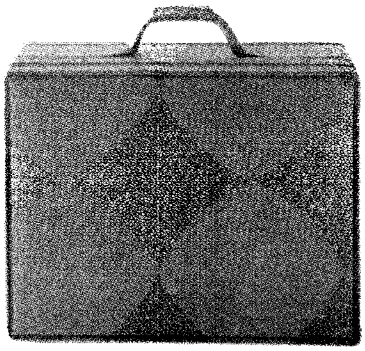

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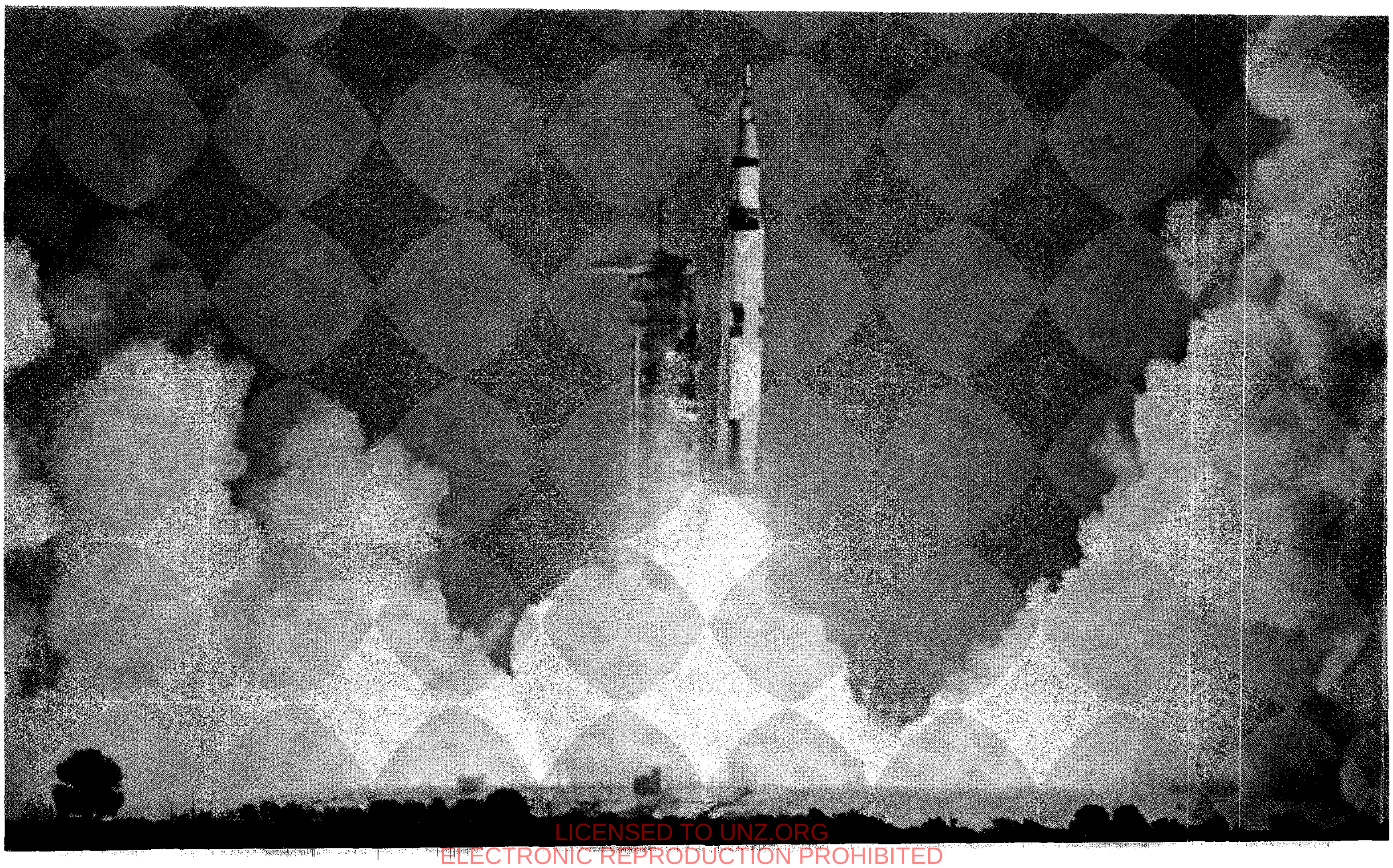

this city, it would be Hayes. You ought to go see him. You'll learn something. He's as qualified an urbanist as you'll find anywhere."

I took Ginsberg's advice on an afternoon in December of last year. Hayes' office, in the Municipal Building, is large but sparsely furnished, and is brightened principally by his children's crayon drawings, which are on the wall behind his desk. Hayes is forty-five, of medium height, wears glasses, speaks quickly and softly, and projects formidable authority. It is the authority of lucid expertise and firmness of direction.

I was curious about why he had come to the city after fifteen years in Washington, and asked him.

"My first reaction was not to come," he said. "John asked me in March of 1966. I thought about it for a week, and turned him down. It would probably have ended there, but I gathered he was having trouble finding someone, and meanwhile, since I was in O.E.O., I was in frequent contact with the city, and so the possibility of my coming was kept half alive. Finally, at the beginning of July, he asked me again, and I said I'd come if I could make my wife happy in New York. It's hard to move after fifteen years in a city. Actually, though, this was a job I really wanted to try, because of the challenge it set. I figured I was as sophisticated as I'd get in terms of working in federal agencies and now I ought to learn about cities. Another factor that helped change my mind was the quality of the people Lindsay was getting. In March, the only guy he had in his administration whom I knew and felt to be a pro was Mitch Ginsberg. But by July he had Jay Nathan, Cyril Tyson, and a number of other people I thought were pretty good—some very good. On the lower levels, too, some real pros were coming aboard.

"A basic problem here, I found out quickly, is the same one in administration anywhere in the country—adapting old bureaucracies to new problems. It's tough getting them up to higher levels of responsiveness, opening them to innovations. That's a primary difficulty everywhere—getting more porosity into our governmental and social institutions. It has been happening in the Federal Budget Bureau, but porosity of any degree is still relatively rare elsewhere in government."

Hayes, speaking at a fast, even pace, went on, "We've made quite a bit of progress here, I think, but progress has its problems, too. Every time you do something better in an area, you

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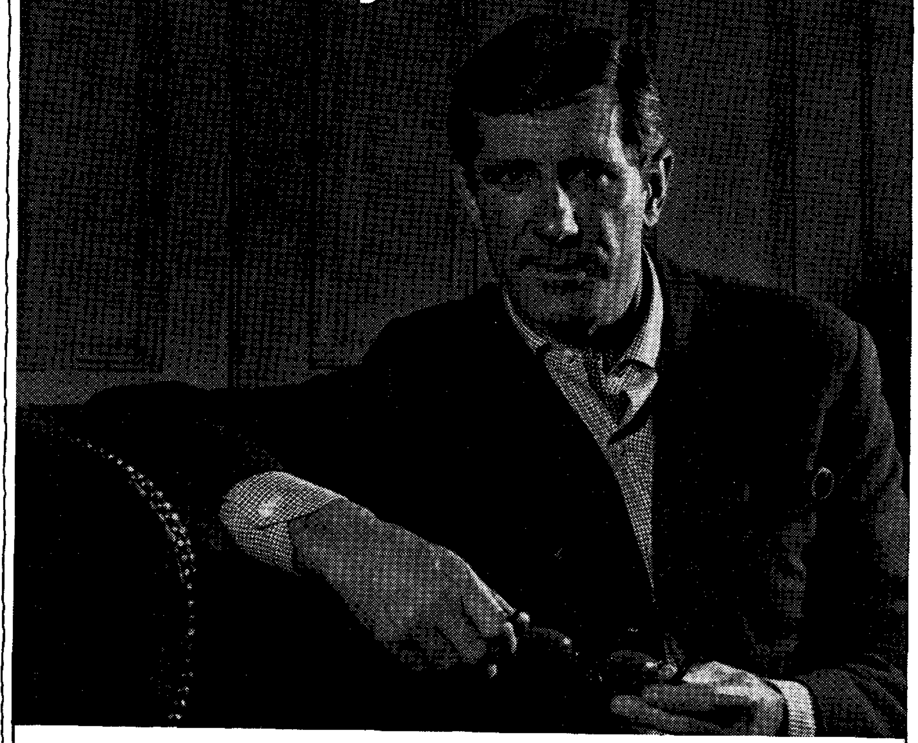

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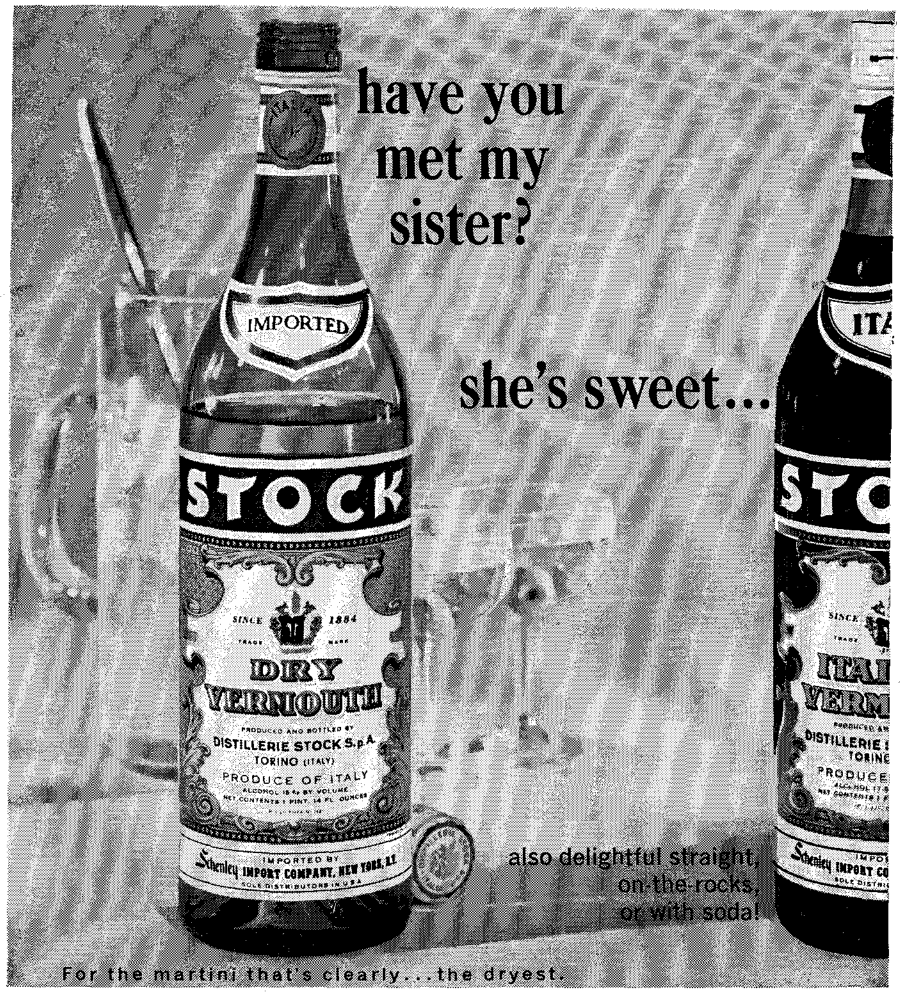
simultaneously discover more problems. For example, you design a new program and it works logically, but only if you can find the management talent to carry it through. We have some fine men—many of them from Washington—but we still have only a fraction of the number of really good people we need to run this city right. It's not much trouble getting first-rate young people, but it's harder to find the kind of people you need on the senior level—those who are very bright at management and can also relate to other people.

"We've got the Bureau of the Budget itself in shape, but we're a relatively small operation. The larger problems are with the big city agencies. There's the sheer magnitude of what's needed to make them efficient, and then the extraordinary scarcity of personnel with management capacity in American society. Even American businesses have enormous trouble getting people who can run things and run them well. Management is a subtle and difficult skill. The whole pattern in corporations and in much of government has tended to create organization men—people who are knowledgeable in rather specialized activities but do not have the capacity for real managerial analysis."

Hayes drummed his fingers on the desk. "In fact, the training of professionals in nearly every area is just not oriented in this direction. Suppose you're superintendent of a school system with ten thousand students. You want to start team teaching in two junior highs and one high school. How are you going to design the right program for your particular needs—a program which may well require considerable innovation? How are you going to select your staff in terms of the results you want? What results *do* you want? Have you figured out how to evaluate the cost efficiency of the program—that is, what results would justify this program expenditure? Well, you don't get that kind of training in schools of education. Where is there training to be an educational innovator and analyst? Where is there such training in any field? But, admittedly, people do come along who can design good innovative programs. O.K., but knowing how to design a program and running it are two different things."

Hayes calmly added another dimension of difficulty. "And then," he said, "there's a third quality needed, which is just as rare. In addition to people who can create innovative programs through real analysis and people who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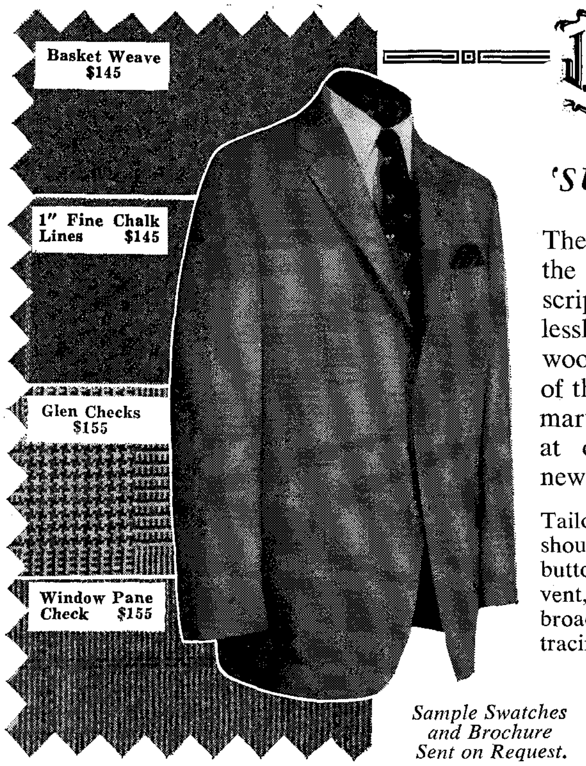

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can go on to run those programs, you need personnel with a capacity for feedback—people with the sensitivity to evaluate what is actually happening as a result of any given program and the ability to use that information to sharpen or change the structure. That's also what I mean when I say that first-rate personnel is scarce.

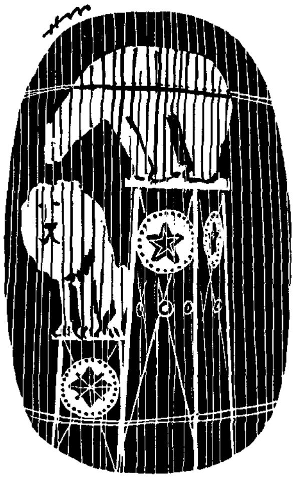
“There's another fundamental problem in New York. It's a problem that especially strikes management people who come here from a federal agency. They all say they've never seen anything like this city, because the availability of information is so primitive. I mean fiscal information. In an ordinary federal agency of no great efficiency—take Housing and Urban Development—on the tenth of the month you ordinarily expect, and get, a list of all grants, expenditures, and obligations. By the last I mean money that's been allocated but not yet spent. And perhaps you also get some evaluation of what's going on. In New York, however, finding out how much a particular operation is costing becomes a research project. But analysis of costs is a very important tool of management, as is analysis of what it would cost to do some things differently. Again, we *are* making some progress, but we still don't have nearly enough information in a number of areas. There's more information available, for instance, from indifferently run voluntary hospitals than we have yet from our city hospitals. A further complication of that problem is that when centralized activities are taking place in large field operations—hospitals are an example—or when there is a sizable letting of contracts to third parties, as in the poverty operation, you worry not only about insufficient information but also about whether you're able to *deliver* anything at all. However, after two and a half years I can say that the habit of internal analysis has begun to take root in certain agencies—notably the Police and Fire Departments, housing, environmental purification, and health. They're learning how to analyze program options and how to create supporting information systems, and they're building staffs to handle both functions. I think it's going to work out very well in time.”

“What if the Mayor is not returned to office for another term?” I asked. “Will all this work have been wasted?”

“I suppose there could be considerable slipping back,” Hayes answered. “It's hard to say how much and where. But something has to remain after all that's been started. And I think that one durable mark we will have made even if there is no second term is the change that's been established in the way the bureaucracy moves. I can't imagine anyone new coming in who would not want to retain the planning-programming-budgeting system. That kind of analysis and program planning simply makes complete sense, quite apart from what party you belong to. It seems to me that anyone in charge would want to have the tools to really know what the bureaucracy is doing.

“However, in the event of a new administration, many of our new programs under P.P.B.S. might fail to survive simply because there might not be enough people coming in who could handle them. The problem of recruiting managerial personnel of high quality could well be even greater for a different administration than it's been for us. It's easy enough to demonstrate all the advantages in this kind of planning, but you also have to generate enough excitement to attract people to work for the city. And that is most difficult to arouse. It's in this area that John has had a particularly important impact. I can pull in people from Harvard Business School and guys out of law school who have been on the law review, because they want to be where action, where change, is taking place. But why am I able to do that when for twenty years this city was hardly that successful in attracting people of this quality? The answer is Lindsay. Our interviewers sell John Lindsay. That's what it takes—a man who is a symbol of change, who makes young people of high quality believe there's a reason for them to come here. O.K., maybe a new administration's interviewers will be able to sell someone else. But can you name a person who creates the degree of national interest among the young that John does?”

Hayes did not wait for an answer but said, “I don't mean to imply that



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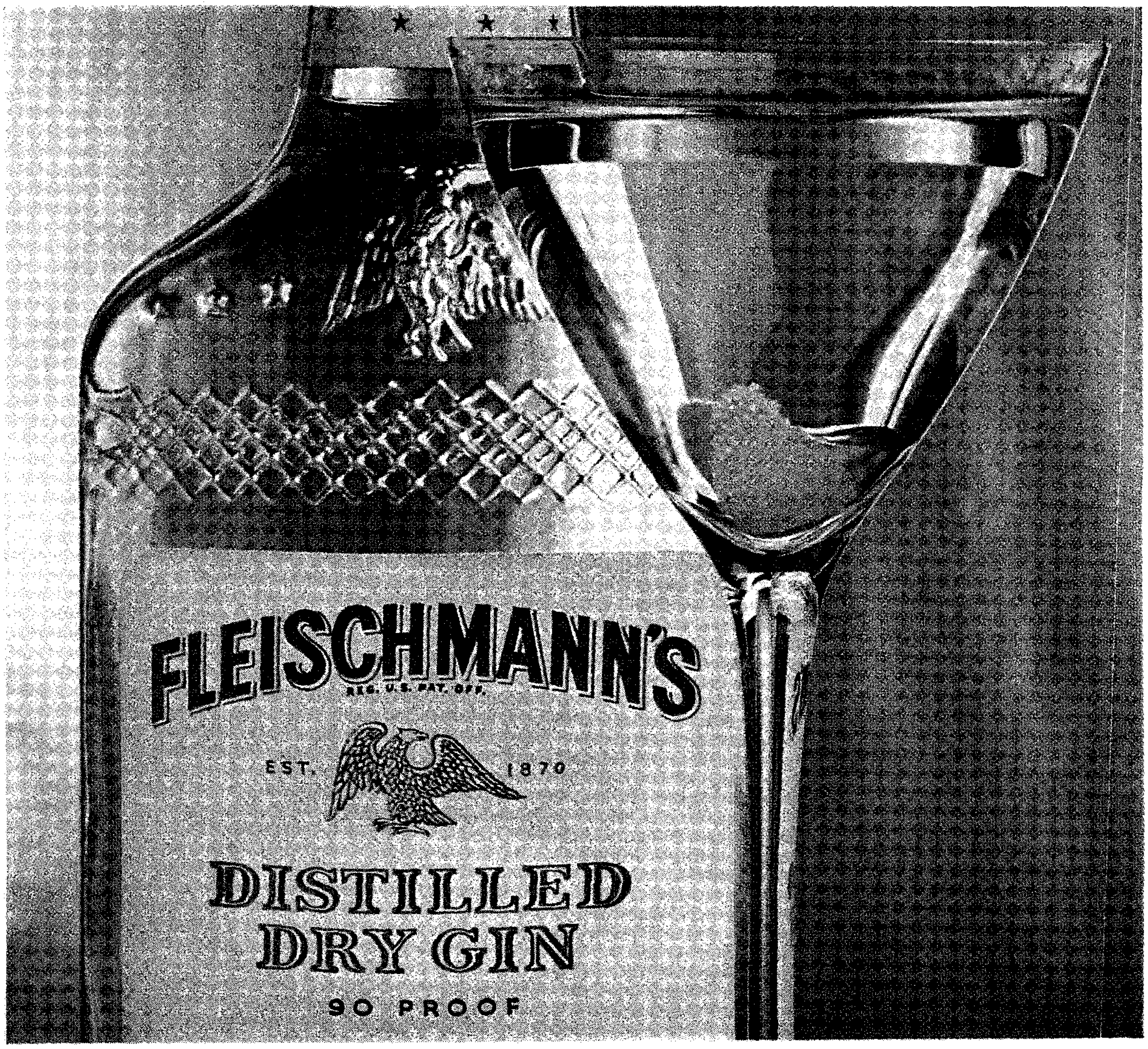
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John is just some kind of magnetic figurehead. When management people get here, they find out soon enough that he knows what's going on. He's extraordinary in the amount and variety of material he can absorb. For example, this office sent out fairly stiff reading material to the heads of the various administrations, in which we explained what P.P.B.S. is all about. Because it was so detailed, I had not intended a copy to go to him, but somehow he got hold of one, and, as he put it when he saw me around that time, 'I read every damn thing in that.'

"And, having absorbed so much material, he proceeds to act on the basis of great confidence in the objective analysis of problems. I find this unusual in a politician. Most politicians I've known will *say* they're all for objective analysis, but actually they take the taxicab-driver's approach to problem-solving. You know—the concept that any intelligent man who keeps his radio on can give you an informed opinion on just about anything. Most politicians actually do operate that way. They don't really want objective analysis; it might interfere with what they *know*. John is quite different. He genuinely believes in it. And he does a lot more homework than many politicians.

"He's different in other ways, too. He doesn't go at things the way Sargent Shriver did, for instance, when Shriver was head of O.E.O. Unlike Shriver, John doesn't assume that most of the staff is incompetent and is trying to put him in an embarrassing situation. John encourages a free play of opinion and argument. In fact, he relies on that kind of exchange as a way of finding other and better ways of doing things. He's open, he's not defensive, and so he stimulates the people around him to be frank and open. He doesn't hold back, and he doesn't want them to. If we come in from this office, for example, with a plan to which one of the administrators objects, John will ask the man to find the holes in it and to prove that they are indeed holes. And then we have to support our position.

"This free play of ideas, along with John's being open and accessible, is how we're able to hold the crackerjack young people he's attracted. Some of them are quite fantastic, and they're able to work directly with the Mayor. They get right into the planning and decision-making. That's an important factor in keeping morale up. I'll admit this causes problems with some of the heads of the administrations. I mean,

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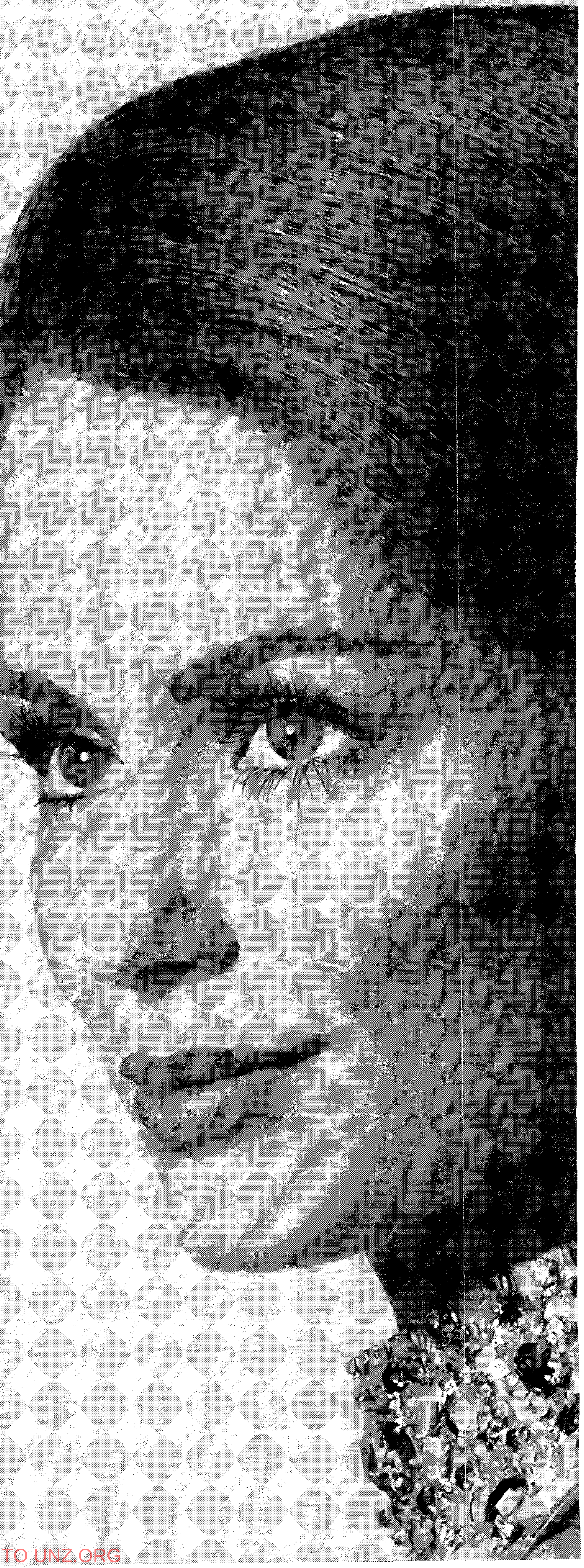

some people in authority feel, 'I'm not going to be told how to run my operation by some twenty-four-year-old pipsqueak.' Then it's up to me to do some healing work. John, you see, doesn't differentiate by generation or by title. If one of these young people knows what he's talking about, John listens. In fact, I rather think he prefers working with the young people. And it's that quality of responsiveness to *anyone* who has something real to say that gives John his influence out on the street. He really listens to blacks and Puerto Ricans. This is a guy who is willing—in talking or in reading—to take ideas from all kinds of sources. He doesn't limit himself."

Hayes paused and leaned back for a few moments. Then he said, "I'll tell you what may be the most crucial quality John has—a quality crucial for this city. He has an enormous interest in running the city and a great lack of interest in politics, in the broad sense of the word. Oh, I'm not saying that there aren't times when he has to and does take political considerations into account, but he's really not interested in that aspect of the job. It's action and change, it's making over the city, that absorbs him. I keep contrasting him with Shriver, because Shriver did have a very acute interest in the more traditional ways of politics. You'd be going over a grant with him, and you could see him picturing the size of the headlines in the Podunk *Press* the morning after the announcement. And you could see him anticipating the reactions of those congressmen most concerned. Now, that is usually a politician's primary area of interest, but it's not John's."

"In a way, though," I asked, "hasn't his indifference to traditional political tactics been a mistake? I mean particularly with regard to many whites in this city who claim that he hasn't shown sufficient interest in them. And they might go on to say that he has been very much the old-style politician in the way he's dealt with black people and Puerto Ricans."

"Yes, I know," Hayes said. "They say, 'All he cares about is the colored.' Well, there's no question that he now does need to open lines to the lower-middle-class and working-class whites. And more than lines. But when he came into office, his first priority—as he had diagnosed it during his campaign for Mayor—was to do something about the huge lack of communication which had developed between the ghettos and City Hall. It's taken him a long time to de-fuse all that distrust—which, if it

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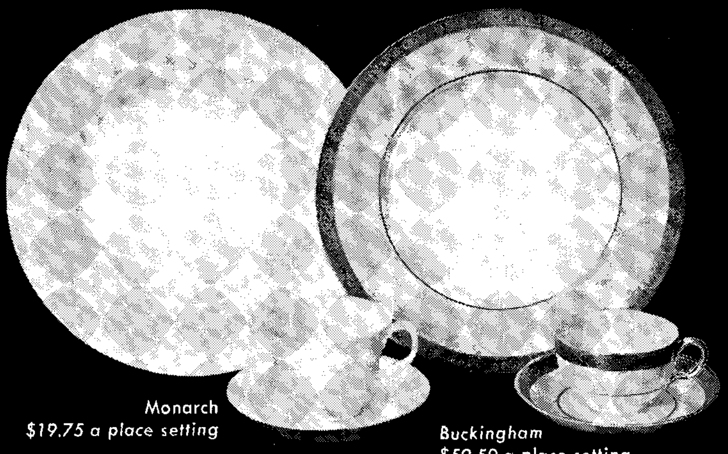

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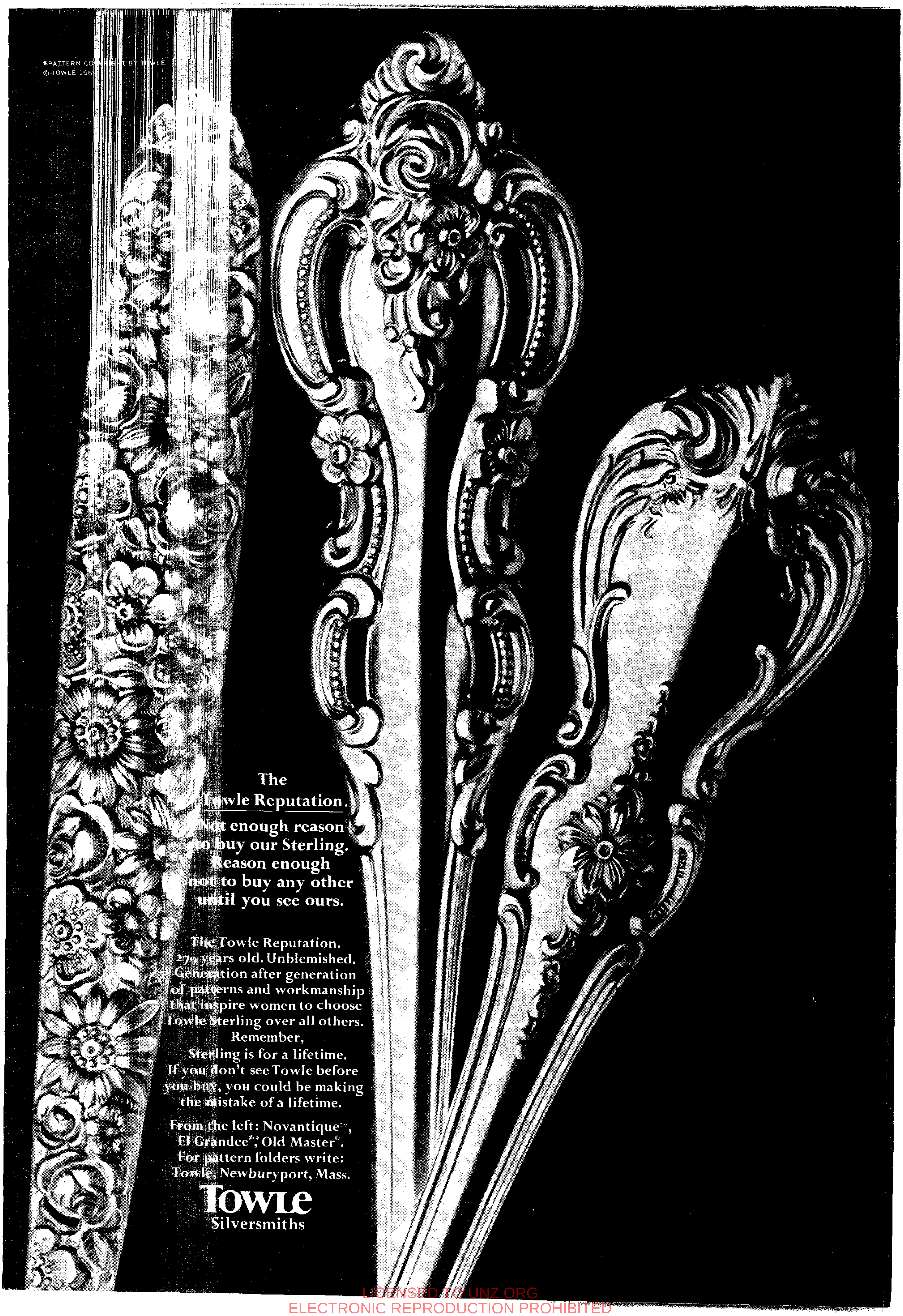

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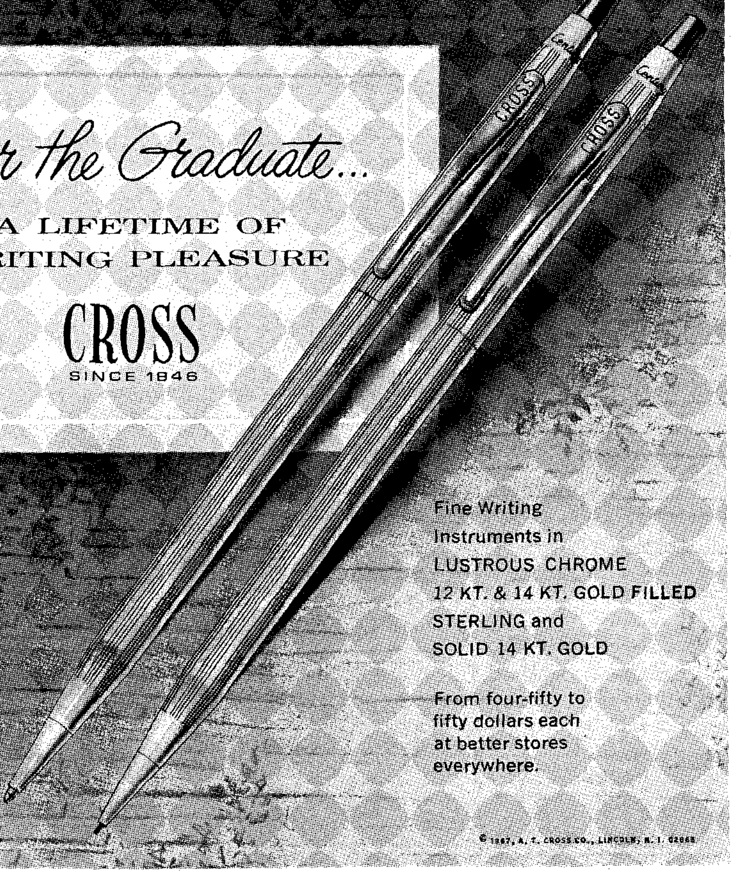

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had remained unchanged or had got worse, would have become a very serious factor by now. Moreover, he had to get the ghettos' support for action and change, and that was another reason he had to work on ways of getting their confidence. How do you do that? By showing you really care how blacks and Puerto Ricans feel about things and by finding out what they want.

"But it is true that, in all the great urban areas, alienation—the lack of even a minimal sense of being part of a community—is a problem that affects all the people, not only blacks and Puerto Ricans. On the one hand, the strain of the very environment—the air pollution, the noise—intensifies one's feeling of being rootless and besieged, creating a beastly situation. And, on the other hand, whatever attempts are being made to improve that situation do not give the citizen any sense that he's been consulted. The typical resident of New York is even worse off than someone in another city, because we're into more things than any other city in the country. We're trying to make changes in so many different areas simultaneously that nearly everything we do is incomprehensible to the typical citizen. Obviously, this creates problems for a Mayor. And certainly John has more problems with the alienation of *whites* than the Mayor of any other big city, because he has taken particular care to open lines to the black and Puerto Rican ghettos. That's why we need more decentralization here, in *all* neighborhoods—so that people can get a feeling of having some control over what happens to them. If there is a second term, that's going to be a primary order of business."

Hayes looked at his watch and went on, "I was thinking about that when I was in London a few months ago. I hadn't realized the degree of decentralization they have there, with the various boroughs fitting into the Greater London Council. We ought to examine that setup closely. It may give us ideas on how to make decentralization work in New York."

"But if significant decentralization does come about," I said, "it will mean allocating part of the budget to various community groups. Won't that make it harder to use P.P.B.S. to measure the cost efficiency of the city's expenditures?"

"There's no question it will be harder," Hayes answered. "But it won't be impossible. Take school decentralization. If there are, let's say, thirty local school boards with some con-

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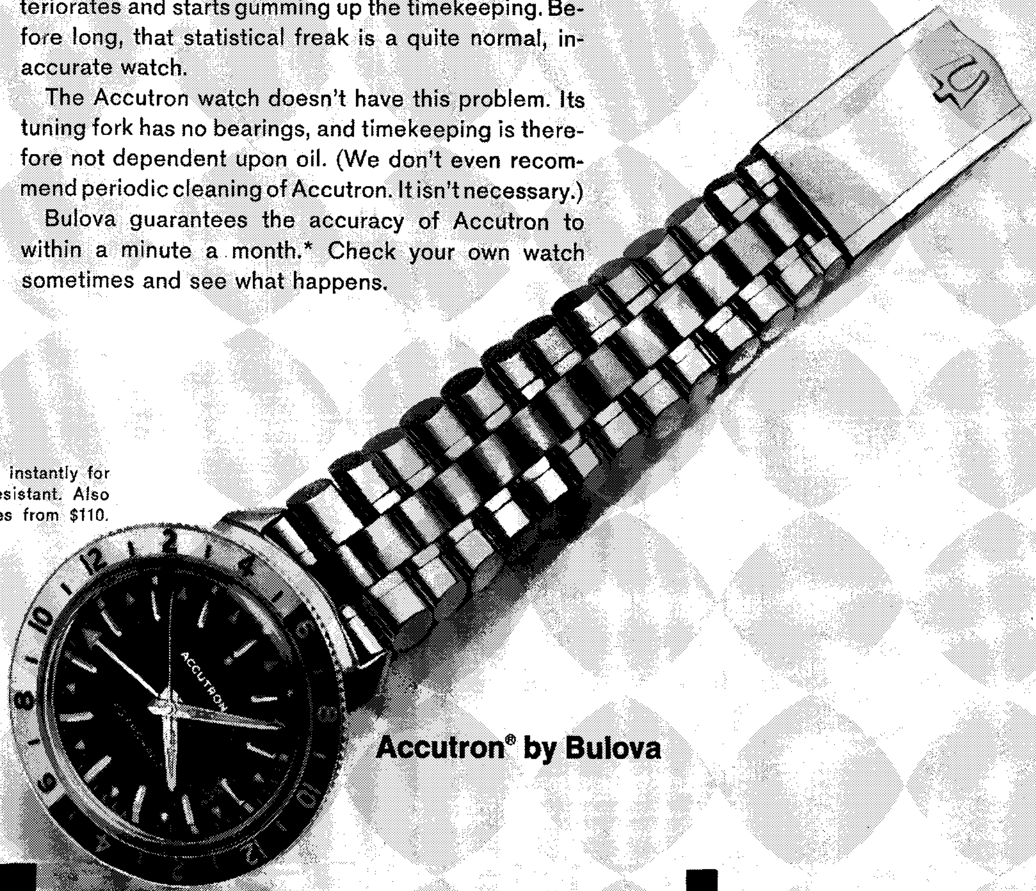

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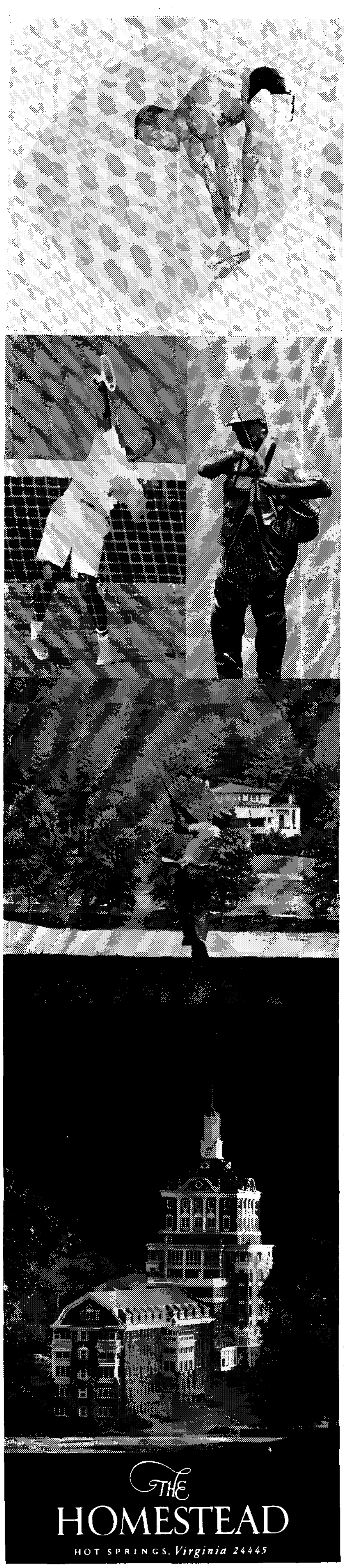
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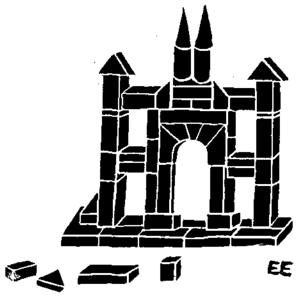
trol over what they spend, once they're directly involved they'll become interested in being able to consider alternatives and to find ways in which to measure the results of the particular courses of action they do chôose. No, I don't think P.P.B.S. and decentralization are necessarily antithetical. I'm much more concerned about ways for the city as a whole to get the funds it needs in order to do what has to be done. Whatever is decentralized will have to be adequately funded, as will whatever can't be decentralized."

"The Mayor keeps pointing out that as the city's operating costs grow at a rate of from thirteen to fifteen per cent a year, revenues increase only three or four per cent," I said. "What's the answer to that?"

Hayes leaned way back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. "Oh, baby, I don't know," he said. "Well, I do know, but getting it to happen is something else. The cities, emphatically led by New York, must have a restructuring of their financial responsibilities. This has to happen within five years at the latest. My own view is that we need it within two or three years. By restructuring, I mean that cities will have to stop bearing the major costs of programs that ought to be much more heavily supported by the state and federal governments. The whole welfare and social-service area, for example. And so we need revenue-sharing on a large scale. This city now pays some sixteen billion dollars a year in personal and corporate income taxes to the federal government. We ought to get more of that back than we do. For the 1968-69 expense budget, federal aid amounts to only eight hundred and ninety-two million dollars. And in the same fiscal year we get 1.3 billion dollars in state aid—that's about forty-three cents on the dollar from what we pay to the state in taxes."



"What do you think *will* happen?" I asked.

"Well, we will get more assistance from the state and from the federal government, because, logically, we have to," he said. "The need for it is so evident and so serious. We quite probably won't get enough, but there'll be a sufficient increase so that we can make some progress. But if New York and other cities receive even less than I anticipate, then there'll have to be considerable reductions in city services."

"What about the city's getting the power to impose more of its own taxes?" I asked.

Hayes shook his head and said, "That's not the way out. If you do that on any sizable scale, there are very depressing effects on the residents of the city, and this hardly becomes an attractive place in which to make investments. That's why when someone suggests that we ask the state legislature for more taxing powers, my answer is that I'm happy not to have those powers. If we had them, we'd be driven to use them. No, the answer for us is a greater share of federal and state tax revenues."

Hayes slumped deeper into his chair and went on, "There's yet another problem. The whole labor situation. This city cannot take an indefinite increase in wage raises. Already such raises are having a massive effect on the budget. Labor is our single biggest cost. It'll swallow up about fifty-seven per cent of this year's 5.9-billion-dollar expense budget. The climate of wage negotiations is rough, and it's getting rougher. The ultimate solution will have to be some type of juridical determination of salary disputes, on the basis of clearly established equity in law. But right now labor unions are far from willing to accept anything like that. So I don't have an immediate solution to the labor dilemma."

It had been growing darker outside, and Hayes seemed to have simultaneously become gloomier. "Do you have any regrets about having left Washington?" I asked.

He straightened up and grinned. "No, none," he replied. "Despite all I've just said, there's been a real feeling of growing excitement here—of possibility. And I haven't missed being in Washington; nor am I likely to, in the Nixon years. We've made some important starts here. Let me cite just a few. On October 31st, the first construction contract for federal Model Cities housing in New York was signed. The Model Cities plan moved faster from concept to contract than any other urban-renewal project in the city's history, and in two years we'll have put in ten per cent of the hundred and eighty thousand housing units designated for the three Model Cities areas in New York. And that's a reflection of the considerable reductions we're making in the time it takes

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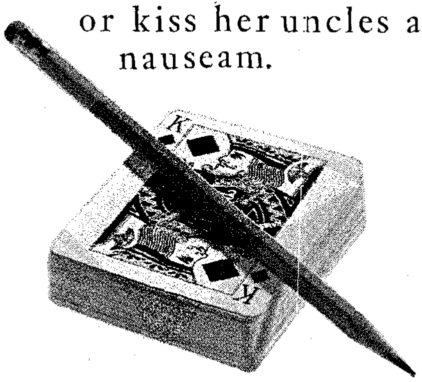

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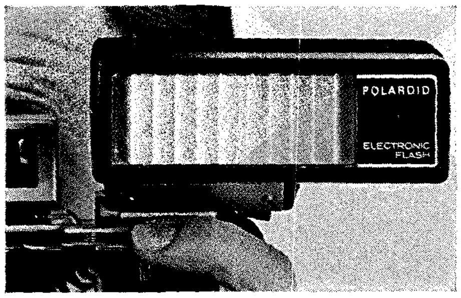

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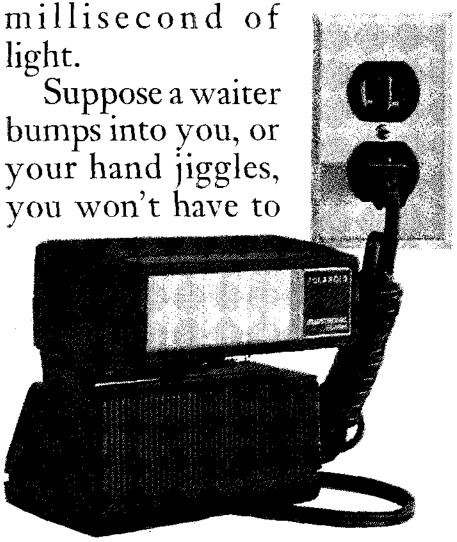

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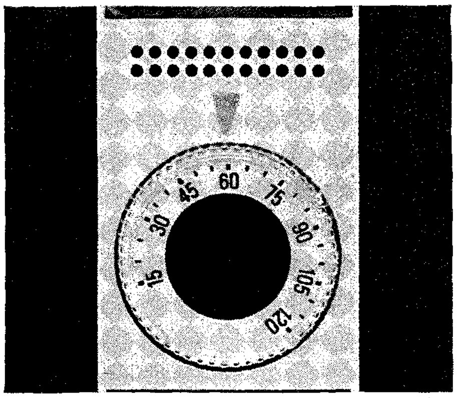

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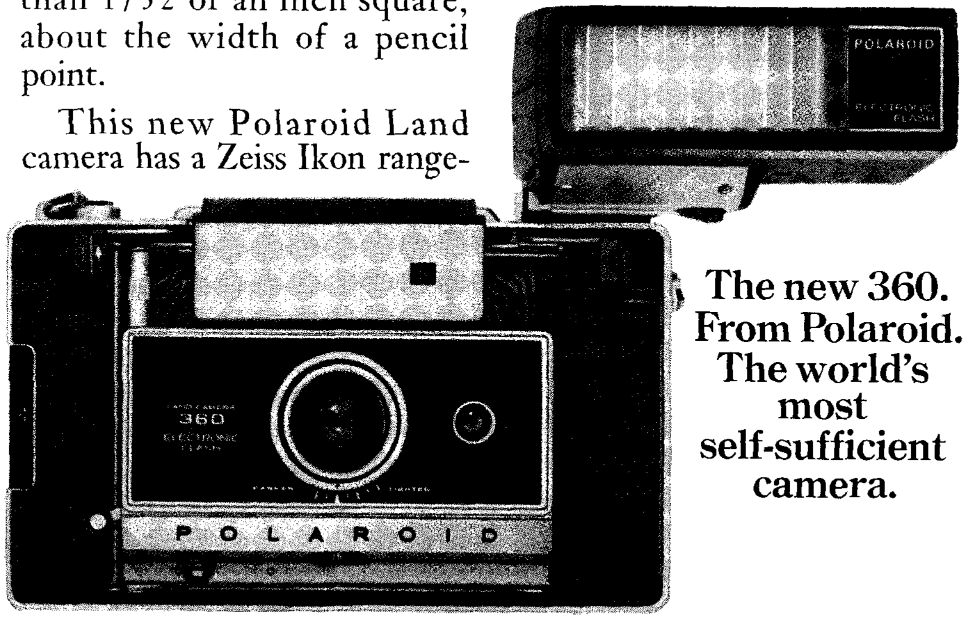

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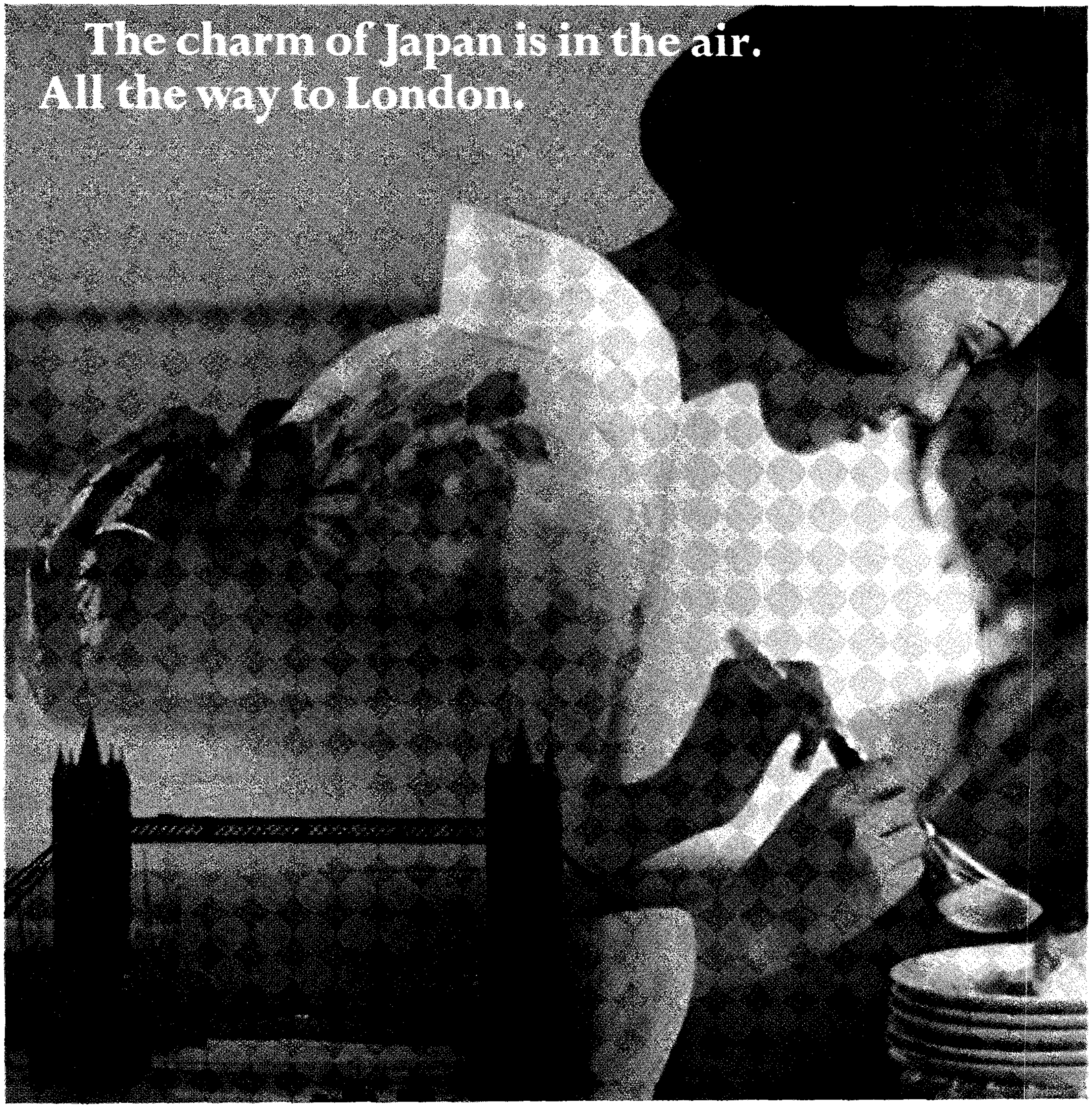
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to get things finished in the whole capital-construction area. Then, take all the new sanitation trucks. They're going to make a difference. I don't think we're getting the savings yet that we ought to get out of them, but that's Stage Two. I could go on, but I'll end with school decentralization. We've at least started on that, and it's the most basic move toward decentralization that has been taken in any city in this country. We were confronted with an almost unvarying pattern of failure, and John decided that the system which had been able to do nothing about that failure had to be broken up. The move had to be made to find things that would work."

Hayes had to keep an appointment, and we left his office together. "Mind you," he said in the corridor, "that, too, is only a beginning. You still have to find people who can run the schools under decentralization. You can't get away from that—the need for more managerial talent."

SEVERAL weeks after my meeting with Hayes, I received a call from the Mayor's press office saying that I could sit in on one of the Tuesday-morning cabinet meetings. The meeting was to be held at 8 A.M. at Gracie Mansion.

"You might find a Tuesday meeting instructive," a cabinet member had told me earlier in the year. "That's what the Mayor calls a super-cabinet meeting—the heads of the administrations or their deputies, a few other key people, and some staff. I have mixed feelings about them myself. I once told the Mayor I could have done without most of them. It was an appraisal which did not meet with his great approval. But they do give us a chance to see each other—without them, most of us would hardly ever be in contact. And from time to time I do learn something. By contrast, there are the Friday meetings—administrators, commissioners, deputy commissioners. Sixty to seventy people. Those are held at City Hall, at universities, and at other places around the city. They're supposed to be informational, but most of what comes out I've already read in the *Times*."

It was ten minutes of eight when I arrived at Gracie Mansion the next morning. I walked downstairs to the conference room, a pleasant, spacious room next to the Mayor's office, and found myself in the company of, among others, Harry J. O'Donnell, who until recently was the Mayor's press secretary; J. Lee Rankin, the

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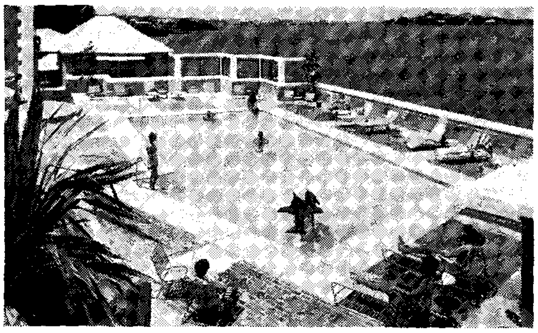

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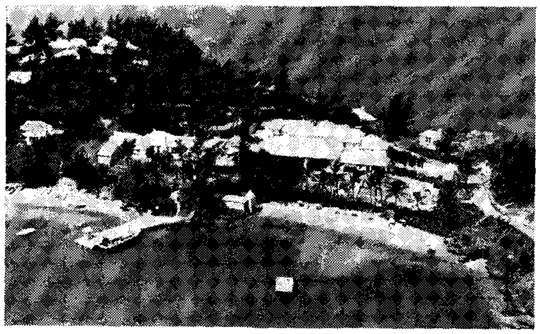

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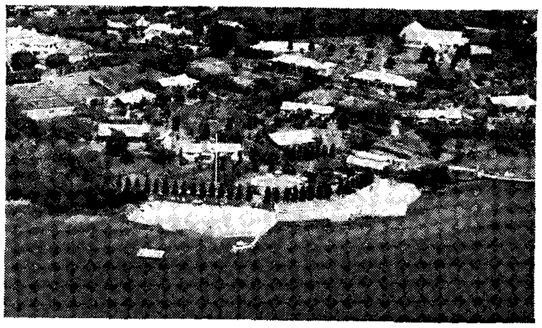

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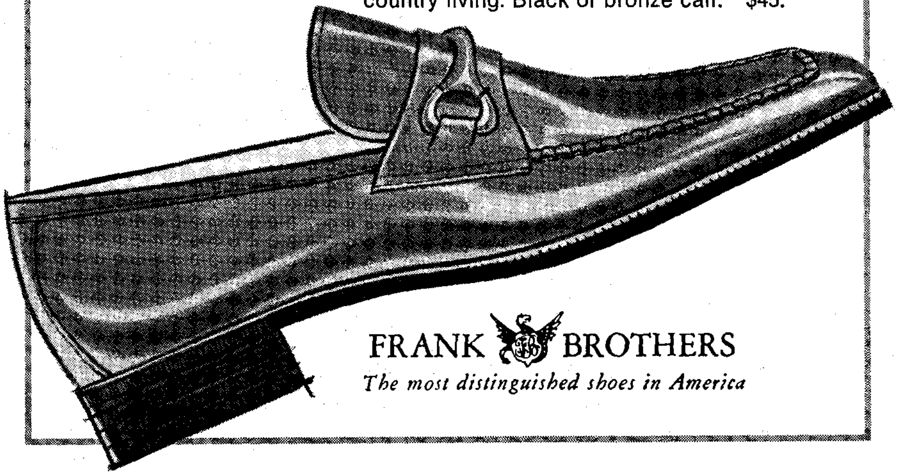

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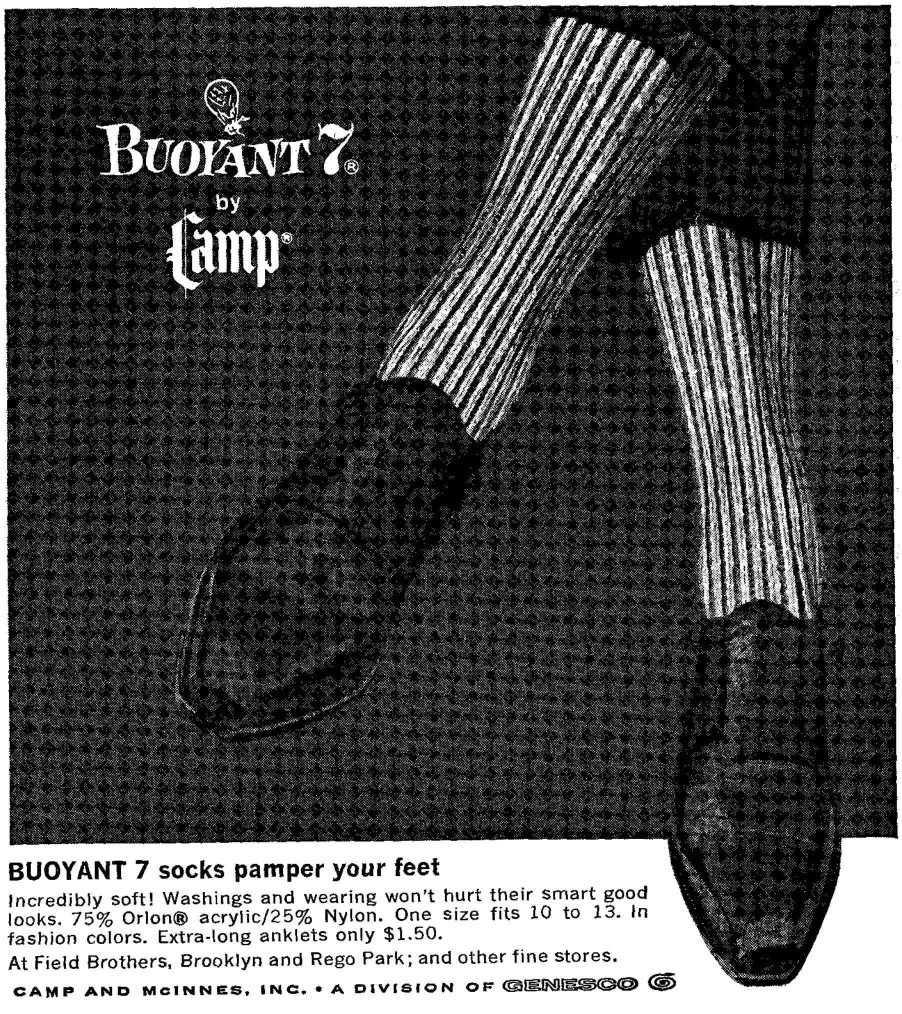

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Corporation Counsel; Herbert L. Haber, the Director of the Office of Labor Relations; Solomon Hoberman, the City Personnel Director; Howard R. Leary, the Police Commissioner; Donald H. Elliott, the Chairman of the City Planning Commission; Dr. Bernard Bucove, the Health Services Administrator; and August Heckscher, the Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administrator.

More administrators and commissioners were arriving. I saw Mitchell Ginsberg at the door. He, Elliott, Hayes, and Rankin had been asked by the Mayor in early November to make recommendations for a school-decentralization bill to be submitted to the state legislature. I asked Ginsberg what the bill's prospects were.

"We'll get something," he said. "It won't be what we want, but it won't be nothing. And I don't think it will be a step backward, like splitting the system into five parts for the five boroughs."

Fioravante G. Perrotta, the City Finance Administrator, began pouring coffee at a table on one side of the room. Harry O'Donnell and I held out our cups, and O'Donnell said, "Sometimes we have presentations by systems-management outfits, but this is one of the mornings when the cabinet gets brought up to date on what's happening."

By two minutes to eight, nearly every chair around the long, rectangular table at the center of the room was filled. I looked toward the door.

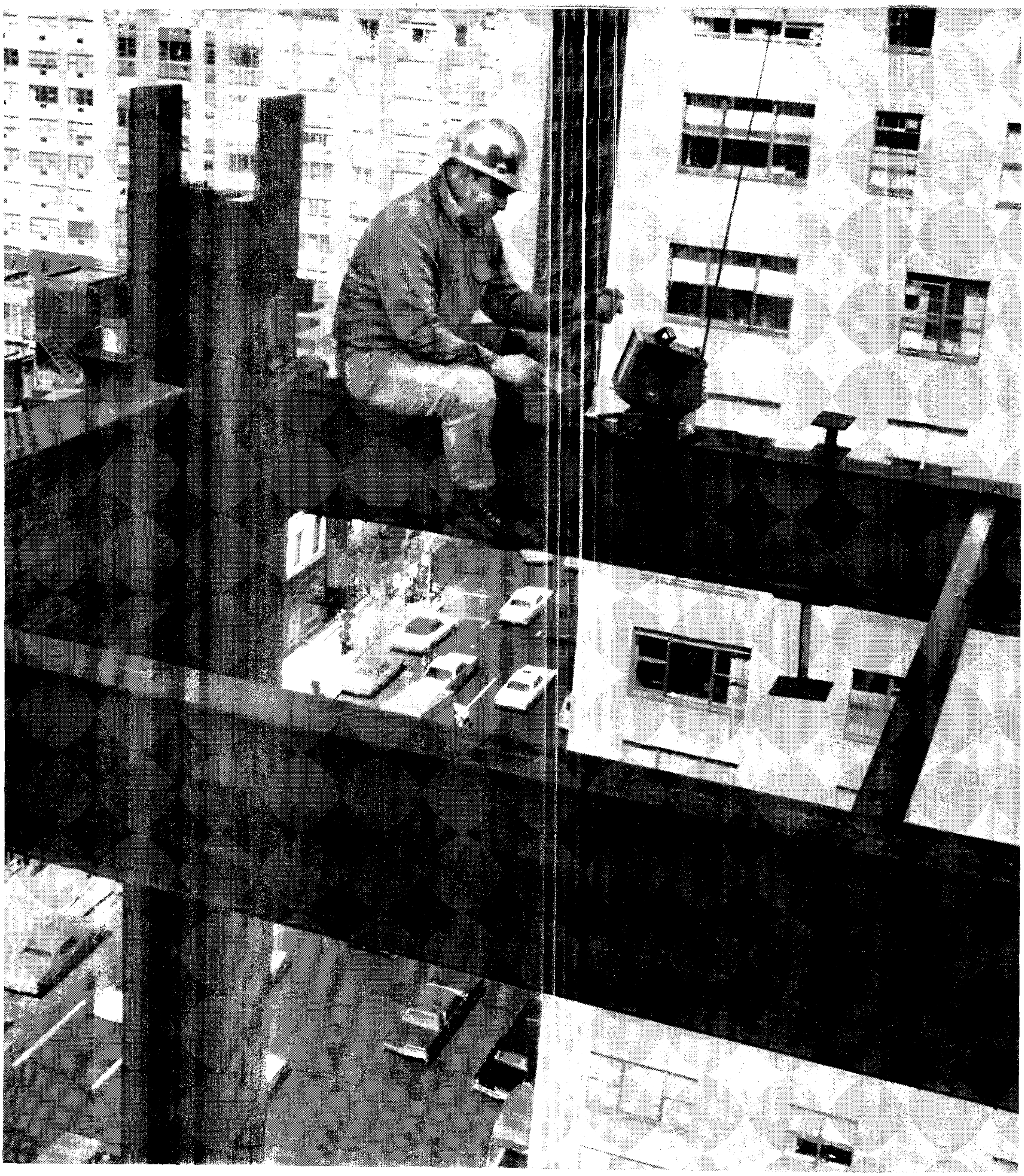
"Oh, John will be here on time," O'Donnell said.

"Is he getting any more sleep these days?" I asked.

"The usual," O'Donnell answered. "Four to six hours a night. His predawn phone calls are becoming a regular thing. You expect them during something like the school crisis, but now the state is running things out in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Still, the calls keep coming. John keeps his hand in."

At the table, a city official was pointing to a story in the *Times*. "That closing paragraph is a bit on the fantasy side," he said. The official next to him nodded in resignation.

Jay Kriegel, whose duties as an assistant to the Mayor include acting as secretary to the cabinet, walked in, carrying a stack of folders. "Jay works on the agenda for these meetings during the week," O'Donnell explained. "This place is used a lot during labor negotiations," he went on. "Joint meetings of the two sides are usually held here. There's nothing more boring



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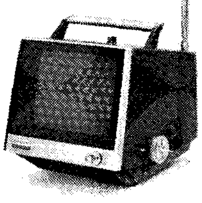

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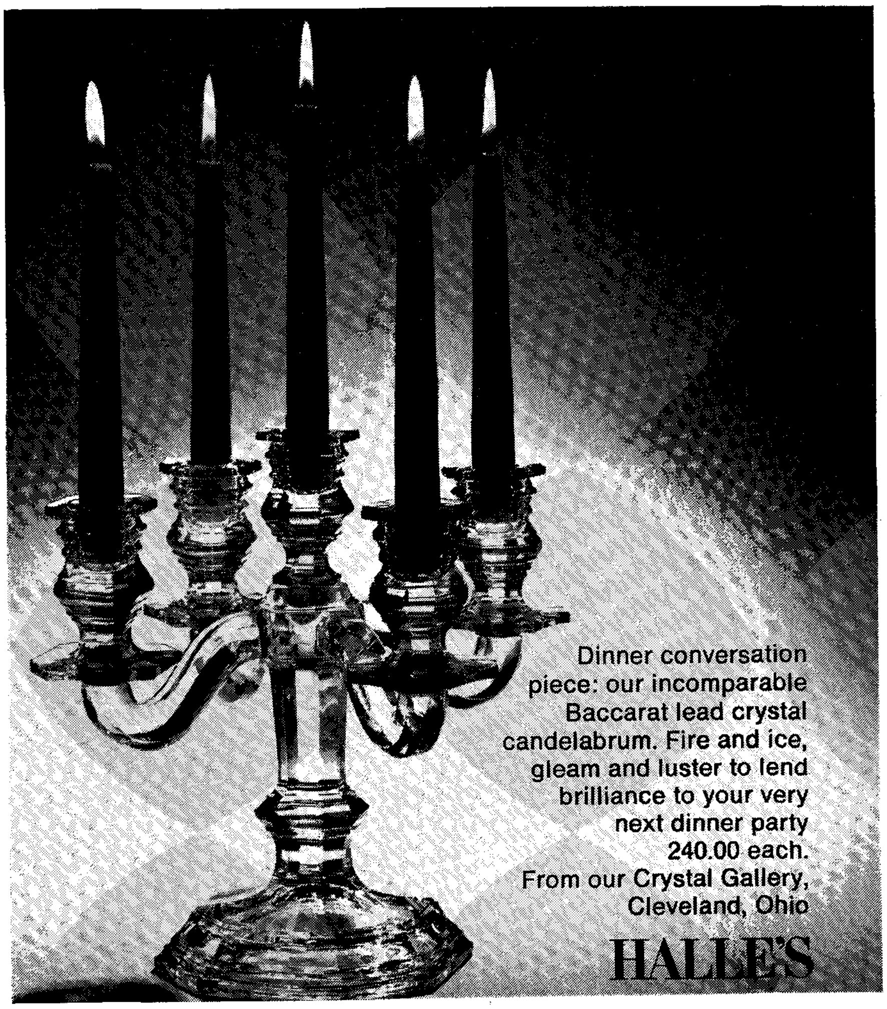

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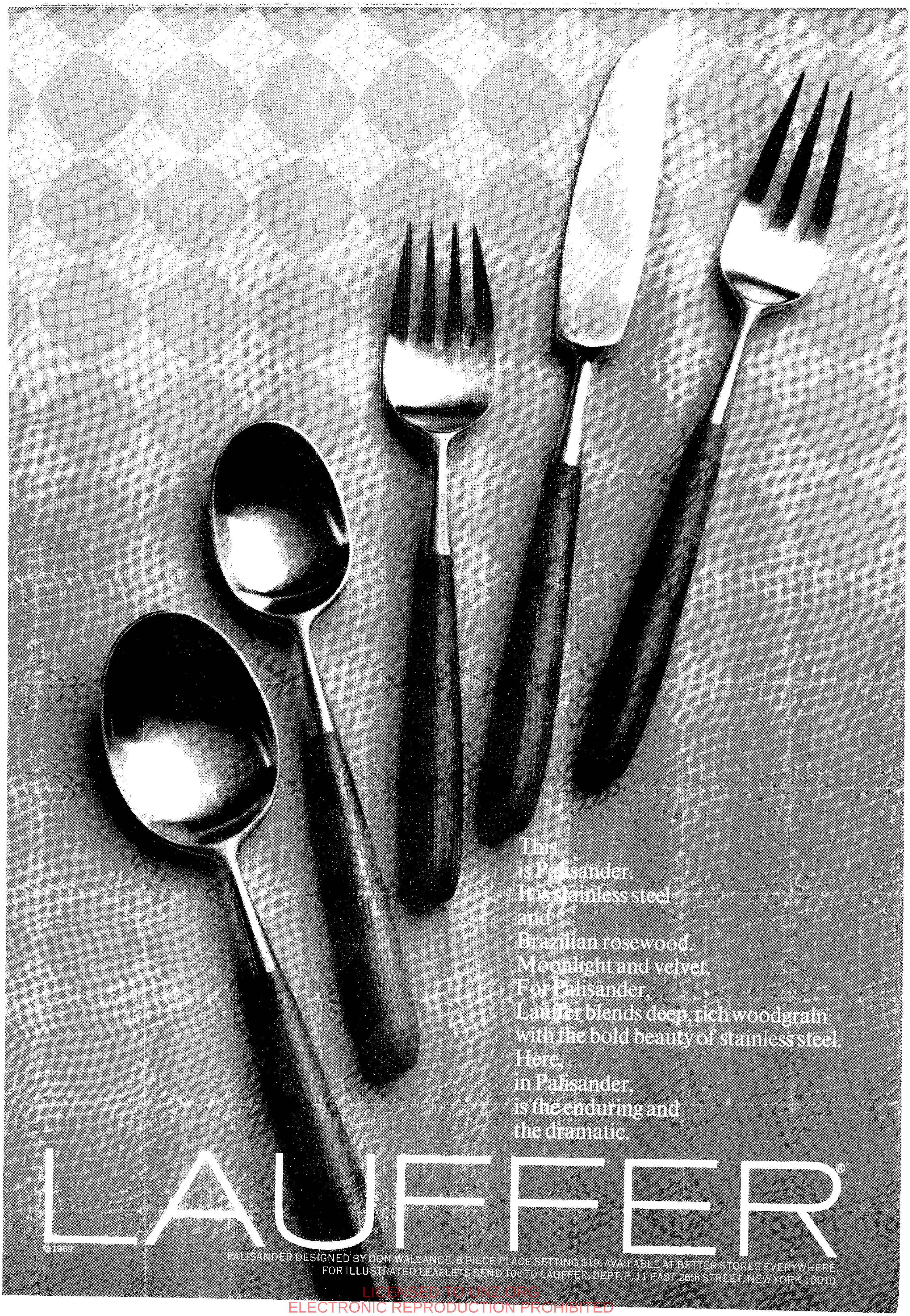
than those negotiations. The parties quibble over the damnedest little things. Contract talks have certainly got a lot more complicated in recent years. Television has become a basic tool of labor negotiations. It's like John says. There's a considerable amount of what he calls 'necessary rhetoric' that goes on when the cameras are on the negotiators, and then they come in here and try to get down to reality. But even then it's like a set script. They have to go to the brink, because, the way the rank and file are now, the leaders can't settle two weeks or so before the contract runs out. If they did, the Young Turks would be yelling, 'Why didn't you keep at it? If the city gave you this much, they'd have given you more!' And even when they finally do settle at the edge of the deadline, you can't be sure anymore that the script is ended. The rank and file are getting into the habit of repudiating their leaders."

At five minutes past eight, the Mayor arrived. He strode quickly to the head of the table, nodding greetings, and sat down. The casual conversations stopped. O'Donnell and I were sitting to one side, against the wall. "I'm not telling you this as a press secretary," he whispered, "but as me. This guy's strong. He knows what he wants to do, he wants to do what's right, and he stays with it." I was surprised at the explicitness and the warmth of this endorsement, for O'Donnell is customarily the soul of dispassion.

The Mayor began the meeting by bringing the cabinet up to date on the situation in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. The current crisis there concerned a union teacher against whom there was a considerable amount of ill feeling on the part of his non-union colleagues and some of the parents. The local governing board, itself technically under suspension, was insisting that the teacher be assigned to another school. Tensions in the district were rising again.

"I've met that gentleman," one of the administrators said acidly. "From my point of view, he shouldn't be in that school district. He's a thoroughly disagreeable character. There's solid, substantial evidence that he's one guy who's been out to force a confrontation from the beginning of that experiment."

The Mayor said, "Well, they're working on it—the State Commissioner of Education, his trustee out there, and the three-man committee that was part of the settlement to handle complaints



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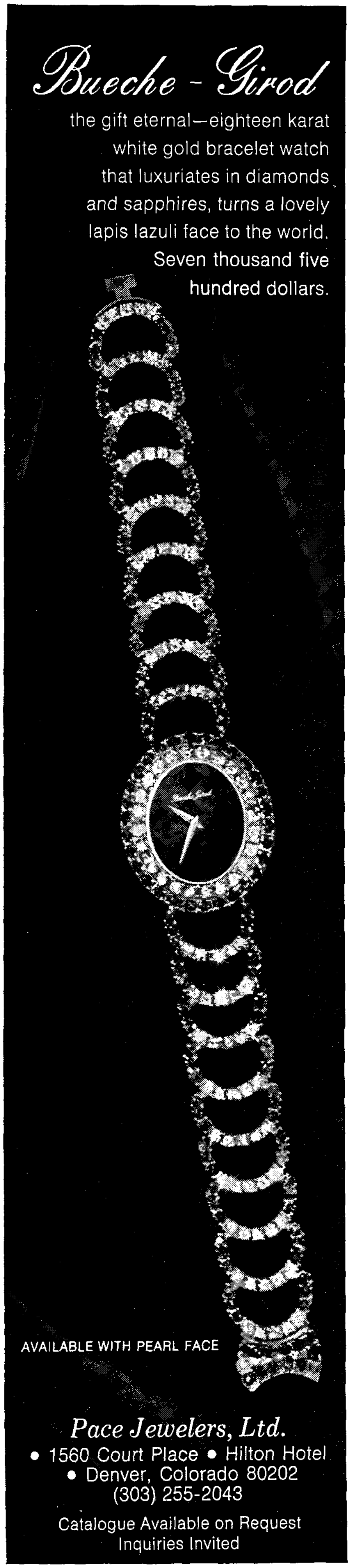

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on both sides. Where it's going to come out I don't know."

The Mayor nodded to Donald Elliott, and Elliott reported on the need for more construction money in the capital budget for the coming year. "There was relatively little construction last year," he said, "but now a lot of things are ready to go—hospitals, schools, upgrading of the city's incinerators. Getting the amount of money we need may lead to an argument with the Comptroller, but we've got to have the money. And we need to figure out new sources of revenue while measuring the extent of our requirements by looking ahead two years." He asked the administrators and commissioners at the table to examine the draft of the capital budget, which he had helped prepare. "Then if any of you have questions or problems about your particular areas, you can go into them with the staff privately," he said. "Tomorrow we're going to announce a proposed amendment to the zoning laws as they affect the elderly." The Mayor, a sheaf of papers in front of him, was listening intently. "The change will allow for thirty-five per cent more units in buildings for the elderly that are to be put up in certain residential districts," Elliott continued. "There may be some opposition, but I expect there'll be general rejoicing from the various councils of the elderly."

A cabinet member asked for a fuller explanation.

"Well," said Elliott, "if you follow the rules under existing zoning for the number of apartments in each building, housing for the elderly contains about thirty-five per cent fewer residents than housing designed for younger families. The elderly don't have children, and many of them live alone. And, under present mortgaging costs, that makes it economically difficult for non-profit housing organizations to build new housing for them. You not only have thirty-five per cent fewer people in each building but, since the incomes of the elderly are often low, they can't afford the same rents as other families. But if you have thirty-five per cent more units in buildings for them, then it becomes more feasible economically. You see? We're also going to propose a two-thirds reduction in the requirement for provision of parking space, since not as many elderly people own cars. That also helps make construction more economical."

"What you're talking about," said the cabinet member who had requested the explanation, "is higher-density housing for the old."

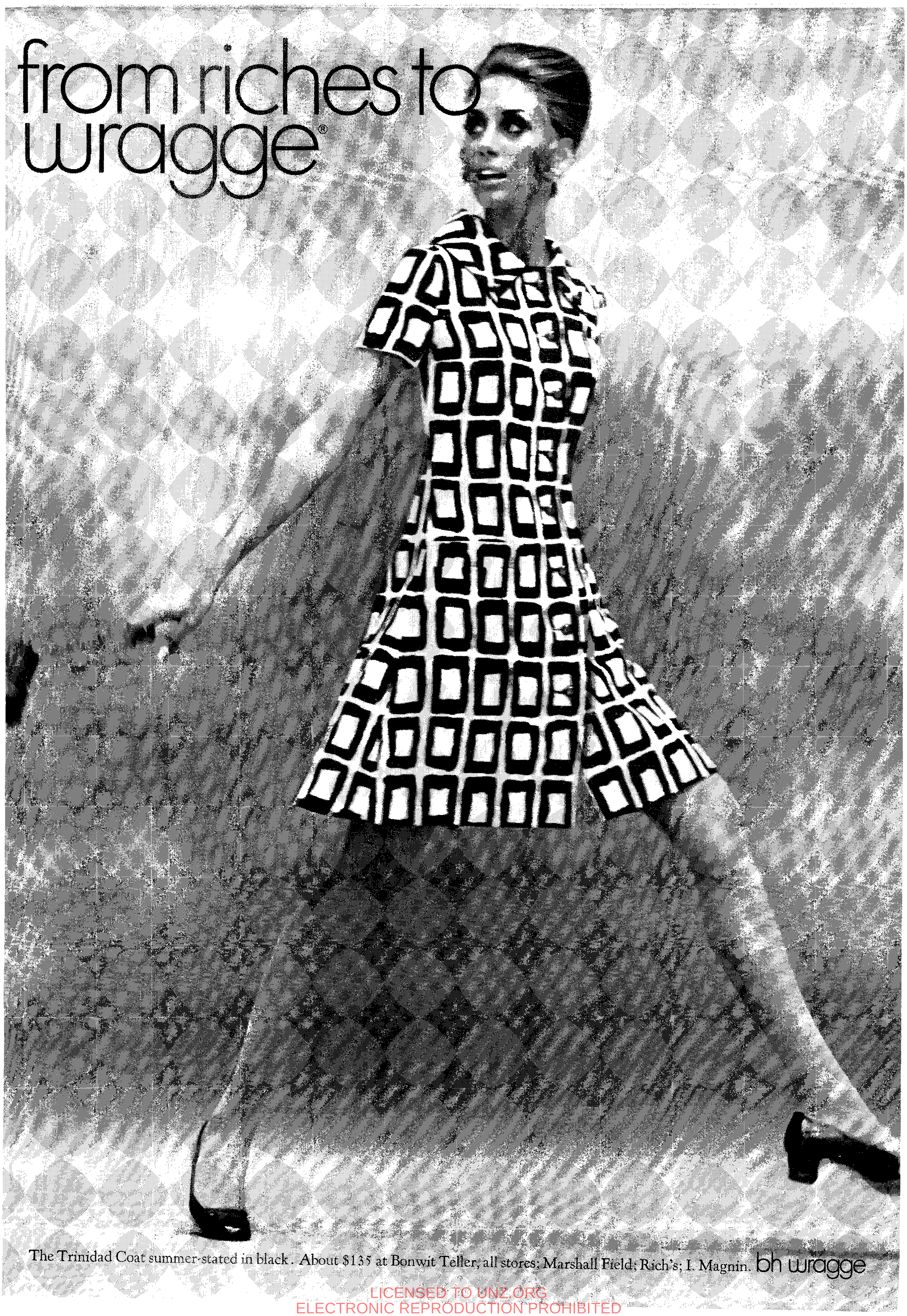
"Yes," Elliott said. "That's what I'm talking about."

Elliott next took up problems connected with the new housing construction under the Model Cities Act. "Let me report first on the Bronx," he said. "There I think we can be quite optimistic. There are encouraging signs that vest-pocket housing programs in that area will now really get moving. It took some force or compromise—depending on how you look at it—to get agreement among the various community groups. But in Brooklyn—in East New York—there's a snag, the genesis of which, as usual, is shrouded by people complaining about other people. There have been a lot of meetings, a lot of conflicts, and there's nothing to be done right now except to hold the program up."

The Mayor was disturbed. "The worst evil is to get so snagged up that the units won't be moved at all," he said to Elliott.

"We'll move those units," Elliott answered, with a firmness suggesting that he had his own deadline for the resolution of the conflicts in that part of the city. "There's a further issue that's important to us all," he continued. "How can we get local contractors and local people into those jobs? The problem is that local contractors often are not competent enough technically or administratively to handle jobs on this large a scale. And unless we have real competence we can't bring all this in within cost. To get many of the existing local contractors to qualify, we'd have to break the work down into very small units, and that just won't do economically. However, we *are* going to bring them in and give them experience, but we'll pay for that separately, so that the economic balance isn't disturbed. Meanwhile, however, we're having real trouble getting competitive bids from the experienced contractors who *can* do the jobs. They're leery about getting into Model Cities work. They're afraid of vandalism and of the problems that might come with community participation in the planning of these projects. And since there's a lot of construction work in town—despite the screams of the building-trades unions—the contractors clearly aren't hungry. It is, then, a considerable problem."

A little after eight-thirty, Budget Director Hayes came quietly into the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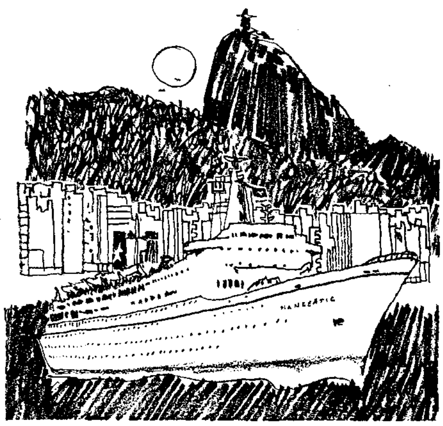

room and took a chair against the wall behind the Mayor.. Lindsay turned around. "Good afternoon," he said coolly to Hayes. "You've just lost a hundred million dollars." The Budget Director did not appear to be amused, but the Mayor, as he turned back to the table, was clearly having difficulty suppressing a smile.

"Keep me informed about that problem," the Mayor said to Elliott. "The worst alternative is doing nothing."

Dr. Bucove, the Health Services Administrator, was next on the agenda. He reported on the city's continuing experience with the use of methadone to rehabilitate heroin addicts. Methadone, itself a narcotic, blocks the effects of heroin so that all desire for heroin disappears. Methadone is inexpensive and produces no narcotic intoxication, and dosages of it can be stabilized. Most of the patients in the methadone program, which has been going on for two years, have been able to return to work or school after six weeks in a hospital and subsequent supervision. "We're in Phase Two of the program," Dr. Bucove told the cabinet. "We're moving the treatment from the hospitals out into the health districts, in a limited way, and Beth Israel is experimenting with a more ambitious ambulatory plan that might eliminate the six-week hospitalization in many cases. If all this works out, we can use the hospitals more as a backup, shorten the whole treatment process, and cut the costs. As you're aware, we're still having problems with the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Even though the people in the program can now resume productive lives, the Bureau is still concerned over the fact that methadone is a narcotic."

"Yes," the Mayor said, frowning, "I know of the difficulties with the Bureau. O.K., keep me informed."

The Mayor turned to Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, the Commissioner of Highways, for a report on the dedication, a few days before, of Co-op City, a huge complex in the Bronx being built by the United Housing Foundation, a non-profit organization whose membership includes labor unions and housing coöperatives. On completion, in early 1971, the development will contain slightly over fifteen thousand units of low- and middle-income housing. For several years, there had been conflict between the builders and the city, the builders claiming that the city was being unduly slow in providing such essential municipal services as streets, schools, and additional public transportation, and the city insisting—with

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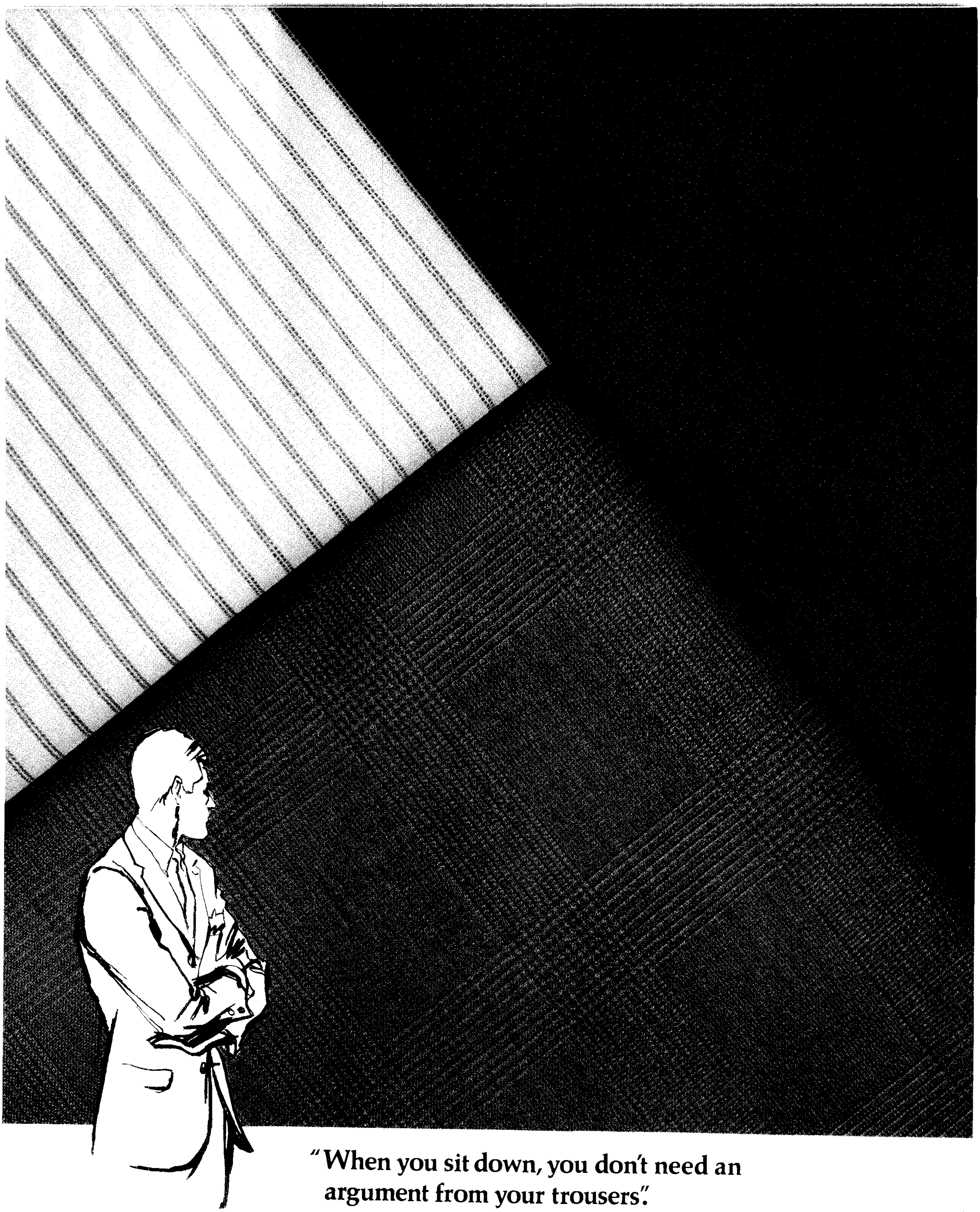

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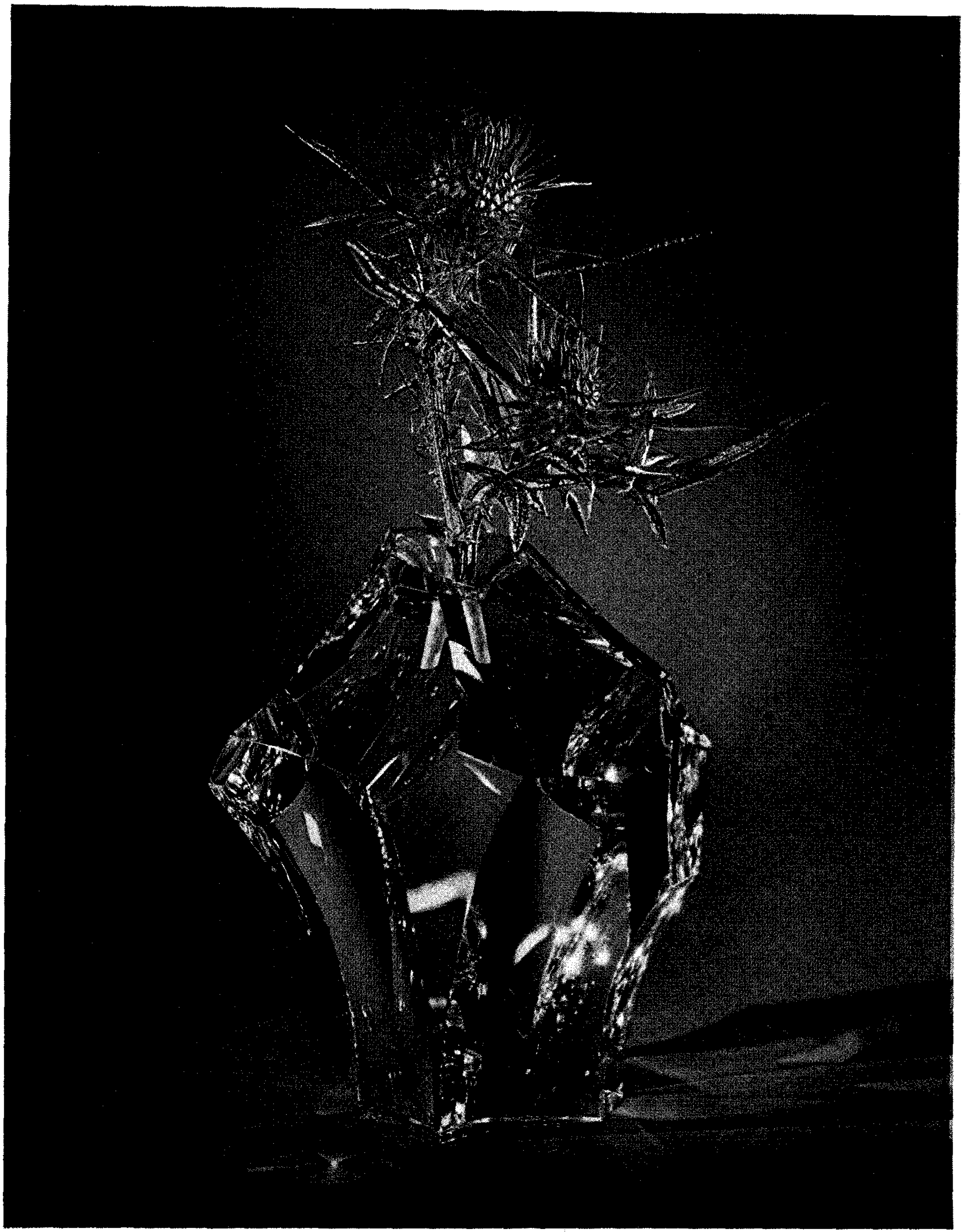

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"I was the only city representative at that dedication," Sidamon-Eristoff said, rather wistfully. "It was not a pleasant experience." Speaking directly to the Mayor, he added, "You can look forward to a series of attacks for political reasons from that quarter."

The Mayor laughed, and said, "That's no surprise, Connie."

"Hell," one cabinet member said. "They've had some kind of ceremony there once a year for the past three years, and each time they've found a way to attack the city."

"It was a miserable example of planning, Co-op City," the Mayor said. He shook his head. "They know we know it, and they know we say so. We've picked up more of the pieces, despite their mistakes, than anybody thought we could. Anyway, Connie, in that particular neighborhood now, after the school strike, no city official could expect anything but a cold reception."

An aide came in with a message for the Mayor, and there was a break in the cabinet meeting. One of the administrators started talking about a strike at a number of state mental hospitals that had been undertaken about three weeks before by members of District Council 50 of the State, County, and Municipal Employees Union. The strike, called to protest Governor Rockefeller's negotiations with a rival union, the Civil Service Employees Association, as the representative of non-medical employees at state mental institutions, had thus far made it necessary to move nearly five thousand patients, either to their homes or to other hospitals. It was the first serious dispute under the Taylor Law to involve the Governor as a target rather than as a would-be mediator.

"Of course," the Mayor said, looking up from a memorandum he had been reading. "We would be glad to assist the Governor in this statewide strike in the mental hospitals if he'd only come and ask us to help him after he's exhausted all his powers." The Mayor's face was mock solemn, his tone sardonic. Everybody laughed. "By the way, Connie," the Mayor went on, to Sidamon-Eristoff, "you shouldn't have been all that taken aback by the hostility in the Bronx. Still, I'm very glad you went to the dedication in so innocent a frame of mind." More laughter, except by Sidamon-Eristoff.

Amid the levity, a cabinet member

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"It's too bad that Mount Morris Park is too rocky," a colleague said tartly. "Otherwise, we could put a few thousand people there, too. But there's still Central Park."

The Mayor was clearly growing impatient to get on with the meeting. "O.K., march forward," he said. "Connie, the Long Island Rail Road strike this morning—what effect is it having?" Employees of the railroad had gone on strike the day before to protest new time schedules introduced by the management.

"At this point," Sidamon-Eristoff answered, "all roads leading into the city from the Island are completely clogged. I've ordered a stop to all but emergency construction in the streets, and I have so informed the utility companies."

The Mayor nodded. "Now, about Richmond Parkway," he said, referring to a long-standing controversy over a parkway to be built on Staten Island, which stemmed from the Mayor's insistence on a route that would avoid encroaching on the Staten Island greenbelt, one of the last unspoiled natural areas in the city. Since 1966, the Mayor had been pressing for a route that had come to be known as Alternate 4, because any of the other proposed routes would take at least six hundred acres from the greenbelt.

"It looks like we've won," Sidamon-Eristoff said. He smiled. "The Tri-State Transportation Commission is *going to modify* its plan and put in Alternate 4. We've saved the greenbelt, thanks to the strong lobbying efforts of Don Elliott."

The Mayor smiled. "That's not where the real power play took place," he said cryptically.

"The next stage," Sidamon-Eristoff went on, "will be the hearing on Staten Island, at which, under federal regulations, all suggested alternate routes must be discussed."

"The sooner you get that done the better," the Mayor said.

"We need to have the state get up more money for brochures, maps,

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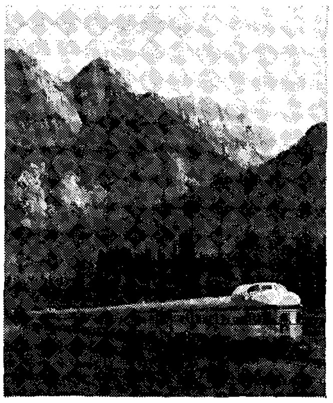

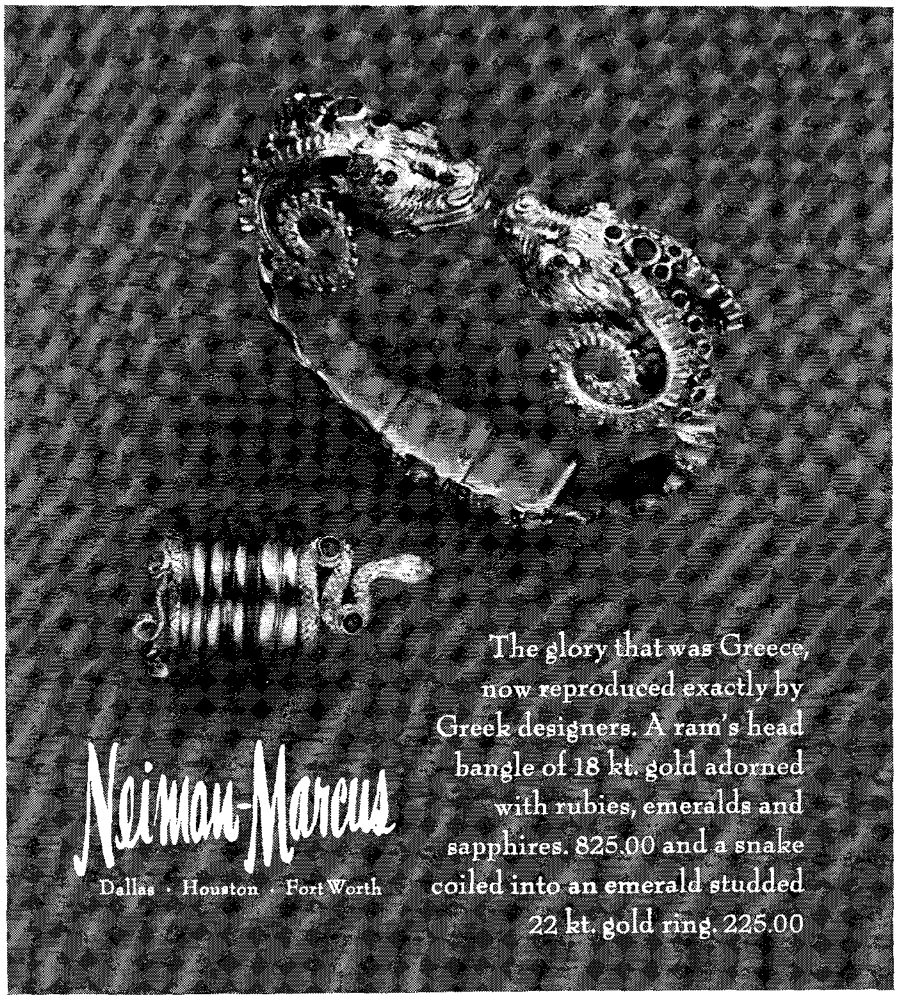

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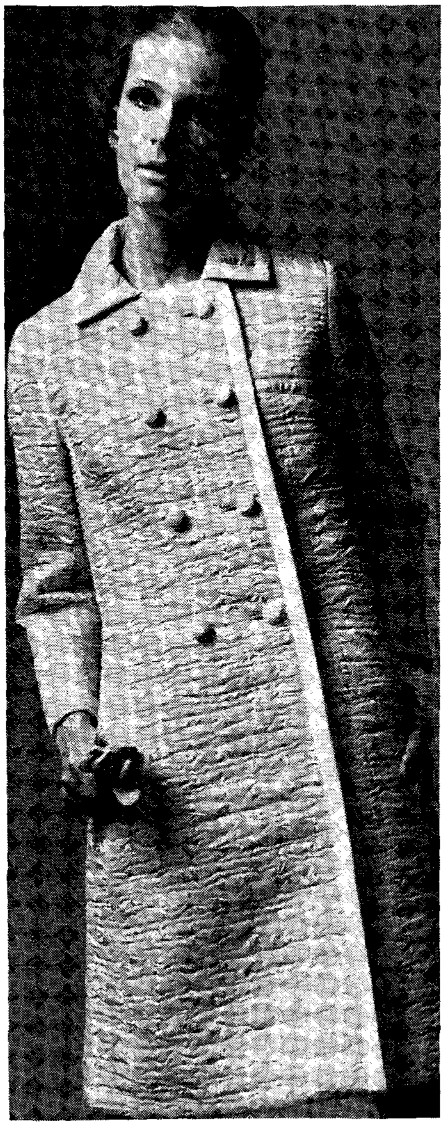

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throwaways," Sidamon-Eristoff said. "But the state still says it needs some form of Board of Estimate procedure to do that. We've told them that it isn't necessary under the law, and that the Mayor doesn't want to set a precedent, but it remains an issue. We're also going to have to get the absolute support of all the conservation groups at the public hearing. That hearing is going to be a hell of a donnybrook. We're going to have to give enough advance notice so that there'll be time to muster support."

The Mayor drummed a pencil on the table and said, "You know, there's more interest in and support for saving the greenbelt nationally than there is locally. The Sierra Club and other conservation groups around the country consider what we've been able to do so far a real achievement."

"The trouble with these public hearings," Sidamon-Eristoff said, looking somewhat worried, "is that it's the antis who always show up. You don't get a broad-based constituency. But it does give the antis a chance to blow off steam, and after you hold the hearings things quiet down. We've had a lot less flak since the hearings on the Lower Manhattan Expressway."

"The Lower Manhattan Tunnel," the Mayor said dryly.

"O.K.," Sidamon-Eristoff said. "The Lower Manhattan Depressway. And that, by the way, is slowly percolating along."

The Mayor asked for a report on the progress being made toward bringing the meat industry from Brook Avenue to the city's Hunt's Point Food Processing Center, in the Bronx.

"We had a meeting yesterday with the Comptroller and with Edward Ellman, the chairman of the Hunt's Point Coöperative Market," said Patrick F. Crossman, the Commissioner of Ports and Terminals. "The difficulty has been in getting cold-storage facilities included in our plans for the market. I think we're O.K. now. The Comptroller is going to introduce at the next Board of Estimate meeting an amendment to the lease with the co-op, which will include the right to build a cold-storage plant. I don't think our commitments are so terrible. We've got things from them and they've got things from us."

The Mayor asked Crossman to get him more details on the size and capacity of the cold-storage plant. Then, turning to the Human Resources Administrator, Mitchell Ginsberg, he said, "Mitch, do you want to talk about your new appointee?"

"We have established what we euphemistically call the Office of Review," Ginsberg began. "And we've hired a good man—Don Mathis, who used to be with the O.E.O.—to head it. The Office will try to uncover any misrepresentations and frauds. And it'll examine administrative policies. How efficient are they? Are they being complied with? It will also investigate complaints and act as an early-warning system, looking into difficult areas before they get worse."

"Has your new man been cleared by Fraiman?" asked the Housing and Development Administrator, Jason R. Nathan. Most of the cabinet members turned to Arnold G. Fraiman, who was then the Commissioner of Investigation and has since been elected a judge of the State Supreme Court.

"Oh, yes," Ginsberg answered.

"We've not only cleared him," Fraiman said matter-of-factly. "We've arrested him." There was general laughter.

"Lee," the Mayor asked Corporation Counsel Rankin, "will you go into that court decision on car rentals?"

"We've been having a problem with car-rental agencies as to their responsibility for the unpaid traffic tickets of their clients," Rankin told the cabinet. "The City Council unanimously passed a bill allocating that responsibility to the rental agencies, but they took it to court. Now we've won a valuable decision in the State Supreme Court, which upholds the City Council's bill. Originally, we had tried to work out a much more limited program with the rental agencies, but they thought they had enough power in Albany so that they needn't compromise at all. It was at that point the City Council got very exercised on its own, and worked with us."

"This decision is very important for traffic enforcement," the Mayor said. "It will help morale. The traffic-enforcement people won't feel that they're passing out tickets in vain."

"But can we really collect from the rental agencies?" asked Police Commissioner Leary.

"Oh yes," the Mayor said. "Now that we've got this decision. A lot of those unpaid tickets were given to out-of-towners who figured that since they

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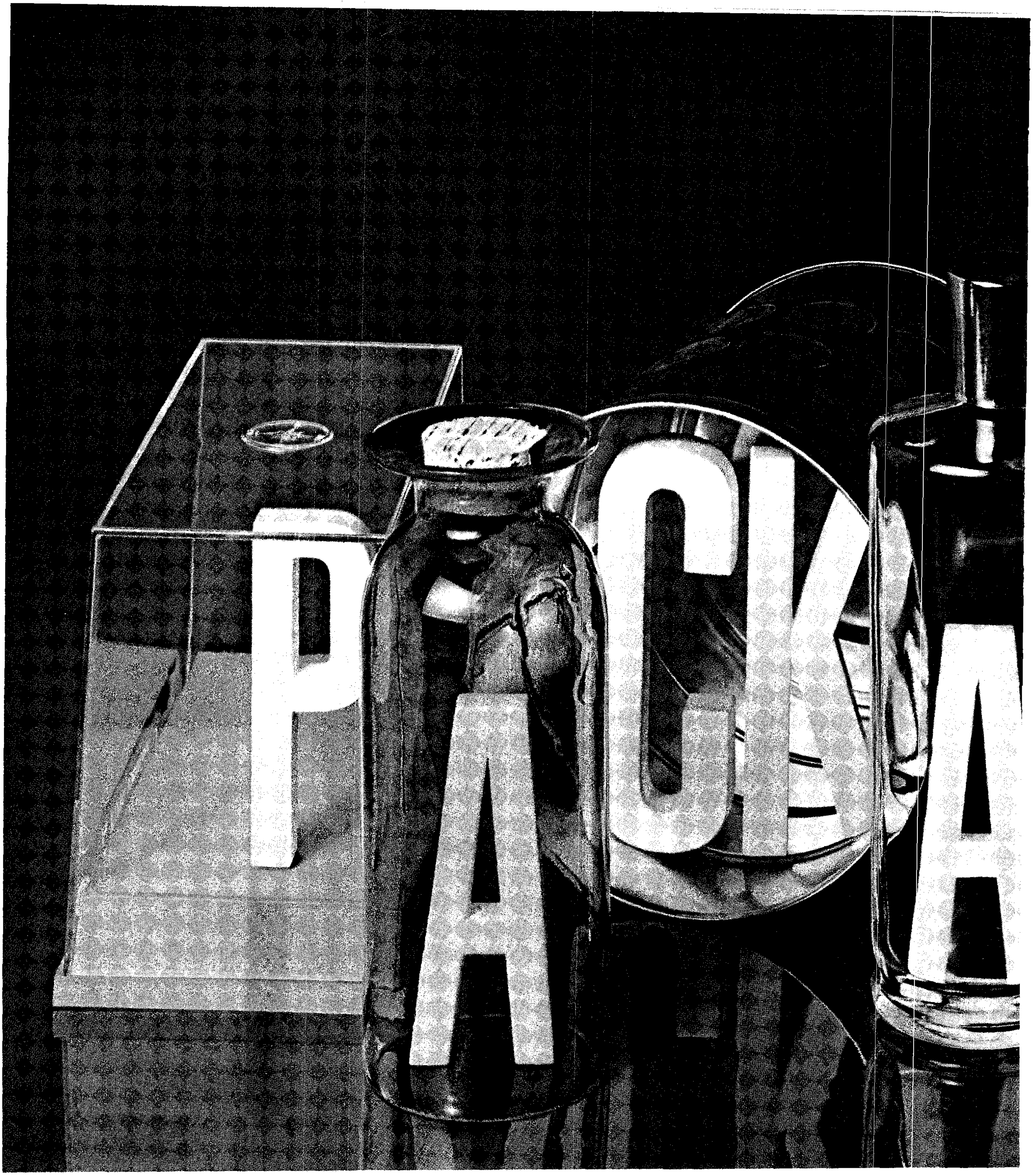

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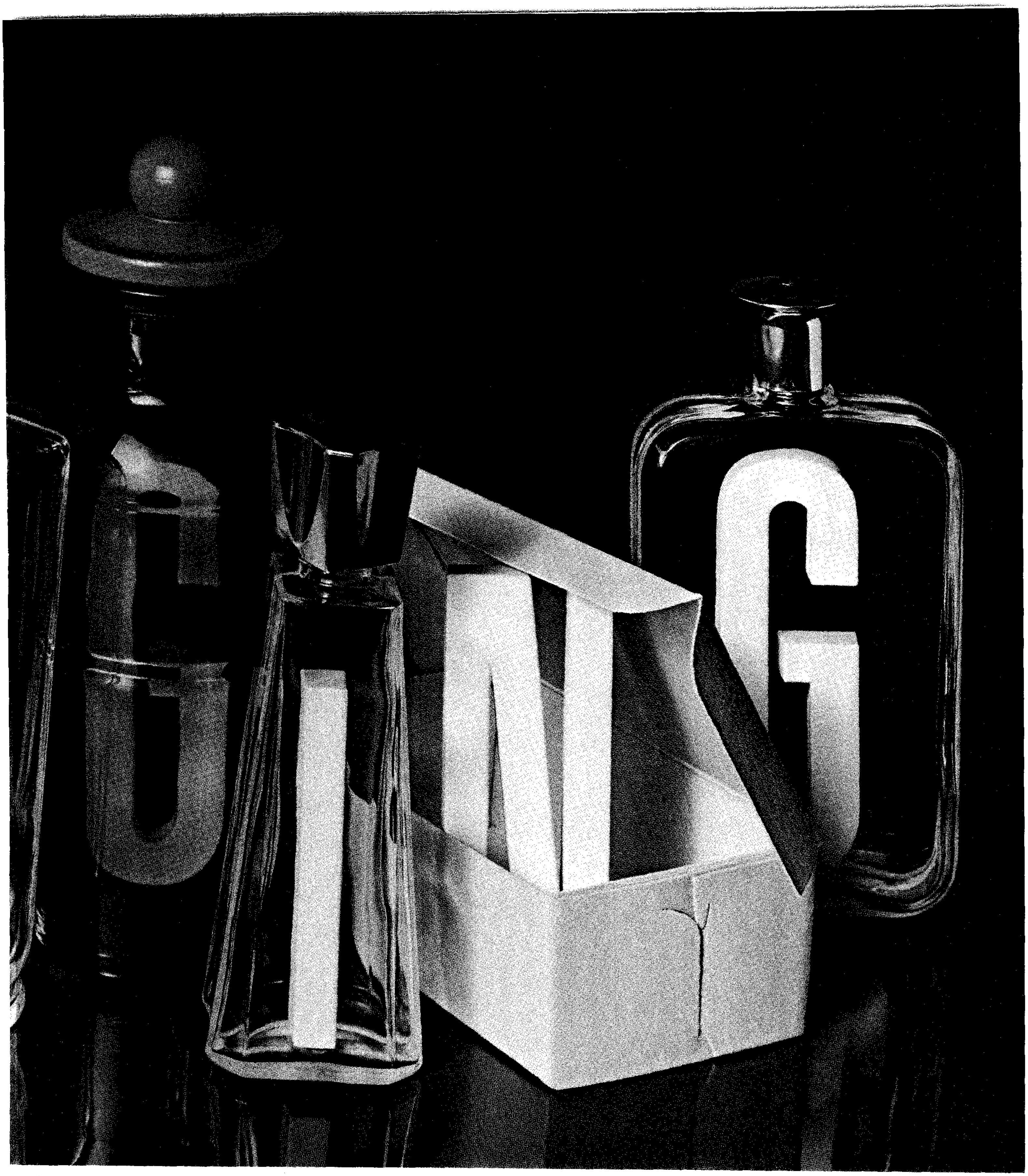

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were renting, what the hell. Now we don't lose that money. There's something else about tickets, by the way. I've got a tentative O.K. from John Cassese, of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, to give a thousand sanitation officers the power to ticket cars that break the alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations. This will grant sanitation officers the power *only* to ticket *only* those cars that are in the way illegally as the sweepers go through."

"Can this include the power to ticket cars that are parked alongside hydrants?" asked the Fire Commissioner, Robert O. Lowery.

"You already have that," the Mayor said. "Your people can give those tickets."

"I meant can this give the sanitation men power to ticket for that violation, too?"

"Here we go," murmured Jay Kriegel, who was sitting beside the Mayor.

"One step at a time," the Mayor said, ending that discussion. He turned to the Police Commissioner and went on, "Later today, I'm going to visit a synagogue in the Bronx that was burned out last night. I'll be getting back to you on it later, Howard. And, Bob"—to the Fire Commissioner—"there was that *other* synagogue fire the day before yesterday. Can you crank up the Chief Fire Marshal's report on that?"

Lowery nodded.

"I want to announce one victory of good over evil," Housing and Development Administrator Jason Nathan declared. "Rankin's Raiders over one Mitchell-Lama delinquent."

The Mayor looked at Rankin, who thereupon explained that there were fourteen court cases under way involving sponsors of projects built under the Mitchell-Lama housing program who were behind in city tax payments. (The program, established by the state legislature in 1955, assists the development of limited-profit, middle-income housing through low-interest, long-term mortgage loans from the city, along with considerable realty-tax abatement. The owners of the projects are responsible for the payment of what taxes are still imposed.) "The city holds these mortgages," Rankin said, "and last week we started action against the fourteen to force payment. A man from my office met with one group of sponsors, and their leader became quite vituperative, so our man started to walk out, having made it clear that we fully intended to go ahead with the foreclosure proceeding. There was a

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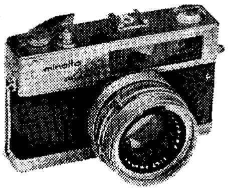

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quick apology, and at nine the next morning we had a check for the entire balance due. That makes one down, thirteen to go. The State Supreme Court had already appointed a receiver, however, and this group of sponsors would now prefer that the receiver not get a fee. We told them"—Rankin smiled slightly—"that no Supreme Court justice appoints someone he knows without expecting that the man get paid. It's going to be expensive for these people to have to pay the fee on top of the four hundred thousand dollars in taxes, and I hope it will be educational for them."

At that point, the Mayor declared the meeting at an end. It was five minutes past nine. On the way out of the conference room, I asked the Mayor if he had come any closer to deciding whether or not to run for reëlection. He looked up from a stack of papers he was assembling and said, "No, I haven't made a decision." He smiled. "I should say at the moment that all the pressures of these last weeks would shift the balance to my running again. There's so much more to be done. You could get a brief idea this morning of how much. And anything else I can think of in comparison to this job would be dull."

I DID not see the Mayor again until February. In the weeks between, there were more strikes, one by fuel deliverers and oil-burner service men, which left thousands of New Yorkers, many of them victims of the Hong Kong flu, without heat and, in late December, led the Board of Health to declare the city to be in "a state of imminent peril." During that time, too, among many organizations of concerned citizens petitioning the Mayor about diverse other perils, a number of taxi owner-drivers were protesting what they felt was the city's lenient treatment of "gypsy," or unlicensed, cabdrivers. During a meeting held on December 3rd by three hundred representatives of the Independent Taxi Owners Council, there were such suggestions for civic reform as "Let's shoot Lindsay!" and "Let's burn down City Hall!" I was watching these deliberations on television in a bar, and when some of the licensed drivers threatened a strike, a young, neatly dressed man next to me, who was wearing a large orange-and-white "Dump Lindsay" button on his jacket, said feelingly, "Let the bastards go out on strike. You can never get them anyway." He went on, however, to share their view of, if not their prescription for, the

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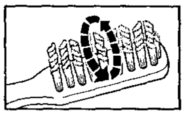

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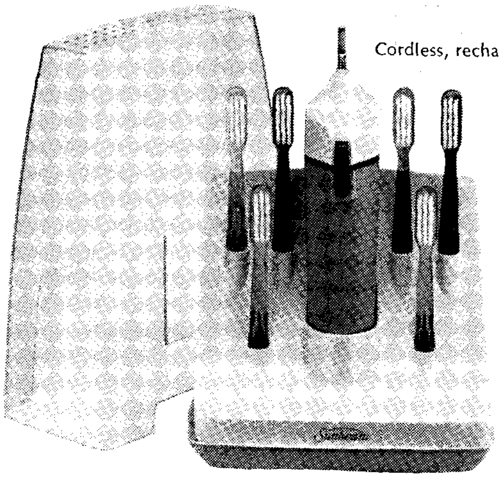

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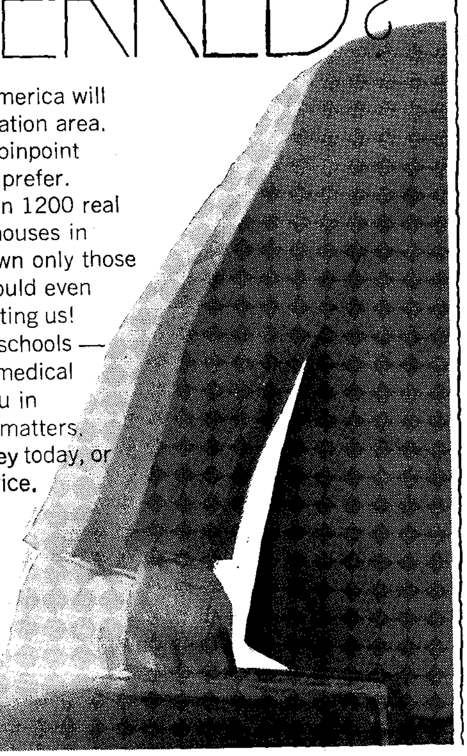

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Mayor. "He doesn't know what the hell he's doing," he said.

All of these problems did nothing to make the Mayor more popular, but his esteem among the people may have reached its lowest point in mid-February, when a fifteen-inch snowstorm paralyzed sizable sections of the city—particularly in Queens and Staten Island—for several days. Matthew J. Troy, Jr., a Democratic City Councilman from Queens, urged Governor Rockefeller to bring in the National Guard to clear the streets and also asked the Governor to suspend the Mayor "pending an investigation of his handling of this crisis." Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, the United Nations Under-Secretary-General, was unable to get from his home, in Queens, to the U.N. during this period, and he sent the Mayor a telegram saying, "I may as well be in the Alps. This is a shameful performance by the great City of New York." When the Mayor himself ventured into Queens, a number of citizens berated him on the streets.

"You should be ashamed of yourself!" a woman yelled at the Mayor as he passed, staring straight ahead.

"Face the facts, playboy!" another woman shouted at his back.

Eventually, the streets were cleared, and the city moved on to other exacerbations. Before and during the snow crisis, the increasing tension that followed the school conflict was still a source of concern, and the Mayor was appearing frequently at meetings in synagogues and Jewish centers throughout the city, at which he kept stating emphatically that his administration would see to it that action was taken against both anti-Semitism and racism in the schools. "We have come through a difficult time in New York," he said at the Forest Hills Jewish Center, in Queens, in late January, "and the danger of further tension still exists. But my own belief is that the spirit of this city is going to win out, and that the worst of these dangers is going to be overcome by the best of our instincts."

During a question period that evening, the Mayor was pressed hard by opponents of school decentralization, who insisted that the program would aggravate racial and religious divisions in the city.

"The school system needs to be changed," the Mayor maintained. "And we have to divorce decentralization from this poison of racial and religious fear. We have to put aside the easy catchwords and the tempting stereotypes. We must start talking

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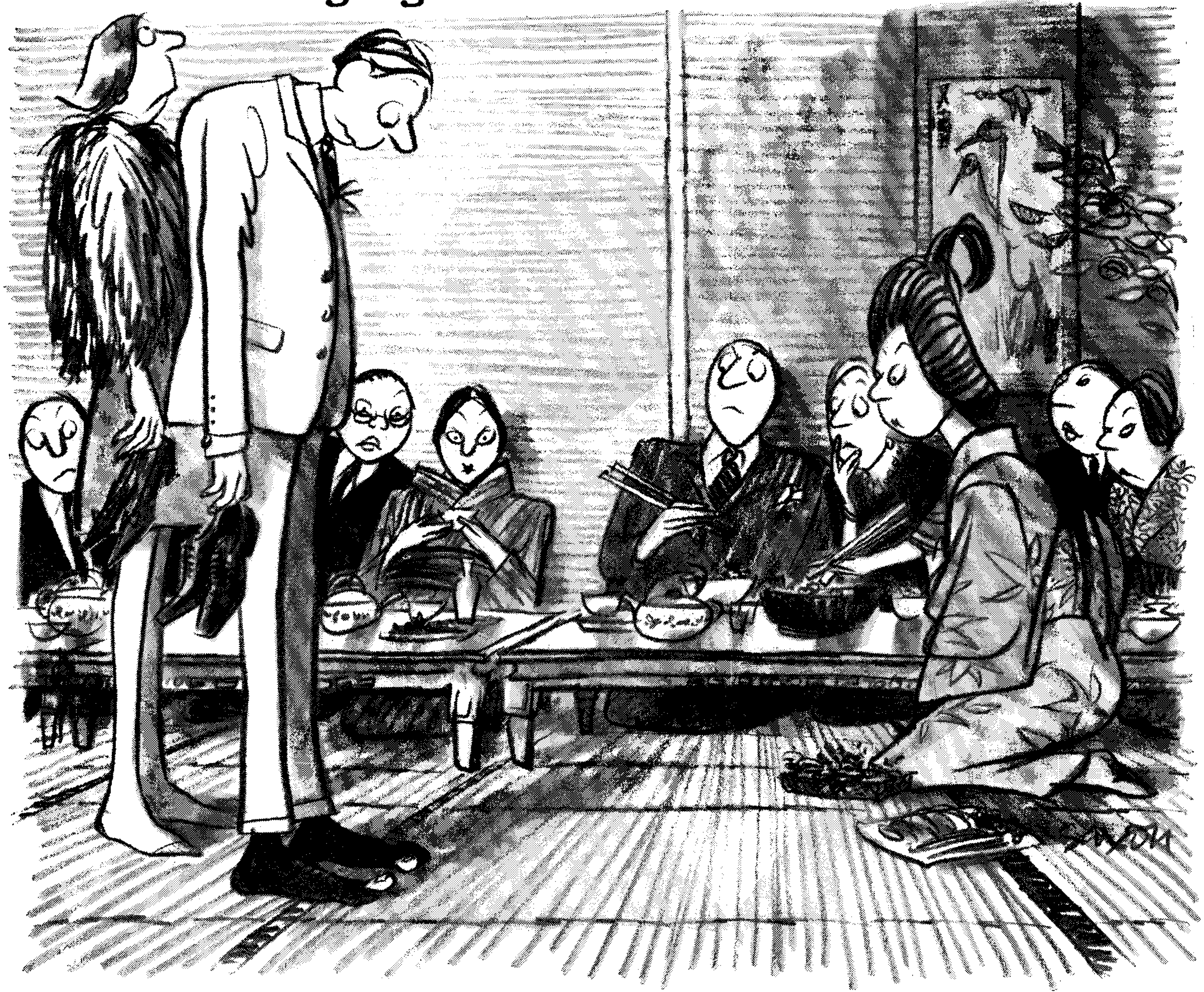

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about what we want for our schools—about who shall spend funds, who shall establish studies, what mechanisms will protect professional rights, how parents can specifically help the schools in their neighborhoods."

His questioners were unconvinced, and finally the Mayor said, "I have to stand for what I think is right."

Another source of trouble for the Mayor was a series of articles in the *Times* in mid-January that began by stating, "Multiple investigations of the city's $122-million-a-year anti-poverty program are disclosing chronic corruption and administrative chaos that have already cheated New York's poor of uncounted millions of dollars." The articles resulted in the swift formation of a number of investigating committees and teams—from Congress, from federal agencies, and from the City Council. During this period of siege for the Lindsay administration, and particularly for Human Resources Administrator Mitchell Ginsberg, I spoke with one of the Mayor's closest advisers, a man who had come into office with him. "John won't say this publicly," he told me, "but what disturbs him most about this attack on H.R.A. is that Ginsberg is getting blame he doesn't deserve. You see, if John were to say that, he would also have to point out that the weaknesses in budgetary and other controls in H.R.A. were *inherited* by Ginsberg, who has been steadily and exhaustively setting up the kinds of controls that the operation clearly needed from the beginning. This was a classic example of what can go wrong in hiring top people. John was assured by everyone he asked—in the federal government, at the foundations—that Ginsberg's predecessor, Mitchell Sviridoff, was a superb administrator. It turned out that he was a first-class mediator and a very resourceful designer of plans. He knew, in concept, what had to be done, and if Sviridoff accomplished nothing else he was important to John because his being in the administration persuaded Fred Hayes and Ginsberg to join. But Sviridoff was a poor administrator. He was able to set up programs, but he couldn't run them well. If you keep in mind what Ginsberg had to start with, and add the chronic unreliability of Washington in meeting its funding deadlines, it's remarkable that H.R.A. is in any shape at all. Yet it has been getting itself together. Administratively, it's much stronger now than it was last year."

Soon after that conversation, I spoke with the Mayor, in his office at Gracie Mansion, about the beleaguered Human Resources Administrator. It was a clear, cold Friday afternoon in February, and the Mayor was in a somewhat subdued, reflective mood. "Mitchell Ginsberg told me last fall that if H.R.A. became discredited with the public he would resign," I said. "Has that time come, do you think?"

The Mayor answered with no hesitation. "Having Mitch is one of the great accomplishments of this administration," he said. "Yes, he's told me many times that if it became politically necessary for me to dump him I ought to go ahead and do it. My answer to him was—and remains—'When you go, I'll go.'"

"The attacks on H.R.A. go beyond Ginsberg," I said. "They've led to a revival of the criticism about your whole reorganization plan." I showed the Mayor a statement in the most recent issue of *City Club Comments*, a publication of the City Club of New York:

> The Reorganization Plan which provided for ten or more consolidated super agencies was primarily a plausible campaign gimmick calculated to convince the people that the candidate was a master of the mechanics of public administration.... Possibly a better plan for administering the city would have been for the Mayor to have kept the departmental setup pretty much as it was, consolidating where the need developed.

The Mayor shook his head and said, "They just don't know what's been happening. I can assure you that without the reorganization, and without the chance it gives us to make our budget system work, we never would have got Fred Hayes to stay, or a lot of other new, top-quality fellows we've attracted from the federal system. And people with years of experience in New York City government have also responded strongly in favor of the change. Take Maurice Feldman, the Commissioner of the Department of Water Resources under the new Environmental Protection Administration. He's been with the city for thirty-two years, bouncing around in various engineering and administrative positions in sanitation and public works. Feldman is one of the best men we have, and he was very skeptical when I started the reorganization plan. A couple of weeks ago, at a Friday-morning

Chris Bishop of Chestnut Hill, Mass., could go back and get her M.A. one of these days.

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P.S. *Chris majored in paleontology and journalism at Boston University. Now she majors in horseback riding, dog raising (2 Labrador retrievers and an American Eskimo), piano playing, and hotel management. Her favorite text? R.D. of course.*

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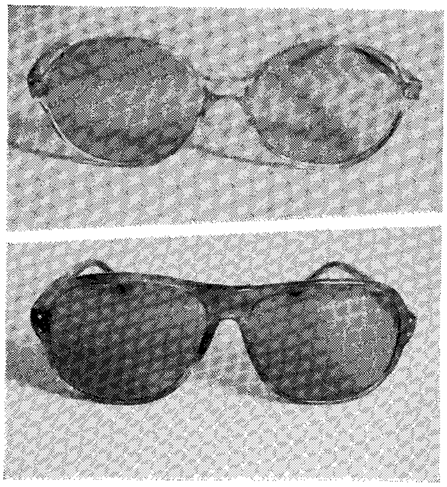

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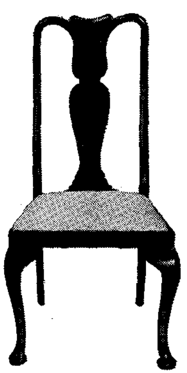
cabinet meeting, we were discussing exactly what you're talking about—the extension of the attack on H.R.A. to the whole concept of the ten superagencies. Well, Maurice got up and gave an improvisatory talk. He said, 'I've been in environmental work all my life, and I've never seen anything like what's been happening here now that the problems of streets, water, air, and noise are all consolidated into a single budget with a professional team. I've got more satisfaction from my work during the last six months than in the whole thirty-odd years before.' You ought to talk to Feldman."

(Later that week, I called Feldman, and he told me, "In retrospect, I don't know why I was so skeptical, except that so many grand plans remain just plans. But now we actually are free of all those separate, multitudinous departments and of all those councils which used to be set up under Deputy Mayors on a temporary basis, with no real power. It's been an extraordinary breakthrough. The problems are no longer disjointed; you can get at solving them within one administration. You don't have to deal with separate fiefdoms, and you can follow through on each problem in a logical order of responsibility. It's already become easier to recruit first-rate people, because they can see they're less likely to be caught up in the usual bureaucratic undergrowth.")

In the Mayor's office, as Lindsay began to describe other changes that the reorganization plan had made possible, I asked him about the recurrent charge that he himself was a poor administrator. "That seems to be one of the main criticisms your opponents will be directing against you if you run again," I said. "And then there are those who say that it's not even possible to tell whether you are a good administrator or not. Last Sunday, for instance, the *Times* quoted a man they described as a close friend of yours: 'You just have to look at John's private schedule to know he doesn't have time to run the city.' "

Again the Mayor shook his head. "It's simply not true," he said. "Either count. The second is really a somewhat subtler way of phrasing the first charge. People keep assuming things, but they don't *know*. I spend a substantial amount of my time on administration—on overseeing what's going on. For example, once every two weeks I spend two to three hours at a clip with the Policy Planning Council. It consists of the two Deputy Mayors and Don Elliott, Fred Hayes, and a staff. We have an agenda, and we go right



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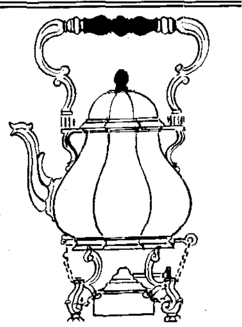

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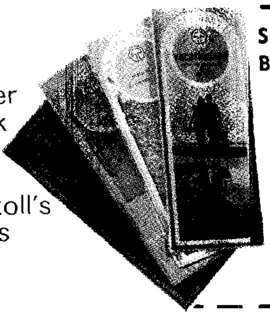

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to the heart of each administration. Who's there? What's he doing? How is the budget being managed? What's the output in return for what we've put into a particular program? And then there are the weekly super-cabinet meetings. You've seen what happens there—plain hardboiled administrative work. And that's just the amount of time I spend at these meetings. Other administrative matters come up every day."

"There's another theme the opposition has been developing," I said. "The claim that, quite apart from whether you're a good administrator or not, you've given priority to the needs and the concerns of blacks and Puerto Ricans."

This time, the Mayor nodded. "Yes, the white middle class and working class do feel neglected," he said. "And I'm trying to remedy that. One way is by going out and talking with them at neighborhood meetings and by using more of my television time to communicate my interest in what's bothering them. Another way shows up, quite concretely, in what's being done for the middle class and the working class in our new capital budget. We're putting a billion dollars into mass transit during the next ten years. There'll be six hundred million additional coming from the state for the same purpose, but all the transit planning is being done here. The 1968-69 capital budget provides for a substantial start on that. And more schools are going to be constructed—not only in ghetto areas. Also in the capital budget is over a million dollars to keep the Grand Concourse section of the Bronx from deteriorating into a slum."

(I later learned from a member of the City Planning Commission that this last project, known as the Concourse Action Program, has an unusual structure. Appropriations for it are coördinated so that they appear as a single line in the budget. This lump appropriation allocates funds specifically to that area for more Police Department and Sanitation Department services, the construction of a shoppers' garage, the planting of trees and the remodelling of parks, the installation of new street lights, the purchase of a bookmobile, and a number of other projects. Since all the money is in this one budget line—the first such line ever written into a New York City budget—appropriations for the Grand Concourse area can't be sliced away by separate departments that suddenly find more urgent priorities elsewhere in the city, which is what might occur if the funds were divided up in the customary way

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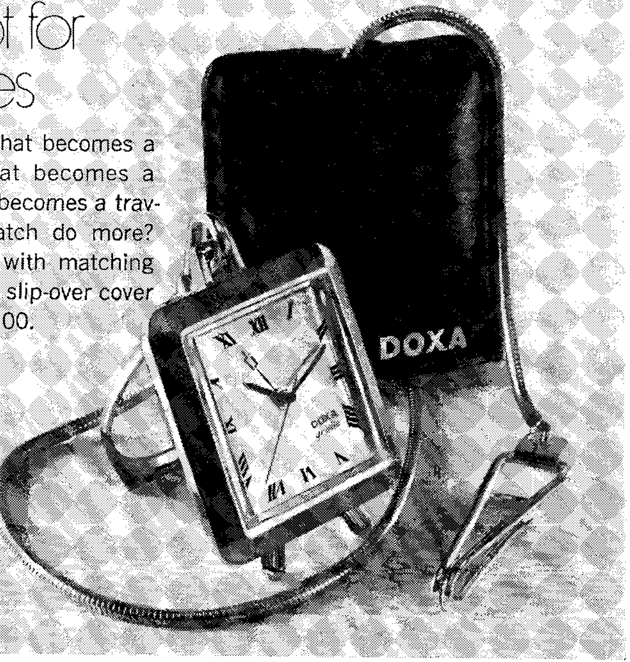

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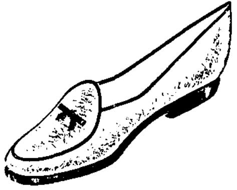

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among the budgets of the various departments involved.)

"And that Grand Concourse plan was developed through real community participation, with everybody helping to decide what was needed and how the different elements should be designed," the Mayor went on. "There were many, many meetings between the staff of the Bronx office of the Department of City Planning and neighborhood people. Obviously, this has to happen more often in middle-class areas. For that reason, we've added urban task forces to work outside the ghettos as well as inside. The first was a Flushing-Bayside force, in Queens, and we've recently set up two in Brooklyn—in Crown Heights and East Flatbush. There'll be others. We've got to give these people, too, a sense of having the power to make the city government respond to what they need. The task forces in the ghettos have been coördinating city services there by means of direct lines from the community to city officials. Now we're going to try to do this throughout the city."

"As you decide whether to try to stay on, so that these and other programs will work out the way you want them to, what are the most powerful factors *against* your running again?" I asked.

"I'm glad you didn't ask me whether I had made the decision yet, because I haven't," the Mayor said. "I should say that the strongest reason for me not to run is the way my wife and family feel. They're pretty negative. You know, it's a serious question whether one human being can hold a city together for more than one term without exhausting himself completely. Another reason not to run would be that I agree with Henry Stimson's approach to public life. He'd go in, leave, and come back, the idea being that in the time away he was able to read, reflect, get recharged. And a third reason for not running would be that, despite my reputation as an urbanist and a walker of city streets, the public area in which I've most enjoyed working has been international affairs. The time I spent on the NATO Parliamentarians Conference, for example, and the work I did in Congress on foreign-affairs legislation. Those gave me the most *personal* satisfaction."

"And what might lead you to overcome these arguments against running for reëlection?" I asked.

The Mayor thought for a moment or two, then said, "Well, there is the question of how one keeps one's voice

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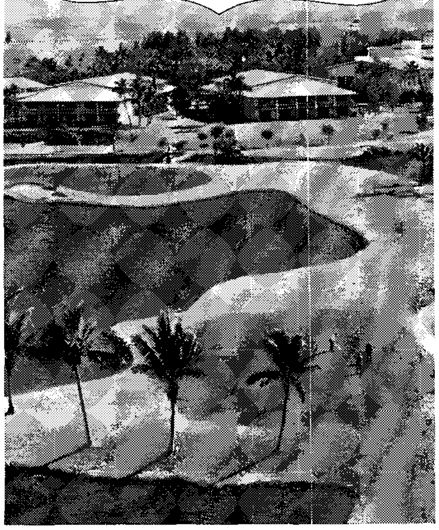

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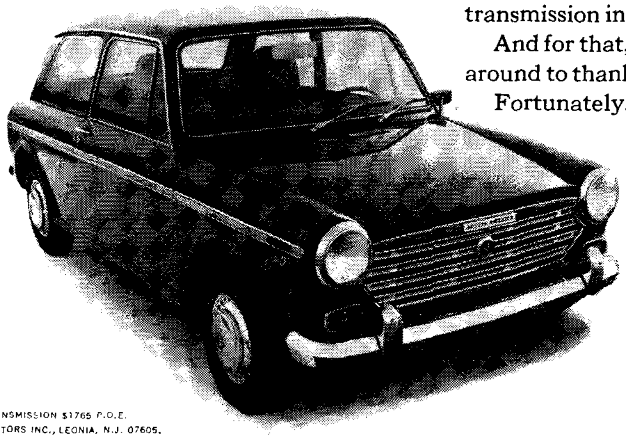

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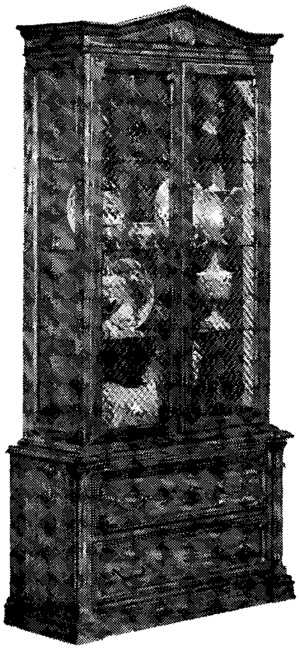

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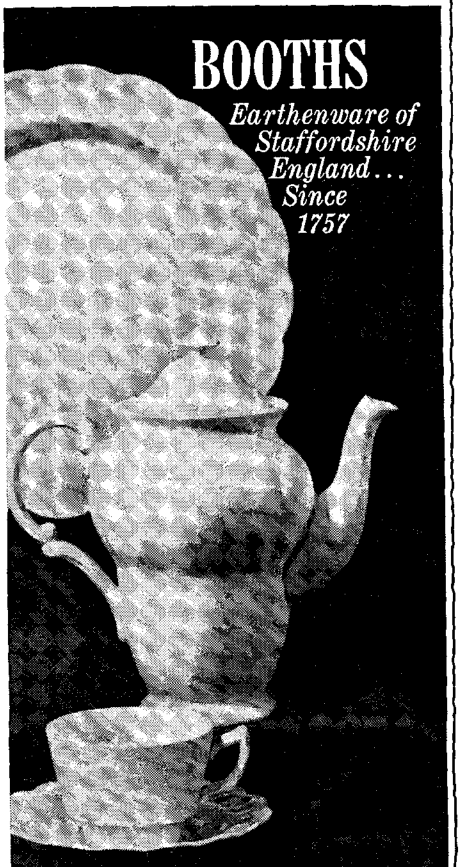

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alive if one is not in office. Besides, I obviously do have a very great interest in urban problems. There's an enormous amount of frustration that comes of staying in that battle, but there are also rewards. There's going to be a hell of a lot of unfolding in this city in the next few years. We've spent most of our time so far organizing the whole show to get it on the proper track. Now that we're going to have so many things to show for what we've done, I would regret not being here as they emerge. I'd hate to have someone else take the credit at the ribbon-cutting—for the new subways, the new schools, the new convention hall, the new passenger-liner terminal on the West Side, the completion of parts of the lower-Manhattan and Jamaica developments, the flowering of the Model Cities program."

He stopped and grinned. "I know, you can be in the business for twenty years and still feel that way. No, that won't be the determining factor if I run again. I can survive missing the ribbon-cutting." Then he said slowly, "If I run again, the primary reason will be that I'm still an idealist about the possibility of bringing real change in the cities. It was sad when Ivan Allen, the Mayor of Atlanta, a very good man, said last year that he was going to bail out. He said that all the problems were being dumped on the doorstep of City Hall, but without the money to solve them. And so Allen decided there was no future in being a Mayor." He drummed his fingers on the desk and said, "Well, I do think there is a future in being a Mayor." He looked at me and went on, "That doesn't mean I've decided to run again, mind you."

ON March 18, 1969, Mayor Lindsay announced at a press conference in the ballroom of Gracie Mansion that he would run for a second term. Looking back at the previous three years, he said, "It has not been easy; change is never easy. But I believe the tide of physical and spiritual decay has been turned. We have faced up squarely to hard issues, and have asked the city and its people to do the same." —NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the second of two articles on Mayor Lindsay.*)

•

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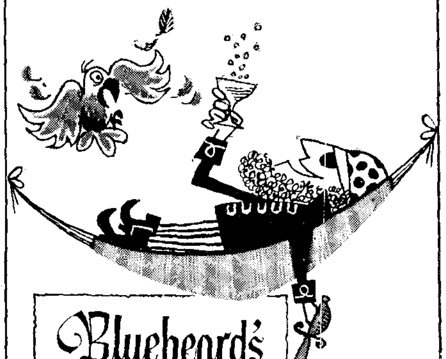

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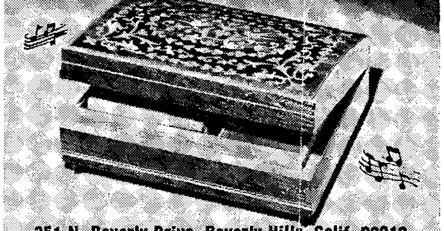

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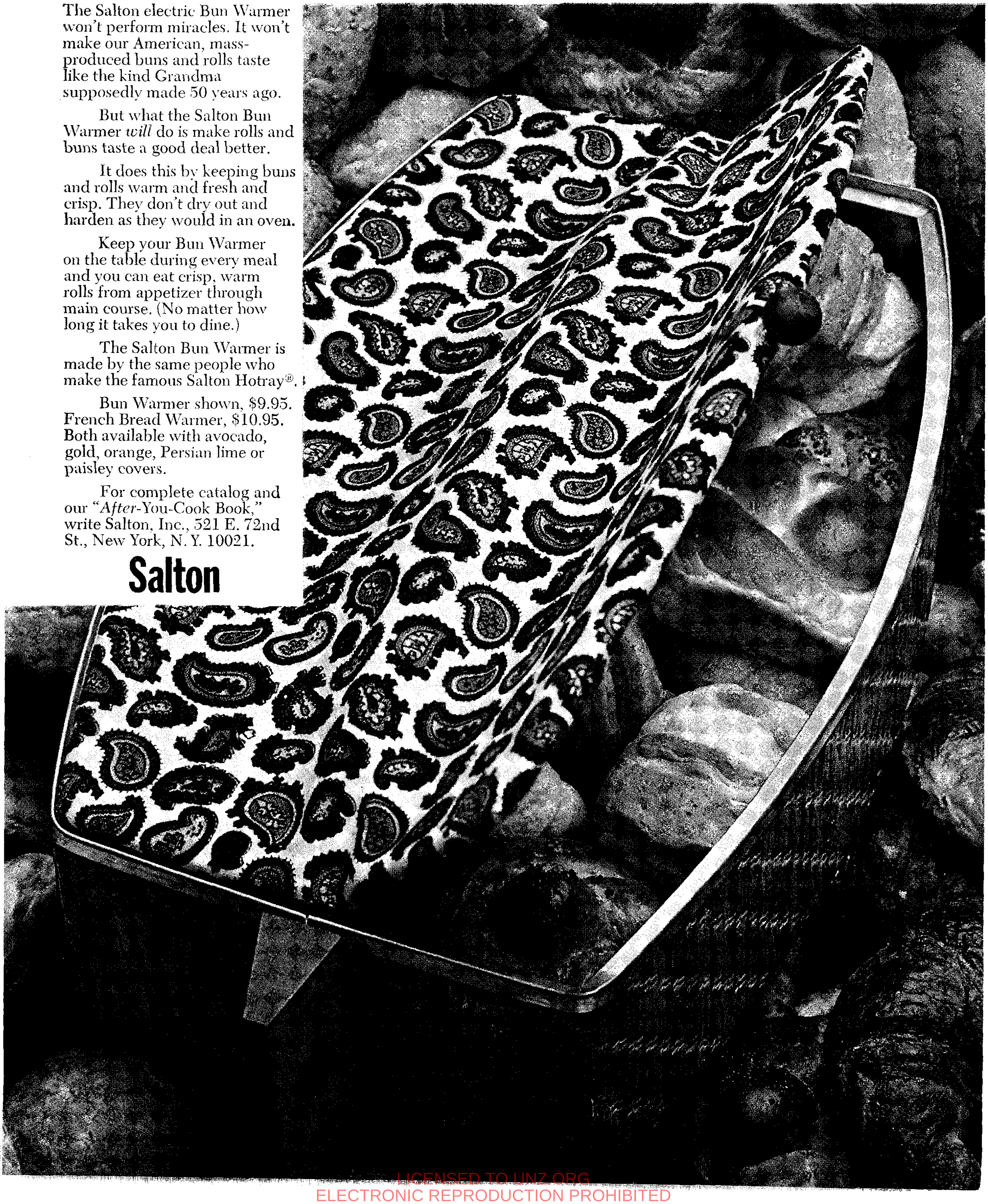

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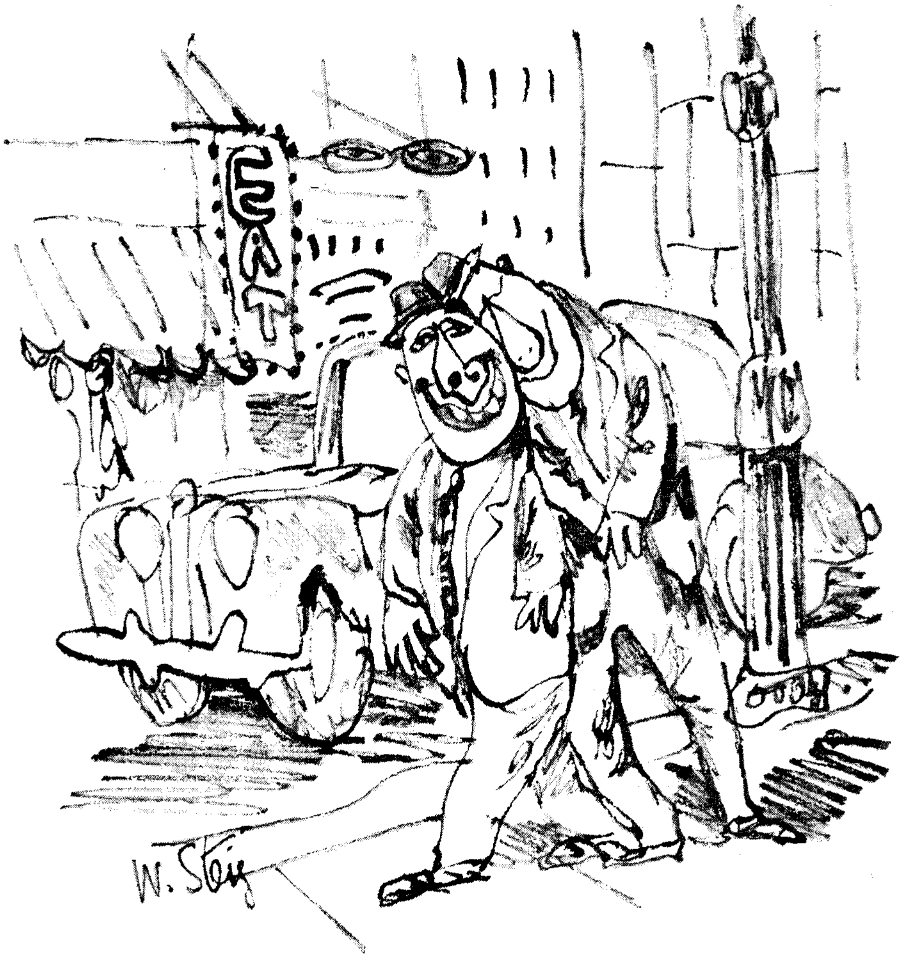
THE THEATRE

NOT LACKING GALL

Tony Richardson's production of "Hamlet," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is a curiosity—vivid, robust, and unconvincing. It keeps calling attention to itself in a way that pretends to be in order to illuminate the text but, more often than not, casts a fatal shadow of showing off over lines and scenes that, after three centuries, have no need of being tampered with and disimproved. It is true that in some cases the curiosity of the production is greater than Mr. Richardson can have intended; the deplorable electronic sound effects, for example, which take the place of a visible actor playing Hamlet's father's ghost and which sound like nothing so much as dive-bombers out of the Second World War, have to compete with, and from time to time are upstaged by, the theatre's exceptionally noisy air-conditioning equipment. (There is something to be said for a technologically primitive theatre. Unlike the Lunt-Fontanne, Shakespeare's Globe was air-conditioned by God, who, in a rainy climate, must have had His problems, but at least would have resolved them quietly, quietly. And the Ghost in "Hamlet" that Elizabethan audiences were privileged to behold is said to have been embodied not by tweeters and woofers but by Shakespeare himself.) In other cases, the curiosity of the production appears calculated to the point of open self-congratulation. For Mr. Richardson is, in the Jack Horner sense, all thumbs, and his claim to being a smart boy leaps with endearing obviousness straight from the heart. He likes taking long, prankish chances, and since his purpose in doing so is often simply to be outrageous, we run the risk of complimenting him when we accuse him of tastelessness. It is his fancy here to make the relationship between Laertes and Ophelia flagrantly incestuous (and to diminish in proportion the conventional strong note of incest between Hamlet and his mother). As Laertes, embarking for France, urges his sister to be chaste in her relations with Hamlet, Ophelia snuggles sexily in his lap and displays in a gravity-defying décolleté her superb bosom; when Ophelia's turn comes to warn Laertes against the primrose path of dalliance, we observe her hand taking a remarkable liberty with his person. We get Mr. Richardson's point, such as it is, but at high cost to the rest of the play: Ophelia's embrace of bawdry in madness loses much of its poignancy if she was but a bawd to begin with.

The most striking curiosity of this production is, of course, Nicol Williamson's performance in the title role. Mr. Williamson has publicly pronounced himself the greatest actor of the day, and many students of the stage are ready to agree with him; certainly his performance in John Osborne's "Inadmissible Evidence" was a stunning demonstration of seemingly unlimited talent and technique, especially in one so young—Mr. Williamson, though he often looks forty, and on his off days could pass for eighty, is, in fact, thirty. His Hamlet is not the great event I had been looking forward to, in part because he shares with his director a weakness for the predictably perverse, the merely marvellous. He has chosen to offer us a Hamlet who, far from being a sweet prince, is a petulant peasant, speaking a spiteful, brutish tongue and striking a succession of cringing caitiff poses. Shakespeare's Hamlet is a royal whiner, singing arias of sublime self-pity; Williamson's Hamlet is a born outsider and a born loser, and even if something had not been rotten in the state of Denmark he would never have known a happy day. (I must mention how much I admired Williamson's old-fashioned handling of the soliloquies—spoken downstage, in a loud voice, his eyes continuously holding us in their gaze, and with no silly pretense that we were simply overhearing his unspoken thoughts.) This reading of Hamlet as a paranoid misfit gravely diminishes the height and breadth of the play; it has as well the unlucky effect of making Claudius less villainous than he is meant to be. "O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven," but so does everything else in Elsinore, and we begin to suspect that the senior Hamlet was no better than he should have been, presiding as he did with



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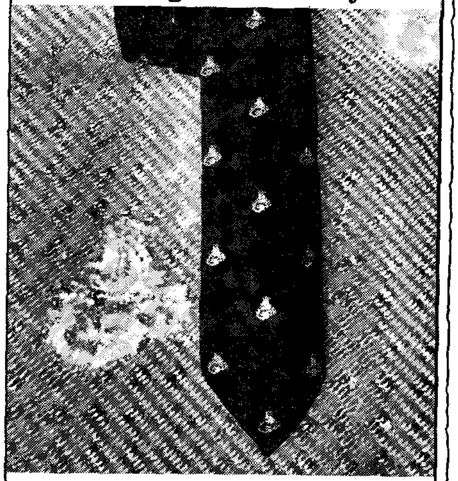

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The cast that surrounds Mr. Williamson is able and attractive. Patrick Wymark's plump busybody of a Claudius doesn't appear capable of ever having lusted after Gertrude, but he is suitably energetic in attempting to conserve his wicked gains and he dies slowly, as if with a genuine reluctance to leave them behind. Constance Cummings makes a handsome Queen, though one with a heart no more amorous than Claudius's; Mark Dignam is a splendidly doddering Polonius; and Gordon Jackson, as Horatio, mysteriously affects spectacles, a broad Scottish accent, and the look of being at least twenty years too old to be an undergraduate at Wittenberg. Roger Livesey enjoys himself immensely as the First Player and as the Gravedigger, and Michael Pennington, as Laertes, has passion and a great deal of long brown hair, while Francesca Annis, as Ophelia, is so pretty and loving and defenseless that it is no wonder she went mad. The scenery, which consists of some dull cloth guillotines that rise and fall between tall dark columns, and the costumes, which are mostly of rich stuffs in brown, umber, ochre, and other dismal hues, are by Jocelyn Herbert.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

High Puntifical

"PAPP," the final production this season at the American Place, is an odd one, all right. Written by a poet named Kenneth Cameron, it is as much about words and language as it is about anything else. The lines are filled with puns—outrageous and lightly blasphemous—and the theme is destruction. The play is set in the private library of the Pope at the Vatican—or, to quote the dramatist, "of Papp at the Vacation." The room is overgrown with vegetation and is thick with grime; the books are inches deep in dust, and so is a statue of the Buddha on one of the bookshelves. There are jungle noises outside, and organ music within. The time is some future Dark Ages. Although the day on which the action takes place seems to be a holy day of some sort, no one is in the public square awaiting "the Pappal blushing," so Papp is persuaded to "take to the airways to excommunicate with the faceless." "Do as you have learned," he tells them, "and I shall prey on you." It all sounds playful and coy and awful—there is no way to describe

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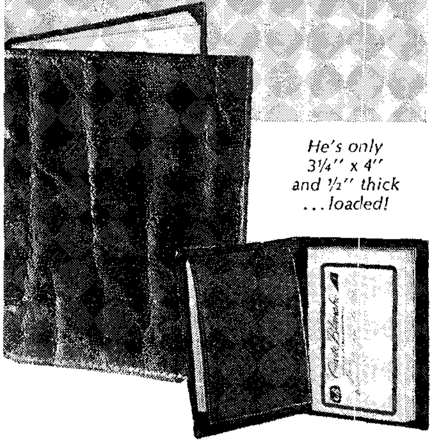

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"Papp" without making it sound awful—but you must take my word that it isn't. Something serious and human and touching does come through all the verbal rigmarole—even a story. An Extraterritorial Demolition Man named Mak, a plastic helmet on his head and a pack of explosives on his back, comes to blow up the place. Papp detains him by quoting garbled proverbs and telling him garbled stories from Scripture, trading a story for a "boom," and then Mak, who can read, picks up a Bible and starts to correct Papp, who cannot. All ends with a public book burning and an explosion, and with Papp, back in his old form, pronouncing that "God hurts those who hurt themselves." The play is neither comedy nor tragedy, funny nor sad; it is facetious and pessimistic, both on purpose.

The performances, under Martin Fried's direction, are exactly right. Albert Paulsen acts the title role with a lovely innocence, dignity, and sincerity, never getting in touch with the audience by so much as a look or gesture, or indicating in any way that he knows that his lines are jokes. Rudy Bond is as strong as usual in the part of Mak, and Barbara Hayes and Arnold Soboloff do well as the Whore of Babylon and a Pappal Curio, respectively. Kert Lundell's elaborate setting is imaginative and spooky, and Willa Kim's costumes are, as always, a delight to behold.

"A Home Away From," which opened and closed last week, was an absurdly melodramatic and old-fashioned triangle play about a homosexual who has married a woman much older than himself in order to get out of some jam or other, and whose lover returns to plague him and his wife and break the marriage up. The only reason for mentioning the show at all is to report that the bride, in an agonized moment, confesses that she was once her husband's babysitter.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

As if an autumn leaf fell into oblivion to make space for the splendor of spring, the new Real Estate Center of the E. E. Debs Real Estate office in Palmdale, oldest and still sparkingly active in the City of Palmdale, dispelled the old this week, and joined the progress of the space-age in tune with the growth that is written in the ledger of the Antelope Valley in 1969, said Eddie Debs today, taking a tip from his wife, Verna.—*Antelope Valley (Calif.) Press.*

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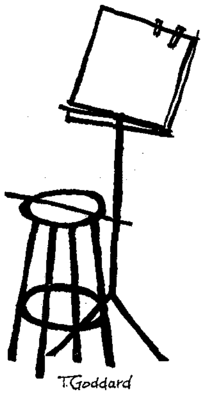
MUSICAL EVENTS

Days of Grace



THE Royal Ballet perked up a bit last week, with "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty," and though I am not the greatest of enthusiasts for the kind of so-called Grand Ballet that this company specializes in (for me, it has too little dancing and too much parading and pantomime), I must admit that both pieces were done well. I am quite aware that my prejudices in this matter are countered by the grandeur of history—that the Royal Ballet is merely resurrecting ballet, more or less authentically, as it was known in the nineteenth century. Still, I have a preference for twentieth-century ballet, with its short, concise sequences of pure dance. But let that pass; the complete "Swan Lake," with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, that I saw last Wednesday night at the Metropolitan Opera House is a splendid spectacle. Moreover, the corps de ballet of this company is the best-trained one I have ever seen, and during the past ten years the company has acquired a magnificent roster of male dancers for the lesser roles. Miss Fonteyn remains one of the marvels of ballet history. I am told that she is fifty years old, yet she dances with all the fluency and charm of one less than half her age. And the authority she brings to her performances is unmatched in my experience. At times, caution on her part was obvious; there were only twenty-eight instead of the thirty-two *fouettées* that made such a sensation when she first appeared here. But such things are negligible in view of the youthful *élan*, complete poise, and dramatic feeling that she brings to the role of the Swan Queen. Nureyev is a great actor as well as a superb dancer, and if he sometimes assumes the stance of a peacock one can only say that nobody has more of a right to do so. He is the perfect Prince, his consideration for the lady he is dancing with is irreproachable, and his own dancing, of course, is not only thrillingly athletic but uniquely fluid. With Nureyev, there are no angles—only curves. The pas de quatre in Act I, Scene 1, was beautifully done by Ann Jenner, Jennifer Penny, Robert Mead, and Michael Coleman, and the four cygnets performed precisely. The high points of the evening, however, were Miss Fonteyn's adagio in Act I, Scene 2, and the Black Swan pas de deux, in which she danced icily while Nureyev performed the appropriate athletic prodigies. I have mentioned all the items that, to my mind, are significant in "Swan Lake." I have always found the ethnic dances in Act II boring, and the rest is salad dressing—extremely fine salad dressing, but salad dressing nonetheless.

I ATTENDED "The Sleeping Beauty" on Friday night. It turned out to be a considerably altered "Sleeping Beauty," with scenery and costumes new to this side of the Atlantic. These were the work of Henry Bardon, Lila de Nobili, and Rostislav Doboujinsky, and they were unusual enough to require some comment. The curtain of the prologue opened on a Gothic interior, mostly in cream color and gray. A gigantic fireplace, at the right, served later for the entrance of Carabosse and her cohorts of frogs, mice, bats, rats, and everything else bad little boys are made of. (They all came down the chimney and appeared in a puff of smoke.) At the left of the stage there was a staircase (partly hidden by a lacy scrim), down which cavaliers, fairies, and other benevolent people came. The female dancers, in general, were pink, and the cavaliers, as well as the King and several other people, wore gray-green wigs, suggestive of Spanish moss. On the whole, the color scheme was striking if somewhat exotic. Act I was set in the courtyard of a medieval castle, with two large towers looming at the back. The prevailing color of the scenery was brown, while that of the costumes was white. Both towers proved, when convenient, to be transparent. The Lilac Fairy appeared inside one of them, and the heroine was put to sleep inside the other. Carabosse, for once, did not have mandarin fingernails, and this cheered me. At the end of this act, the Lilac Fairy caused vegetation to grow over the whole castle. After this, things became a bit confusing. Act II presented a scene that looked like a cave at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The Lilac Fairy showed the Prince Princess

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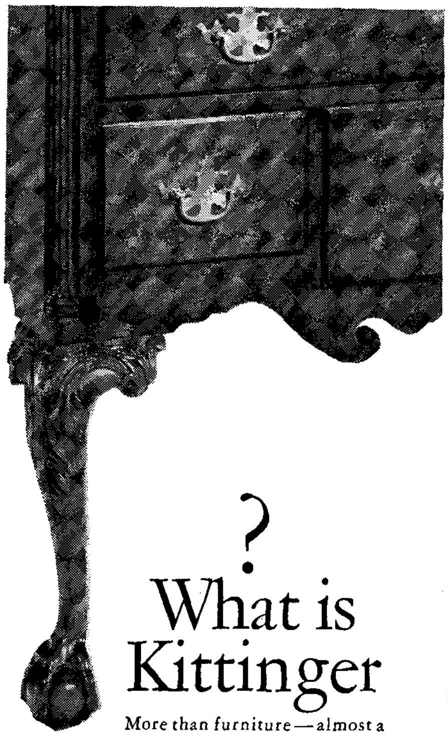

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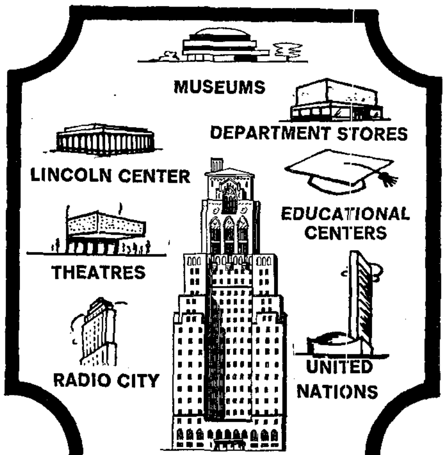
Aurora, sleeping at the end of the cave. After that, the phantom of Princess Aurora—a sort of advance saleswoman in this version of the ballet—came out to dance with the Prince for quite a while. Then the Prince boarded what appeared to be a motorboat (it had no visible means of propulsion) and prepared, presumably, to shoot the rapids of the Colorado River. The scene changed, and we were among all that foliage again, and the foliage, at a sign from the Lilac Fairy, parted to disclose the desiccated ruin of the Act I set, with the Sleeping Beauty now sleeping in the remains of the tower she had originally gone to sleep in. At the right, the King and his entire court were also fast asleep—where we had left them in Act I. They awoke, only to have the mobile throne on which they sat moved abruptly off the stage. This was obviously so that they would not embarrass the Prince while he was awakening and courting Princess Aurora. The idea, of course, is that the Prince first dances with the *phantom and later meets the* Princess. But the arrangement seems to me remarkably clumsy; one dancer does both Princess Aurora and her phantom, so the audience is likely to confuse them, and the notion that the Princess is in two places at the same time is certainly baffling. Moreover, the Princess goes to sleep in a pink costume and wakes up in a white one. If you are going to present surrealistic switches of time and place you ought to be more imaginative. The last act apparently took place in one of the caves at Ajanta, with daylight dimly visible at the far end.

There were also many changes and rearrangements of choreography, these the work of Sir Frederick Ashton. But I do not wish to dwell on these. The Princess Aurora of the evening was Merle Park, and she danced with much youthful spirit and elegant technique; she did not, though, have quite the balance on one toe, in the Act I encounters with the four princes, that Miss Fonteyn had in the role the last time I saw it. Nureyev was the Prince again, and he performed with his customary virtuosity and grand bearing. The tall and beautiful Deanne Bergsma was ideal as the Lilac Fairy. The Bluebird pas de deux, in the last act, was done by Ann Jenner and Michael Coleman, and though it was pleasing, Mr. Coleman lacked the extraordinary flexibility of torso that had made this one of the high points of the ballet when Brian Shaw danced it. Generally,



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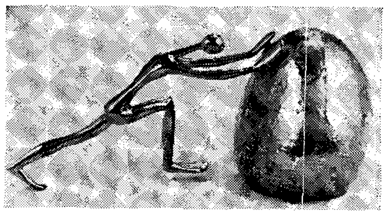

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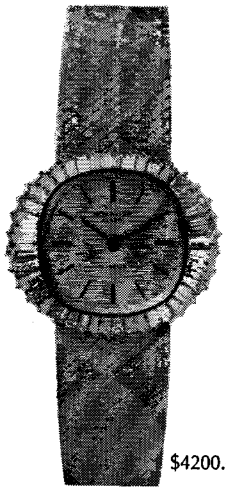
"The Sleeping Beauty" is one of those spectacles in which scenery, costumes, magical effects, and pantomime predominate over dancing. It is not one of my favorites, but I must report that the audience was ecstatic.

LAST Monday night, I went to hear the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall under the baton of Igor Markevitch, mainly because I was curious about Mr. Markevitch as a conductor. The program was not terribly distinguished. Schubert's trashy Symphony No. 3 in D Major, which should really be removed from the repertory out of respect for a man who was, for the most part, a great master, led things off, and was followed by Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche." Later, there was Mahler's First Symphony. Mr. Markevitch, a thin, polished-looking man, was at his best in the Strauss work, which was brought off brilliantly, with exemplary virtuosity, particularly on the part of the horns. Elsewhere, he did not seem to be always in complete communication with the orchestra, but the Mahler symphony was done acceptably.

LAST Thursday night, Seiji Ozawa turned up in Carnegie Hall at the head of his own orchestra, the Toronto Symphony. Again, the program was not terribly distinguished, but there was a new (to this country, that is) work, "Asterism," by Mr. Ozawa's countryman Toru Takemitsu, for which another countryman, Yuji Takahashi, did the solo piano part. The other items were Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. On the whole, I think, Mr. Ozawa has been more successful here as a guest conductor of various top-rank Eastern symphony orchestras. The Toronto Symphony is a good second-rank orchestra. Its brasses are a shade better than its woodwinds. Its strings are sometimes a bit heavy in sound. In the Strauss work, Mr. Ozawa let his first flute wander from the rhythm in the passage preceding the long oboe solo. The Tchaikovsky symphony is something that is bearable nowadays only in a supremely inspired performance, and Mr. Ozawa did not achieve this. It is, basically, a rather coarse work, almost as easy to perform and to conduct as a Sousa march. The Takemitsu "Asterism" proved to be a study in sonorities—not unpleasant but not musically significant, either.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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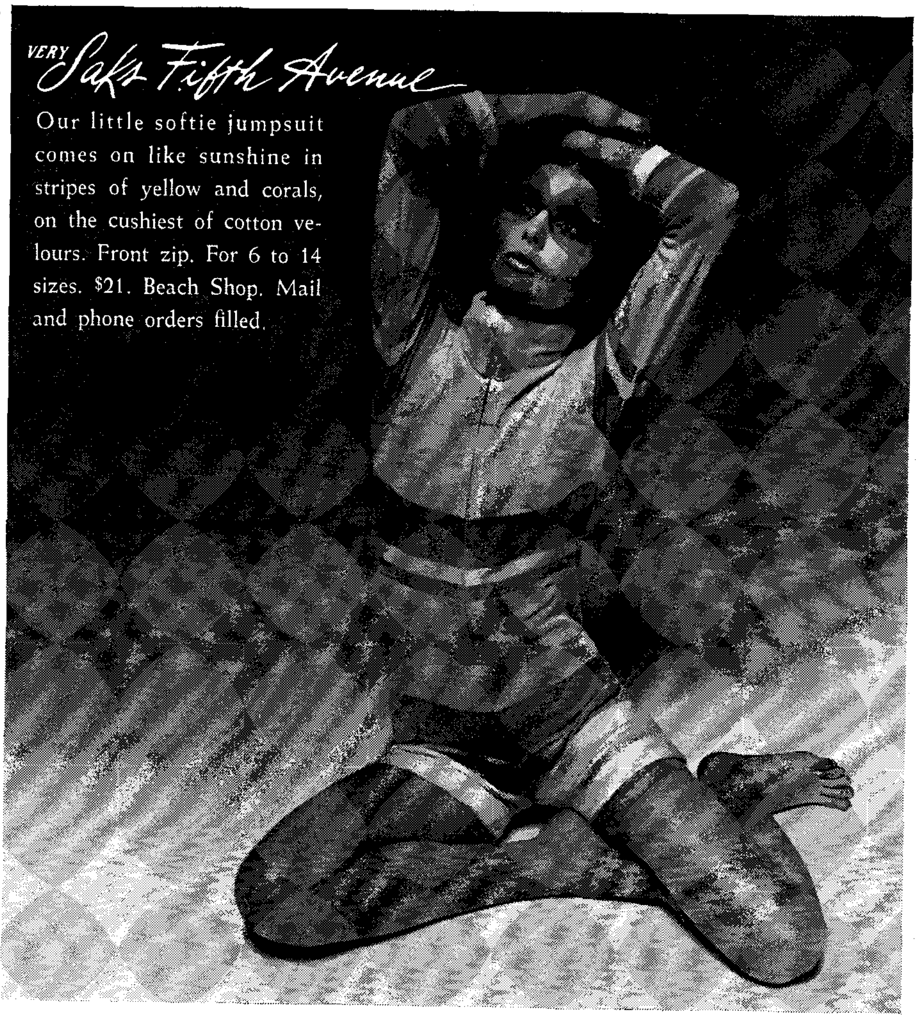

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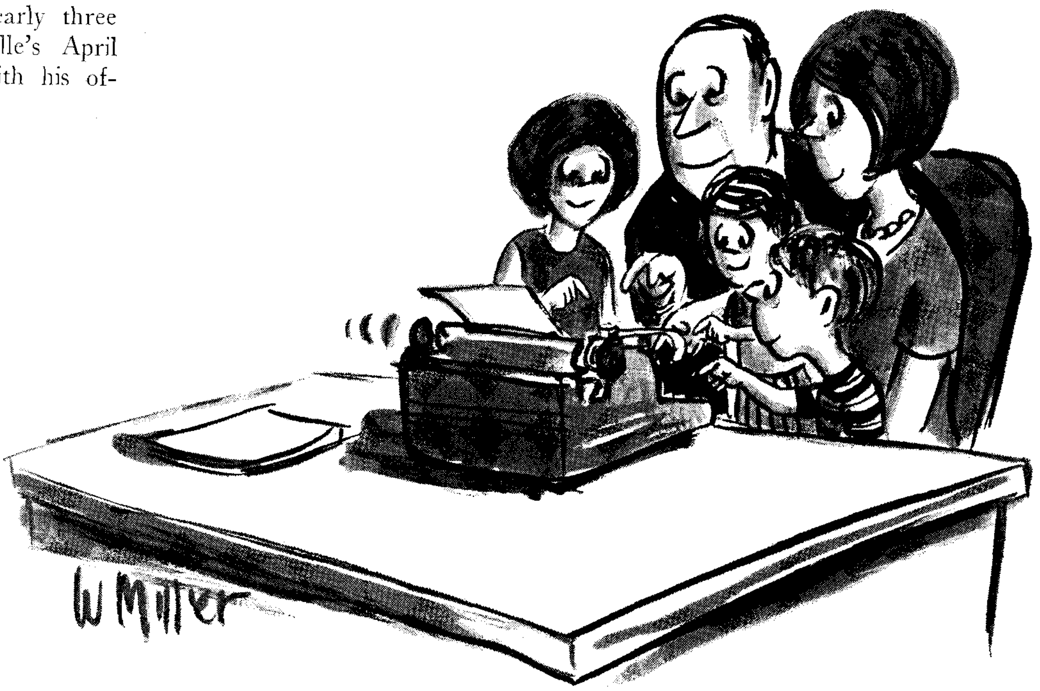
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 1

ALTHOUGH it had been deduced early during the week preceding the referendum-plebiscite that President de Gaulle would doubtless lose, nevertheless his immediate resignation a few minutes past midnight on Sunday from his high office as President of France was as unexpected by the French people, and nearly as great a shock, as if he had suddenly and almost voluntarily died at that hour. The fatal side of politics in his complete disappearance from public life after eleven years of dominance, struggle, and power supplied more tension and melodrama than the narrow majority of those who had gladly voted against him had imagined in advance. There was also a sense of complexity, and even of mystery, in what had happened with such relative ease to such an ascendantly intelligent and experienced political personage, spreading the feeling that only he could explain it all, as if in some way he had been an accomplice.

In fact, it all started nearly three weeks earlier, in de Gaulle's April 10th television dialogue with his official television interviewer, Michel Droit, when the President suddenly declared that if his referendum on France's regionalization and the renovation of the Senate (both unpopular marginal reforms) failed to be passed, he himself ought not to continue as Chief of State. For if the French people showed themselves in majority opposed to his referendum, "what kind of man would I be if I did not without delay take the consequences of such a profound rupture between us but absurdly persisted in maintaining myself in my present functions?" he asked on the air, as if consulting an invisible portent. Already his party advisers had dared to suggest that the regionalization project, which ran to ten full, documented pages in its complications, should more properly be shifted to Parliament, to be publicly debated and voted upon. But when de Gaulle, over the microphone, suddenly included his own person to be retained or discarded along with regionalization, which is principally a question of geography, he turned the dull referendum into a dangerous plebiscite. Actually, the French at first paid little attention to his televised threat of resignation, being accustomed to his histrionic prophecies on the chaos that would attend his departure for whatever reason. But the English listeners to his broadcast took his threat as seriously as gospel and reported it gravely in the London papers, from which it was, in turn, repeated in Paris (in one or two cases as examples of British humor), and thus what may have started as one more of his coercive myths hardened into a crisis of fact. There is nothing in the Fifth Republic's constitution that covers anything as unimaginable or as desperate as the President's handing in his resignation, nor is there anything in French political practice about a lost referendum's being any more critical than a professional sharpshooter's failing in full sight of the nation to hit anywhere near the bull's-eye. In any case, the referendum had almost become irrelevant by last Sunday, when the twenty-nine million French voters—slightly more than half of them women—were asked for the fifth time since the founding of the Fifth Republic to say yes or no as to whether they were for or against de Gaulle himself. Actually, this vital query was omitted from the text of the bill distributed to all the voters, which reduced itself to the question "Do you approve this bill sent to the French people by the President of the French Republic relative to the creation of regions and a renovation of the Senate?"—a bill of several thousand words, published at considerable government expense, which many voters did not receive at all, or not until the last moment (owing to printing delays by the national printing office and to the vagaries of the postal service), and which even more voters did not bother to study fully, as being beyond them in the complications of its detail. Much of the high percentage of hesitations and indecisions reported in the opinion polls came from the voters' increasing, alarmed realization that the plebiscite was forcing them to a decision of de-



so thank you, "Reader's Digest," for running such a wonderful article. Our whole family found it very entertaining as well as heart-warming, and especially meaningful for our time.

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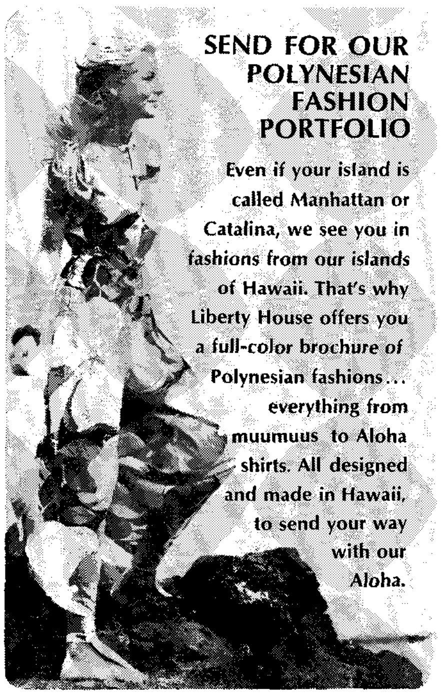

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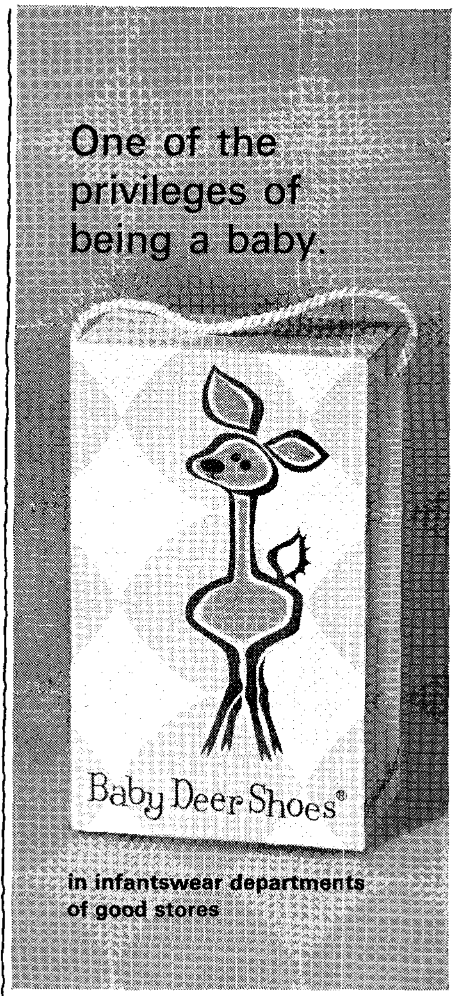
struction or of salvation—of voting to save de Gaulle as head of state or of decapitating him, in a way, by voting him out of office and into the wilderness of exile in his country house and garden at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises. A further paralyzing sense of the irreversibility of this decision was loaded onto the voters' shoulders on Saturday night by the intimidating broadcast statements of the government leaders. Prime Minister Couve de Murville said, "If your vote is yes, there is no scission. The Fifth Republic goes on, and evolution takes place normally. If there is a no vote, there will be a wrench, with the departure of the President of the Republic and a new election—in an atmosphere of crisis, most likely. And no one can tell what might happen. On Monday morning, a period of great uncertainty, and even of outbreaks, would begin." More dramatically, the Minister of Culture, André Malraux, declared, "If the noes win, there will be another Month of May. The whole of Europe is quite certain of that, and it would be a European phenomenon of the first magnitude, with extremely far-reaching consequences"—meaning, without mentioning them, the fall of the franc (which, in turn, would push down the pound), a further slump in French industrial affairs, and a faster rise in French high prices. The brutal, logical simplicity of the prospect of a possible revival of the May riots and of municipal violence—a violence that the French know by heart as one of their irresistible national psychologies, left over from their great Revolution—certainly heightened Sunday's worry, acute interest, fear, and excitement.

IF the basis for the referendum-plebiscite had seemed odd in being casually announced in a conversation on the air, the efforts made by certain rare Paris commentators to throw some light on de Gaulle's mystifying resignation and its background have been explicit, precise, and very positive and interesting indeed. Jean Ferniot, writer of a brilliant column of daily political comment for *France-Soir* (with its circulation of a million readers, it is the largest purveyor of journalistic information in all France), said in his Tuesday column, "In the end, and considering everything, it is General de Gaulle who defeated General de Gaulle. Why did he not submit the regional reform to Parliament? Why, having submitted it to a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referendum that was, as his most faithful partisans considered, inopportune and thus dangerous, did the Chief of State stake his Presidential mandate on this vote, which from the first appeared uncertain? These are the General's secrets, which he may answer in a new chapter of his memoirs. One is led to believe that he no longer felt intimate with the French people, and that—leaving to one side the triumphant Gaullist parliamentary elections of last June, because they reflected more the French people's fears, which had been aroused by the student riots, than the people's expressed fidelity to Gaullism and to himself—he wanted to see clearly where he stood. Without doubt, he has preferred to retire rather than to govern a country that has shouted at him, 'Ten years is enough!' The placards that were waved almost a year ago in the student uprising of May 13, 1968, trivially expressed the vote that the majority of the French registered on Sunday—that '*Dix ans, ça suffit!*' The electorate that between 1965 and 1969 changed their vote—passing from yes to not voting at all or to voting no, thus closing behind the grilled gates of his house at Colombey the man who governed them for so long—were not voters of the left. They were the disillusioned Gaullists and the angry center voters of bourgeois France."

The small daily newspaper *Combat*, that ultra-democratic journal founded at the Liberation by Albert Camus and his friends, said on its Monday front page, "Let no one count on us to worsen what has already happened to

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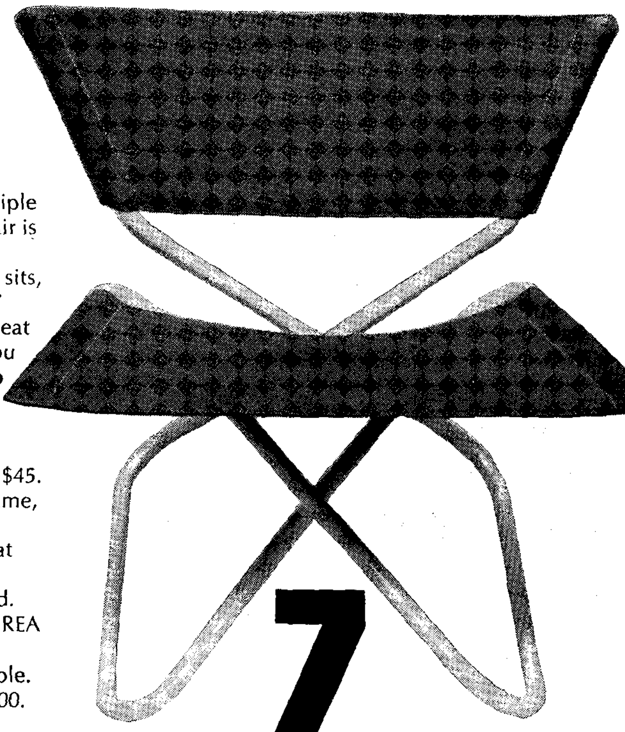

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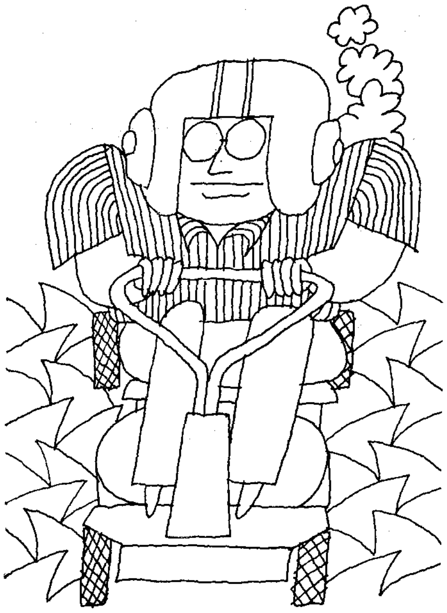

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those who have been defeated. For years, we have struggled against General de Gaulle and the regime that he installed. But our share of triumph in his downfall must be modest, since, in the first place, General de Gaulle fell because he wished to. It would be preferable if he had not been an artisan of his own defeat. It would have been more noble for him and more glorious for his adversaries. In truth, France has shown herself once more to be inconstant and light-minded, changeable and capricious. She throws out General de Gaulle after having acclaimed him, just as she turned against Philippe Pétain after having burned incense to him, just as she deposed Napoleon after having worshipped him. Giving way to an irrational and provisional state of mind, she will now provide herself with new masters out of a simple taste for change. But whoever builds his trust on France's sentiments would be crazy."

Le Monde's enriched commentary on de Gaulle's sudden departure was contained in a Tuesday-afternoon editorial signed Sirius, meaning that it came from the pen of editor Hubert Beuve-Méry, who writes always under this nom de plume and only on especially significant occasions. His editorial was titled "Roulette Russe?" Sirius treated the referendum-plebiscite as a kind of gamble that de Gaulle played with destiny. "Power must come from the people," the General wrote in his memoirs, Sirius noted, so he felt forced to supersede last year's legislative elections with a direct consultation this year with French citizens in a referendum. "A bold gambler who had long been lucky but who now heard the hounds at his heels, did he not deliberately risk a theatrical way out, a kind of political suicide, like a shot in Russian roulette?" Sirius asked. "Did Charles de Gaulle thus mean to mask the feeling of impotence and of being stopped short in his course that arose briefly last May, and that little by little enveloped him? Charles de Gaulle has left, yet no problem has been settled by his departure. One can hope that the somewhat idolatrous piety he always proffered to France will incite the country not to repeat the errors of early Gaullism and to repress the temptations that its ultras will not fail to stir up. Those who remain faithful to him feel a sadness, which is shared, more or less, by those who were against him. For all, the task will be more difficult because, instead of firmly establishing the institutions and customs that the French ex-

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pected of him as head of state, he too often taught them not to be constrained by rules that had become burdensome, thus creating precedents that others might rally to without setting the same limits. Such is, in their greatness, the weakness of most heroes of history."

By those of us who often saw and heard him, former President de Gaulle will probably be longest remembered as the modern French leader who united France by uniting those who were for him and those who were against him. His fame was as an emotional catalyst.

—GENÊT

•

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Boys are swimming
through the sun's tail,
which is switched
by abrasive waves dyed
flamingo. The head

of the sun is cardinal
from the ears down.
Its pate is pink.
Oh, as I wrote
that, a flush spread

to the hairline,
the chin's no longer
there. The tail
on the waves is sliced
with purple. Oiled ibis-

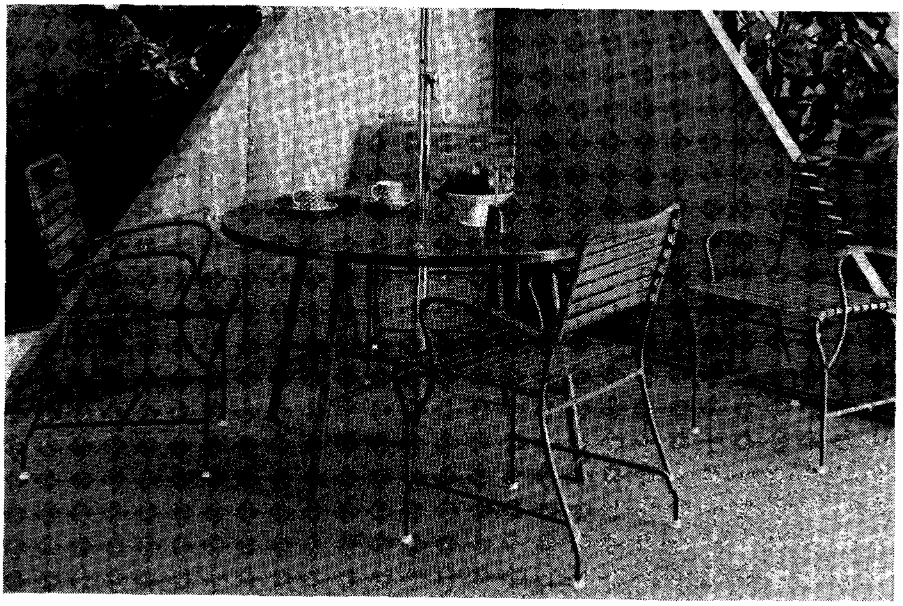
feathered swells
make it fan
out like a peacock's.
But slowly drooped
and narrowed, it drags

west. The boys'
heads are hubs
for scintillating
circles. Their arms plough
a waterfield of eyes.

The peckered scalp
is melting, there goes
the last capfeather
of faint red down down.
Down. The boys come up,

almost black.
They flip wet off
by the green-haired rocks,
behind them embered
a phoenix crown.

—MAY SWENSON



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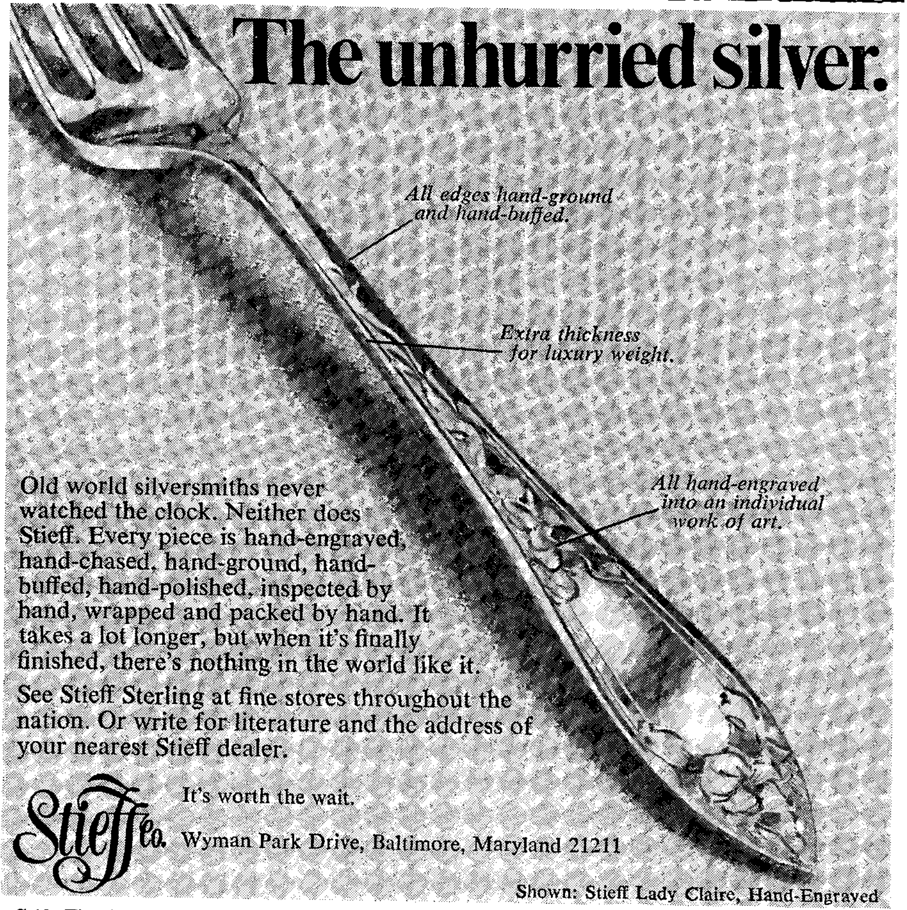

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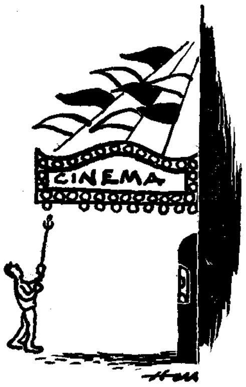
THE CURRENT CINEMA

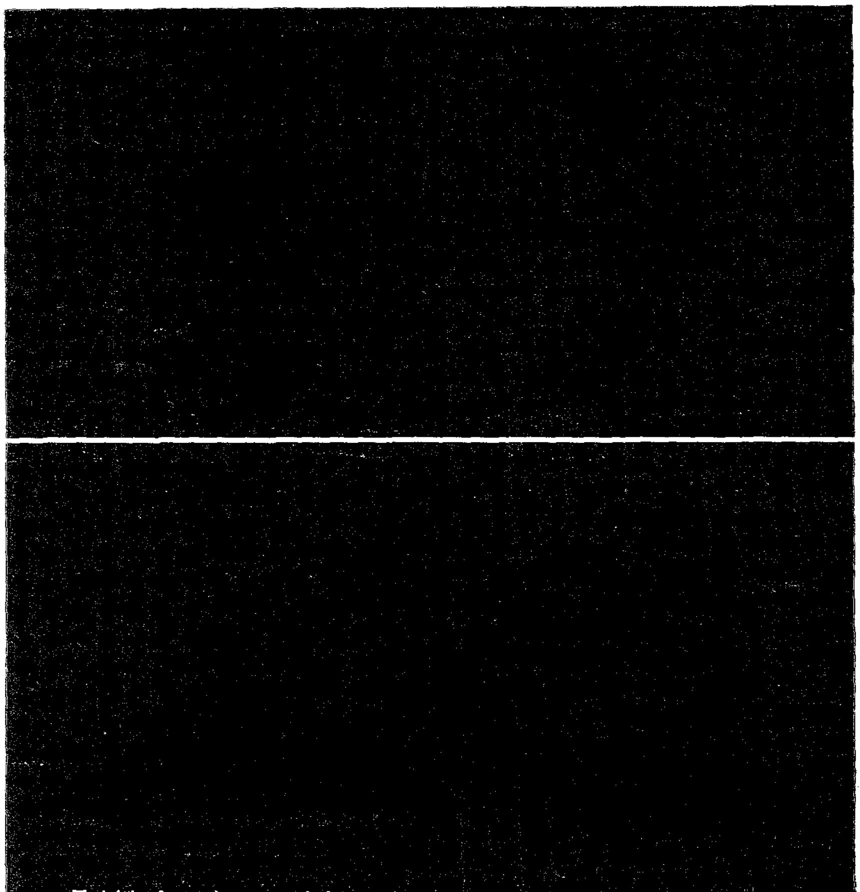
White Lies, So They Say

DAVID HOFFMAN's "King, Murray" strikes me as a horrible mistake from start to finish. It may have the look of *cinéma vérité*, but this is spontaneity clapped in irons. The feature-length "improvisation"—by a bullfrog-voiced insurance agent called Murray King, acting "himself"—uses fabricated situations, fixes the order of events, and hires actors to play some of Murray King's "friends" among his real ones. Reporting on the actual has its ethic, I should have thought, but, boy, it is not here. The fact that the hero of the rigged self-portrait cheerfully, and even earnestly, connived at travestying himself only makes the spectacle more grotesque. He doesn't know, it seems, that he hasn't a hope of telling the truth about himself. Apparently a natural exhibitionist, he is egged on to be as shameless, crass, and outrageous as possible. Canny questions from the interviewers discernibly nudge him into malapropisms and illiteracies. There is a feeling that he is here to perform for us, as the archetype of the secretly insecure go-getter. He is encouraged to boast about being in the rat race, about hating girls with "ironing-board" chests, about buying a huge insurance policy on his wife's life, because, after all, without her "I would have to pay tax as the head of the household rather than on a joint return, plus the fact that I would have to have a governess to take care of my four kids. That would cost money." The pressure of the film's technique, with its light-minded mixture of fiction and fact, is always to make him diminish himself by overplaying the blusterer-as-the-victim-of-capitalist-society, blah, blah. He is being asked to write and act his character as if he were a figure in a work of the imagination, and it puts him dreadfully at a loss, for he is just a saloon performer, and no writer at all. When the film asks questions that are probably meant to turn him on as a poet but can only further press him and make him defend himself by enacting the woozy, hard-sell loon, the idle spite of the game bowls you over. For this is a real man up for judgment, and the judgment is bound to be that he is a posturer made of straw and credit cards and girl friends' telephone numbers—yet he isn't actually being allowed to be a real man at all, because of the influences toward quarter-truths and faked robustness exerted by the situation. One doesn't want to see him let himself down with gigglingly arranged exhibitions of a life lived as though to prove the possible existence of a man in whom Man is dead. One doesn't want to hear him encouraged to say *that* Las Vegas (*Las Vegas*) is "a world of magic and make-believe." When he is being massaged, or going swimming, the flesh for which the film feels no affection is allowed to be only gross.



In acting out his traits as others see them, Mr. King may well have thought that he was free to explore anything and everything about himself, but he is really in a very tight cage of mirrors. The camera equipment, the crew, the actors, the fictional scenes of arranged hilarity and boozing and ploys with miming girl friends all reflect an image of him as the film wants him to be, and perhaps as he most fears himself to be. Everywhere he looks, in this situation, he seems to see coming back at him only the worst of Murray King: pushy, facetious, tough, lethally tireless. He exaggerates and simplifies himself because this is probably his public style and the half-lost fact of his "intimate," "liberating," "truth-telling" position here is that he is really—most cripplingly—in public. Though the mikes and the interviewers are often visible, the direct-cinema technique clouds the issue, and makes the effect on him of the crews' own wishes and attitudes cruelly hard to allow for. If Murray King presents himself as a goon coarse beyond nightmare, maybe it is because the vulgarity of the film's conception leads him to extemporize only on the subject of his surface. You can guess at bashfulness beneath it, and who knows what other private, tentative contradictory characteristics, but none of that is going to show believably in the hectic sort of evidence required by David Hoffman's apparatus of confessional, which practically forbids the inner truth. For instance, Mr. King says in the film that he would have liked to be an actor, a producer, or a teacher. There are plenty of signs of the first two bents but not a glimmer of a man who could actually have liked teaching—not as this film records him, although the fact is that he did once try it. In his behavior through a month or two of life, or in a piece of reporting by a writer with a few hesitations about booting a real person into a fixed part as Everyman Shallow, we might have seen something else.

I WISH I could be rid of the feeling that something in James Ivory's "The Guru" exploits India and Indianness, for there's no question that he also loves them. The film is so nearly very good when it holds to its deeper absorptions—to the looks and sounds and talk of the place, to the position of the sage in Indian life, and to the confused behavior of one particular guru—that you hit an especially bad air pocket when it indulges itself suddenly with some cocky piece of Western ridicule, or with its dumb love-interest for the English-speaking market. The whole exploration of the guru (the *ustad*, really) is engrossing and worth doing. He is most beautifully played by Utpal Dutt, who gives the man a stature that is weirdly left doubtful by his lines. The script, by R. Prawer Jhabvala and Mr. Ivory, makes the guru seem banal and maybe a charlatan, when I think it meant to imply that he was a true sage capable of small-mindedness. A soft-voiced man with grape-colored lips who teaches music to a houseful of disciples, he seems in Utpal Dutt's performance a believable mixture of the august and the pettish. He dispenses calm and discipline to his students from a height above the weather, and yet he is also irascible and envious. An English pop-singer idol (Michael York, doing his best in an ad man's idea of a part) comes to learn the sitar from him. The guru is not only offended but also slightly attracted by the boy's casual disrespect. The man generally knows better and more, but of this particular sort of cool he knows nothing. The gaps in his own sophistication have a subtle power to infuriate the tutor of simplicity. He had expected to be teaching a student who would be in his thrall—who would be looking for "the real India," like Forster's English people, and would be humbled by not being able to put his heavy hand on it. But the boy's interest turns out to be languid, and the guru finds himself locked in a power game that he is ill-equipped to play. The historic styles of East and West are back to front. The English boy is all Mod poise, and the guru bothered and intense. The Indian



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is made to seem a complex mixture of strength and flab. It is there in his relationships with his two wives, among other things. He keeps the two far apart. The elder, who has borne him only daughters, lives in Bombay. The younger, pregnant with a child that the Bombay wife is sadly trying to magic out of being a son, is in Benares. It suits the guru's character to back things two ways; the saintly man has a fascinating streak of Mr. Main Chance, which would be even more interesting if it were the script, and not Utpal Dutt's performance alone, that suggested him to be genuinely a figure of size.

But there is more in the picture than this, and that's the trouble. If only it had allowed itself to move around these people more densely, without the dopey intrusion of a love story about the pop idol and an English hippie, played by Rita Tushingham. The still dopier thing is that almost certainly not a single extra ticket is going to be notched up by this tired piece of box-office come-on. The characters of the two wives are touching and true; they could have been wonderfully extended. Nearly all their scenes seem authentic. But then one of them, or the guru, is made to say something point-making—to spell out a nuance in a very un-Indian way, for our fidgety benefit—and the Indians' dialogue in the film begins to feel skimped and falsified. It is in these two women, seen through the guru's eyes, that the true and gently observant substance of the film seems to lie. The pair of English foreigners need to be much more lightly there; there *is* something faintly absurd about the emphasis given to characters written as such stock types in a movie that celebrates India's feeling for the riches of idiosyncrasy and fluke. As English prototypes of swingingness, these two reveal nothing much. They mostly bear witness to the idiocy of a film industry that often refuses to back movies set in strange lands unless star parts and love-interest are written in for characters from the money men's own territories.

It is curious, this question of the authentic in an imagined work. It obviously has little or nothing to do with the factually accurate, or even with the widely recognizable. One doesn't have to have been in India to be sure that there is something absolutely authentic about the scene in which the *ustad* goes to visit his own guru, an old, old, proud man who smokes a hookah and holds oceanic silences that contain their whit of competitiveness. One has the same trust in most of the

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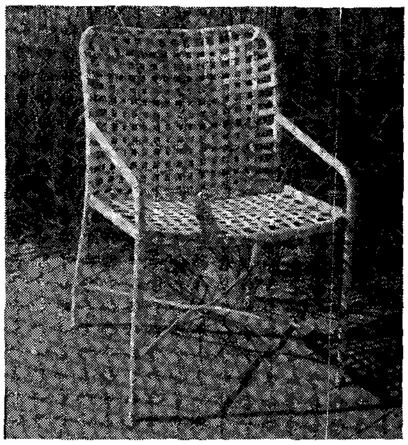

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lines given to the wives—for instance, when the young one talks to Rita Tushingham about clothes, and when the aging one, in Bombay, asks the English girl if the other wife is very beautiful. And one believes in the terror of Rita Tushingham—giving a tender performance in a ridiculous, marriage-struck part—when the older wife and a bedraggled, occult crone, sitting on the floor and talking with an attentiveness of position that evokes as much of India as the smells of curries and sweet orangeades can do, admiringly fondle her hair and her skin. But there are also many moments that, besides stealing time from the three central characters, seem frivolously like set pieces with planted points. A news-conference scene with an Indian woman reporter, whose adopted extreme Englishness looks as if it were being ridiculed, because we are shown nothing else about her, strikes you as put there to display a quick theme about being Indian now, and so as not quite authentic. When things in "The Guru" are pointed out like this, their effect is immediately knowing, and so they strike one as untrue. And at the beginning of the film, when the pop singer arrives by air to an audience of screaming Indian teen-agers, one regrets the weight put on the sequence, for all that is being said so forcefully by the camera is that Indian teen-agers are just like other teen-agers; and it seems a trite remark to make, and possibly less true than an observation of ways in which a few particular Indian teen-agers are different would be.

Where do these fugitive feelings of trust and doubt come from? Perhaps they are quick pickups of differences in the creator's own original impulses. The difference may be between the impulse to demonstrate, which breeds wariness in us, and the impulse to discover, which takes us along with it. (Brecht said once that he wrote plays

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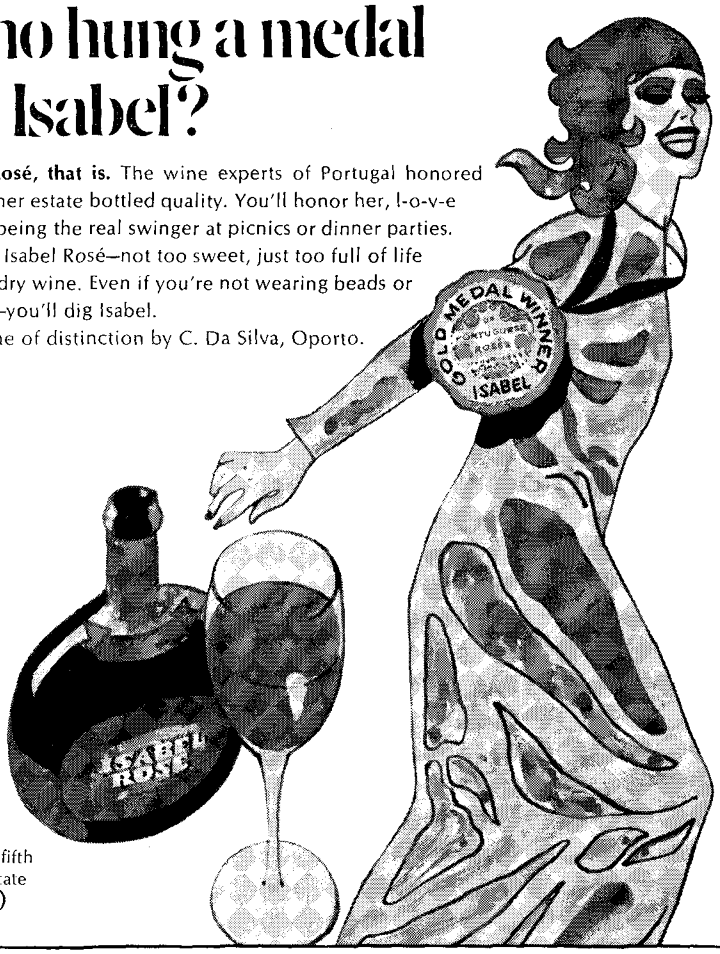

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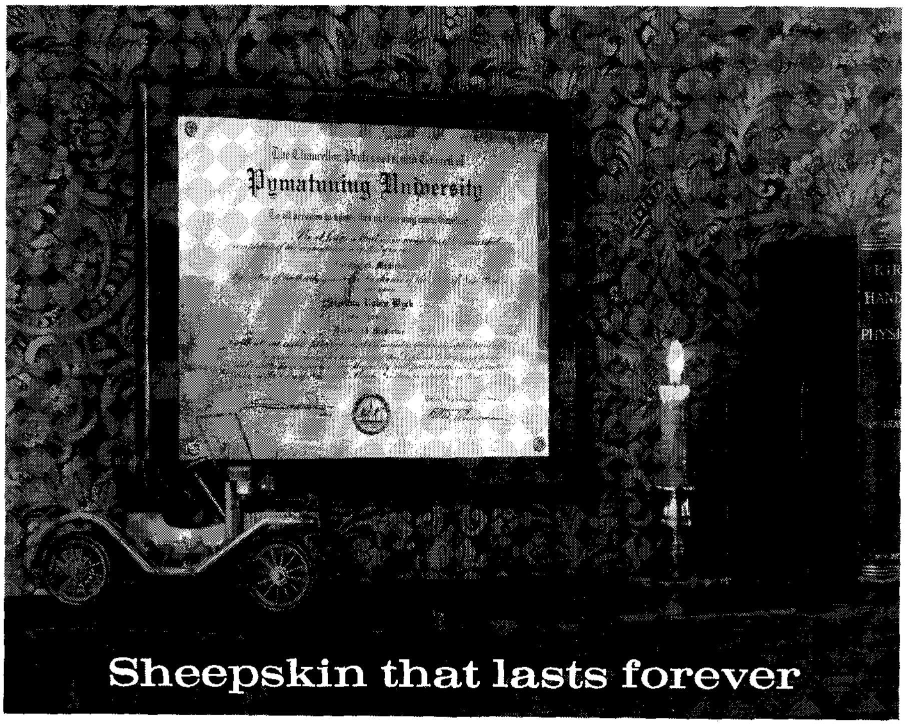

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not to show That but to find out Whether.) I think it is true that the effect of authenticity comes out of a readiness to explore the only partly known and to let the material overrule the kind of schematic outlining that sometimes interrupts "The Guru" as clearly as if one were hearing voices laying out the themes of the film in planning conferences. There are many modest things to like about James Ivory's new film, but not as many as there were to like about his "Shakespeare Wallah." Now and then, "The Guru" carries this sense of error.

FELLINI'S "Nights of Cabiria" was about a whore and about hopefulness. "Sweet Charity," the film musical based on "Nights of Cabiria," is about a dance-hall hostess and about Shirley MacLaine's legs. The legs are enjoyable. So are a few other things. But some element is missing—point, mostly. As musicals often will, this one substitutes energy. Several gifted people are involved in the hefty effort. It is like watching a court of wits and fops helplessly attendant on a muscleman.

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St. Louis 3, Detroit 2
Philadelphia 2, Minnesota 2, tie
Los Angeles 3, Pittsburgh 1
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Boston 11, Toronto 3
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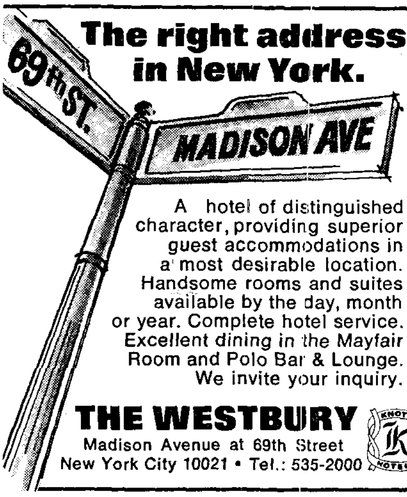

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THE RACE TRACK

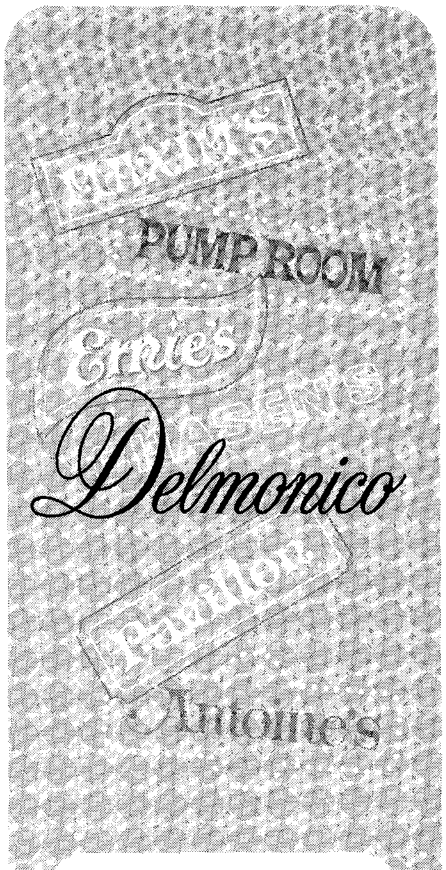
The Prince Comes Through

WELL, Majestic Prince justified the faith his stable and his backers had in him and preserved his unbeaten record by a most dramatic victory in the Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday. He won, going away, by a neck from Arts and Letters, and Dike was half a length farther back. Top Knight, prominent for a mile, was fifth, a dozen lengths down the course. From all accounts, it was the largest crowd ever at Churchill Downs, and from the shots of it I saw on television I'd agree. (If you must know, I popped a small splint in my off leg while warming up for the trip, so I had to watch the race on TV. I thought the broadcast was adequate, but I must say that I missed Jack Drees, who in my book is the best racing announcer in the country.)

Only eight horses ran for the Derby—the fewest since 1948, Citation's year, when there were six. If you thought, as I did, that somebody else would win, Majestic Prince was a thoroughly discouraging sight, for on looks he stood head and shoulders above the rest in the parade to the post. Dike seemed to me—though it's really difficult to assess condition on television—lighter in flesh than he was when I saw him in the Wood Memorial, and he was sweating slightly, which is something I'd rather not see a horse do before a race. Arts and Letters, by contrast, never looked better and fitter in his life, and Top Knight also appeared in particularly fine fettle. The start couldn't have been better, or fairer for all. Ocean Roar, a hero of Beulah Park, near Columbus, Ohio (John McNulty's favorite track), was first to show, and he scooted round the clubhouse turn with Arts and Letters, Top Knight, and Majestic Prince almost abreast behind him. (Majestic Prince was on the outside of the bunch, but I don't think he lost as much ground as some observers at the track said he did.) Ocean Roar continued down the backstretch with open daylight between him and Top Knight, and Majestic Prince was galloping along smoothly, with Arts and Letters not far behind. After they passed the far turn, Top Knight took the lead, but he could hold it only briefly and then started falling back. Meanwhile, Dike had moved up from seventh place and begun to bear down on the leaders, and as Arts and Letters and Majestic Prince came down the stretch stride for stride, the gap began to close. But in the last hundred yards Dike started to shorten his stride and Majestic Prince pushed forward, drawing away from Arts and Letters as they went over the finish line. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅘—good, but nothing remarkable.

Taking one thing with another, it was a superlative Derby, run under perfect conditions and won by the best horse. I had wondered whether Majestic Prince would like the distance. So many horses who come from the Coast have not run very well in their first few starts in the East. (Curiously, Majestic Prince's granddam, Your Hostess, was a full sister of Your Host, the California wonder horse who was an 8–5 favorite for the Derby in 1950 and finished ninth. Johnny Longden, who trains Majestic Prince, will remember. He rode the beast.) But Majestic Prince has come through with flying colors. As I've said before, he is the handsomest three-year-old I've seen in many a season. Rich chestnut in color, he is tall and powerfully built, yet beautifully proportioned. What's more than good looks, he has the will to win, which a lot of racers haven't. Last Saturday, he had courage, speed, and a first-rate jockey (Hartack). Who could ask for anything more? I started going off the deep end about this horse when I saw him at Santa Anita last winter, and I feel even stronger now. Need you inquire who I think will win the Preakness at Baltimore next Saturday?

I suppose everyone knows that Majestic Prince is by Raise a Native out of Gay Hostess, a daughter of Royal Charger; that Frank McMahon, a Canadian industrialist, gave a record $250,000 for him at the Keeneland Sales; that first money in the Derby was $113,200, bringing the colt's earnings to $259,700; that he has won all of his eight starts; and that Longden, who had 32,406 mounts and 6,026 winners in the forty years he was a jockey, seems to be doing as well at training horses as he did at riding them. And speaking of jockeys and records, this was Hartack's fifth Derby win, which puts him in a tie with Arcaro. Hartack's ride on Majestic Prince wasn't as brilliant as his ride on North-



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ern Dancer in the 1964 Derby, which I thought was his best, but it was a fine example of confidence and judgment. In my opinion, he's the best race rider of the present lot, and could have held his own with such famous old-timers as Fator, McAtee, Garner, Sande, Johnson, and Workman. He is an articulate man, but he refuses to answer stupid questions thrown at him by television broadcasters and newspapermen, and I can't fault him for that.

Arts and Letters ran well for Baeza, who was engaged to ride him after Shoemaker's unfortunate accident at Hollywood Park four days before the race. A filly that Shoemaker was to ride stumbled and fell on him, fracturing his pelvis. I have no excuses for Dike, who was my selection. Perhaps the slow early pace (the first six furlongs were run in 1:12⅖) hurt his chances, but I'm sure the Prince had enough left to take care of him. For Top Knight's many admirers, the writing was on the wall three furlongs from home. At that point, shortly after he'd taken the lead, Ycaza began to ride him for dear life. I doubt if he'll make the Preakness.

Racing finally got a cachet that was long overdue when President Nixon went to the Derby last weekend. It wasn't an official visit, comparable to that of Queen Elizabeth II to Royal Ascot, when she rides down the stretch in an open landau, but it was recognition of the sport above and beyond the attention given it by the tax collectors.

As this is written, there is still no racing in New York, and the end of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association boycott of the entry box at Aqueduct is not in sight. So far, the state's treasury has lost about three million dollars in revenue from betting, and the New York Racing Association has lost perhaps a quarter of that from admissions and its share of the take from the mutuels. Meanwhile, the expenses of the stables at Belmont and Aqueduct go right on—about twenty dollars per horse per day. I hate the weapon of the strike, but it seems to me that the grooms, the exercise boys, and the other stable help should have welfare benefits. The men who sell the mutuel tickets have them.

By the way, at the Republican Governors' Convention in Lexington last week a share in a yearling by Chateaugay was given to each of them. Colonel Martingale wonders if that doesn't make Governer Rockefeller eligible to join the H.B.P.A. —Audax Minor

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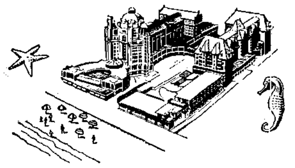

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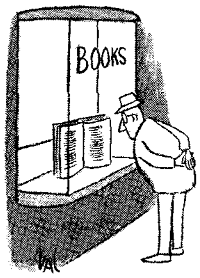
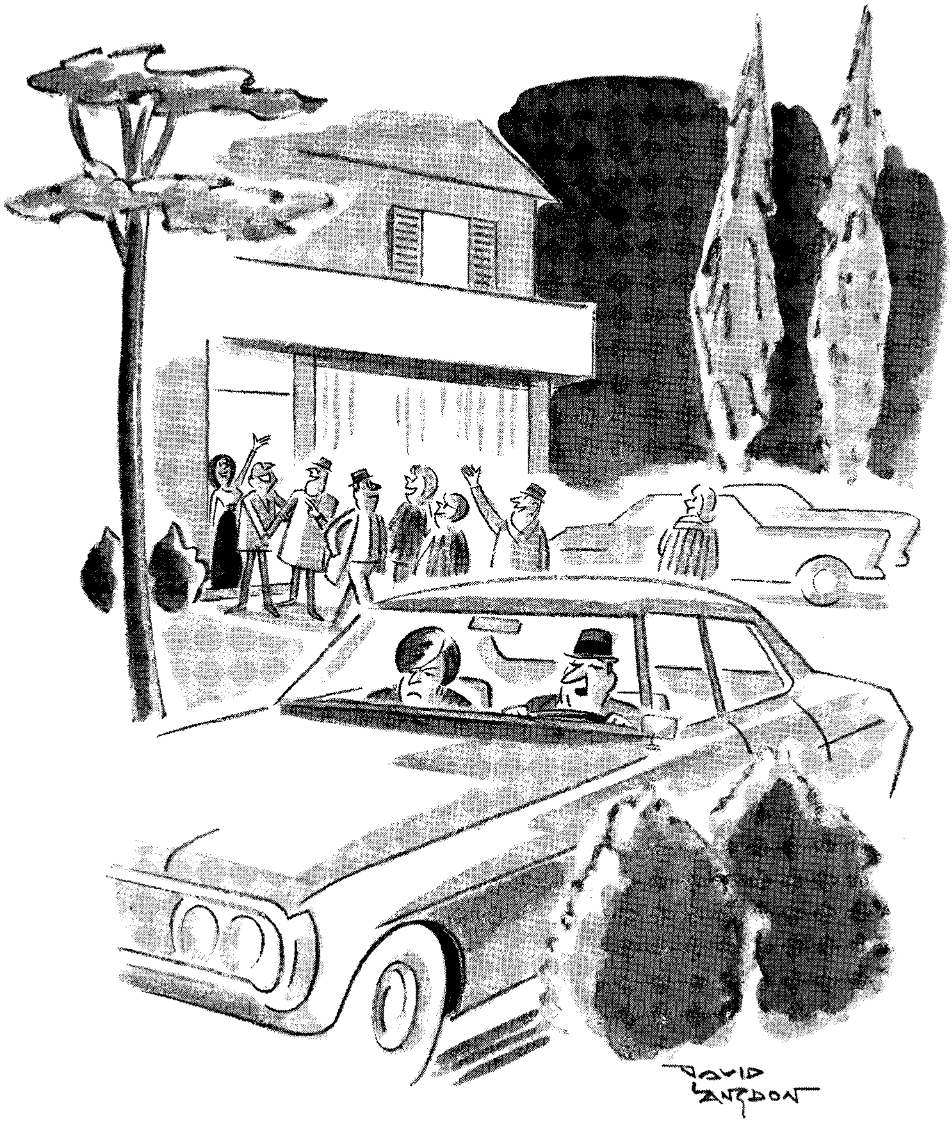


In 1934, the Italian nuclear physicists Enrico Fermi and Emilio Segrè, working in Rome, bombarded uranium with slow neutrons and performed, inadvertently, the first experiment in which nuclear fission was induced. The phenomenon occurred, but, as occasionally happens even among the best physicists (both Fermi and Segrè became Nobel Prizewinners for work done in nuclear physics), they did not recognize it. Many years later, reflecting on what it would have meant for the world if fission had been discovered in Fascist Italy in 1934, Segrè noted, "The whole story of our failure [to discover fission] is a mystery to me. I keep thinking of a passage from Dante: 'O crucified Jove, do you turn your just eyes away from us or is there here prepared a purpose secret and beyond our comprehension?' " (As it happened, the German physical chemist Otto Hahn, in 1938, repeated the Rome experiment, which was then correctly interpreted by his physicist colleague—the late Lise Meitner—and her physicist nephew Otto Frisch. But by then Fermi and Segrè were in the United States, Meitner had fled from Germany to Sweden, where she did this work on fission, and Frisch had gone to Denmark; physics in Germany and Italy was in chaos, and the Germans were never able to take advantage of their brief lead in the race to build the atomic bomb.) It is almost incredible that the discovery of fission should have been delayed those four years, and that its application to nuclear weaponry was first made in the United States, a country whose exploration of modern physics had been so limited before 1930 that physicists like Robert Oppenheimer and I. I. Rabi, who wanted to learn what was happening, had to go to the European universities to find out. Indeed, the entire history of the construction of the atomic bomb and its aftermath is so fraught with paradox, tragedy (both personal and political), and the best and the worst manifestations of human character, all intertwined with the unfolding of the most complex technological invention ever made, that it is unlikely that any single account will ever be able to encompass the whole thing. There have been many books about the bomb project and its consequences. The Smyth Report, by the physicist Henry Smyth, is still the basic document on the technical aspects of constructing the bomb, or the aspects that have been made public, though since 1945, when the report was written, much more information has been declassified. However, this report gives no hint of the human factors that were a crucial element in the success of the project and in the events that led to the hearings involving Oppenheimer and to the balance of terror on which we all have been suspended for the twenty-three years since the first bomb was exploded, at the test site in New Mexico. Laura Fermi's wonderful biography of her husband, "Atoms in the Family," is a delightful first-hand account of life at Los Alamos as well as an account of the destruction of European science that resulted in this country's becoming—largely because of the scientists who took refuge here (Fermi, Hans Bethe, Eugene Wigner, John Von Neumann, and Edward Teller, to name a few)—a preëminent nuclear power. However, the book is necessarily limited in scope and does not give insights into the conflicts of personalities and ideas that came into public view during the Oppenheimer hearings, which took place in 1954, the year her book was published. "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer," the public transcript of the hearings before the Personnel Security Board of the Atomic Energy Commission, reads like a great tragic drama. The German author Heinar Kipphardt actually did convert it into a drama, which, bearing the same title, and translated, recently appeared at



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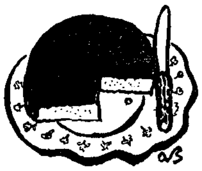
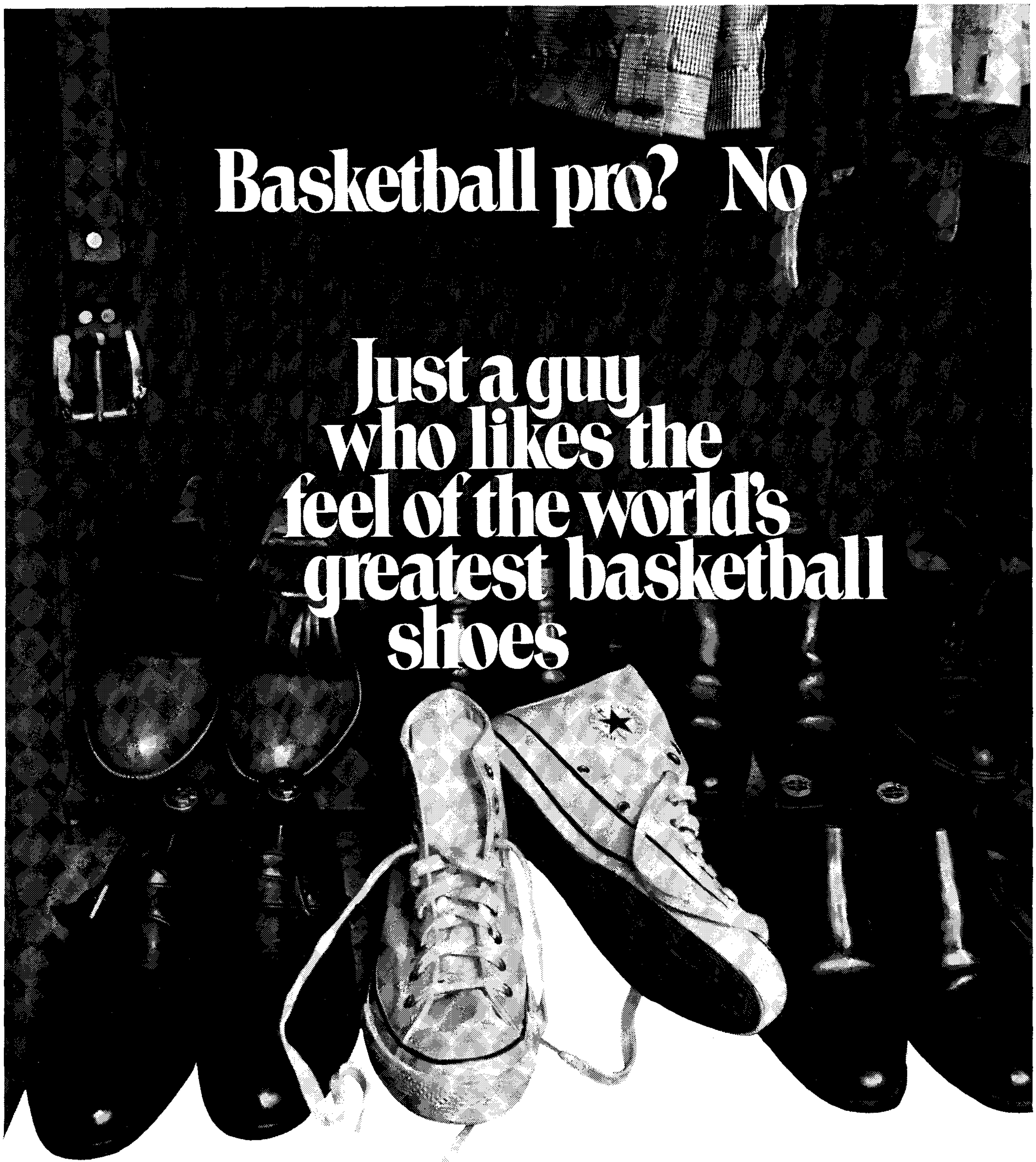
Lincoln Center. Oppenheimer strongly objected to his being made, in the play, to apologize, on behalf of the wartime nuclear physicists, for "the work of the Devil." He and the other men who built the bomb believed that the Germans were well ahead in its construction. Many of them were European refugees, often Jewish, who knew better than anyone else at the time what it would mean if such a weapon fell into the hands of Hitler. Kipphardt also makes his Oppenheimer say, "I begin to wonder whether we were not perhaps traitors to the spirit of science when we handed over the results of our research to the military, without considering the consequences." But the Los Alamos scientists did indeed consider the consequences; they were, in the beginning, the only ones to do so, for almost no one else had any knowledge at all of the bomb. (German writers on the bomb, in the main, especially Robert Jungk, in his widely read "Brighter Than a Thousand Suns," have interpreted the Germans' failure to build the bomb, despite their substantial lead, as a voluntary humanitarian act by certain German scientists. The case against this interpretation was firmly made in Samuel Goudsmit's "Alsos," published in 1947, which is based on Goudsmit's effort, on behalf of the United States Army, to search out the German physicists and nuclear-research centers before the German surrender, and, more recently, in the brilliant and scrupulously documented "The German Atomic Bomb," by David Irving. From these books it is clear that the Germans would have built a bomb if they could have. They were stopped by a lack of first-rate scientists, governmental indifference, a hierarchical academic system that made criticism by junior people impossible even when they were right, and, finally, Allied sabotage.) Daniel Lang has given, in a series of articles and books, a vivid impression of the physicists of Los Alamos and of the postwar attempts by scientists to educate the public about the dangers and opportunities of nuclear energy. And there are many other books, pamphlets, and journals, such as the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, that contribute something to filling in the unbelievably complex mosaic of events that have produced the present nuclear impasse.



In "Lawrence and Oppenheimer" (Simon & Schuster), Nuel Pharr Davis, a professor of English at the University of Illinois, has now, after more than seven years of research, attempted to bring together all those elements. An enormous amount of preparation has evidently gone into this book, which is written with splendid journalistic élan and a high sense of drama. However, some of this drama has been produced at the cost of introducing inaccuracies into the narrative—a weakness that is at least in part a product of the fact that Professor Davis has rather recently come to this subject from the outside. Since he was not personally involved in the events, he has had to rely on a great deal of post-factum information gathered from people some of whom seem to have had axes to grind, and who looked back to the past with optical illusions conditioned by what they wanted to believe. In certain instances—misspelled names, wrong dates, quotations taken out of context, and scientific errors—these inaccuracies are simply the result of sloppy and indifferent scholarship. (Oppenheimer is erroneously given the first name Julius. The "J" doesn't stand for anything. Oppenheimer's *father* was named Julius.) Even the account of the awarding of the Nobel Prize to Segrè is garbled; Davis awards it for the discovery of Element 43, whereas it was awarded for Segrè's part in the discovery of the anti-proton. Some of the men interviewed by Davis have told me that they have no precise recollection of being interviewed (which is understandable if the interviews took place many years ago) or of having made the often extremely provocative statements attributed to them. This is not to say that these statements were not made, but it does cause one to wonder about the context in which they were made. If, in an interview, someone told me that an individual was "thin-skinned" and "anxiety-ridden," how could I evaluate this statement if I did not know reasonably well either the individual or my informant? In exactly these terms, Professor Davis unqualifiedly evaluates one of the most productive contemporary nuclear physicists, a man whose name does not appear in the list Davis gives, at the beginning of his book, of people he has interviewed. But the very fact that Professor Davis is an "outsider" has enabled him to write without any of the *noblesse oblige* that would inhibit a physicist—at least, a physicist who still wants to enjoy the friendship and confidence of his colleagues—from making the judgments and evaluations with the abandon Davis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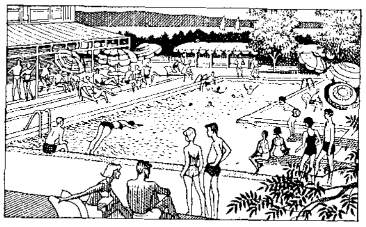

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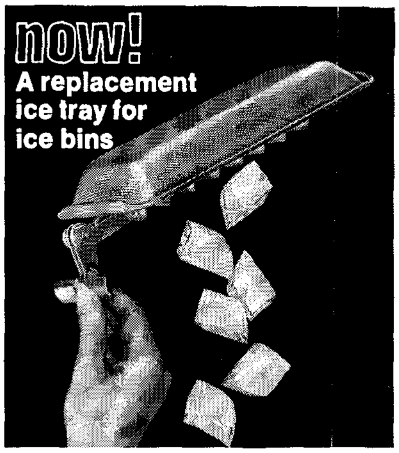
brings to the job. And, in the end, and despite the very serious flaws, there emerges at least a partial vision of the true drama.

Professor Davis has chosen to dramatize the unfolding of the nuclear age in terms of the characters of J. Robert Oppenheimer and Ernest O. Lawrence. The most casual observer of current events is familiar with the life and career of Oppenheimer, but he probably knows little of Lawrence. This is ironical, since if it had not been for the war it is unlikely that Oppenheimer's name would ever have been known to the public, and Lawrence would have been recognized as one of the most significant scientific figures our country has so far produced. Lawrence invented and developed the cyclotron, for which he received the Nobel Prize in 1939. (There is a good deal of gossip in Davis's book about how much credit should be given to the graduate student who worked with Lawrence on the machine and who contributed ideas that led to its improvement. Attributing credit for scientific inventions is a difficult task, especially if a teacher and his students are involved. Sometimes a student can transform the inchoate ideas of his teacher into something new and better, but without the teacher the student would never have worked on those ideas to begin with. Though a physicist, I have no special knowledge of what went on at Berkeley in the late twenties and early thirties, when the cyclotron was being developed, but it does seem clear that if Lawrence had not provided the first impetus the cyclotron would not have been developed when and where it was.) Lawrence was a peculiarly American phenomenon. He was descended from Norwegian immigrants who settled on the prairies of South Dakota in the nineteenth century. They were devout churchgoers, with a high regard for education and self-improvement. Lawrence's father was an educator who became president of Southern State Teachers College (now Southern State College), in Springfield, South Dakota. Lawrence was wholly a product of American education—St. Olaf College, the Universities of South Dakota, Minnesota, Chicago, and Yale, at the last of which he took his Ph.D., in 1925. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Lawrence did not serve an apprenticeship under the great European scientific masters, with their long tradition of careful experimentation. There was about him from the beginning the air of a young man in a great hurry. This, plus



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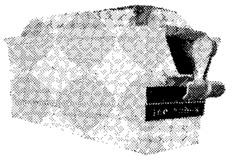

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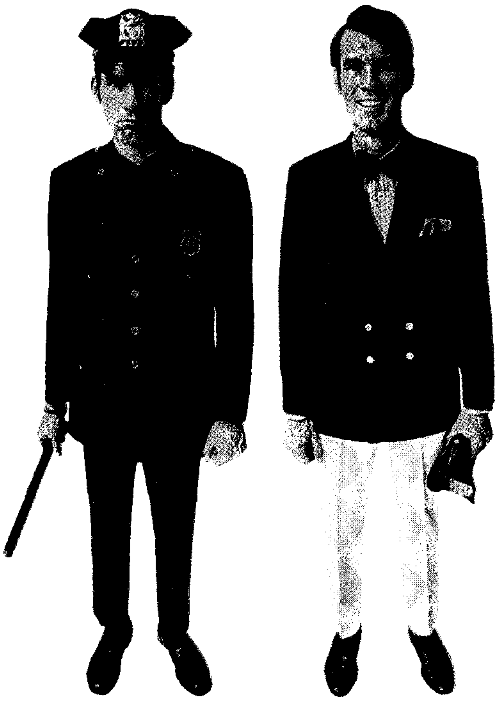

Another for instance—the doctor. In a formal dinner jacket every doctor would look like a TV star. And maybe he would feel so good he would even make housecalls.

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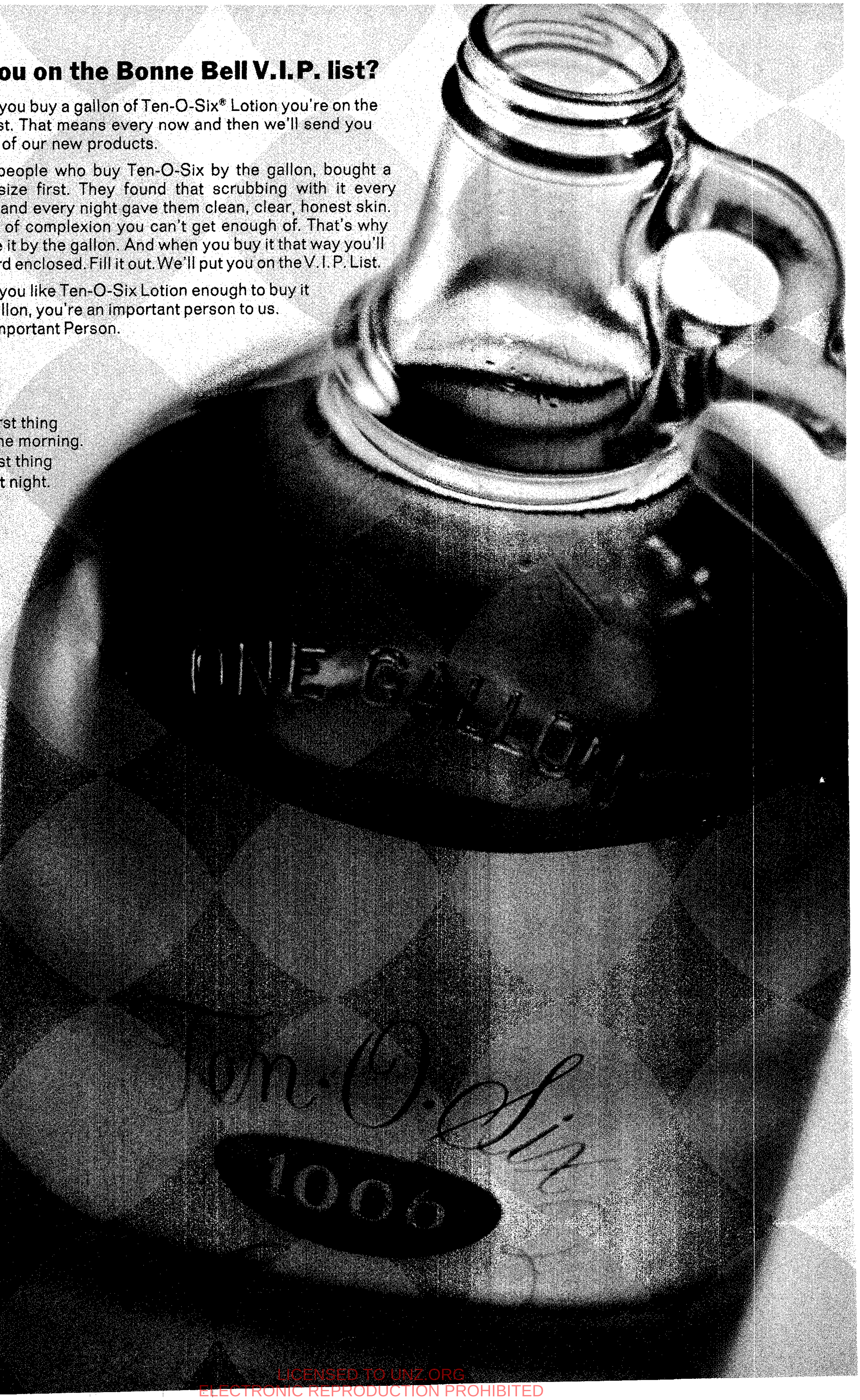
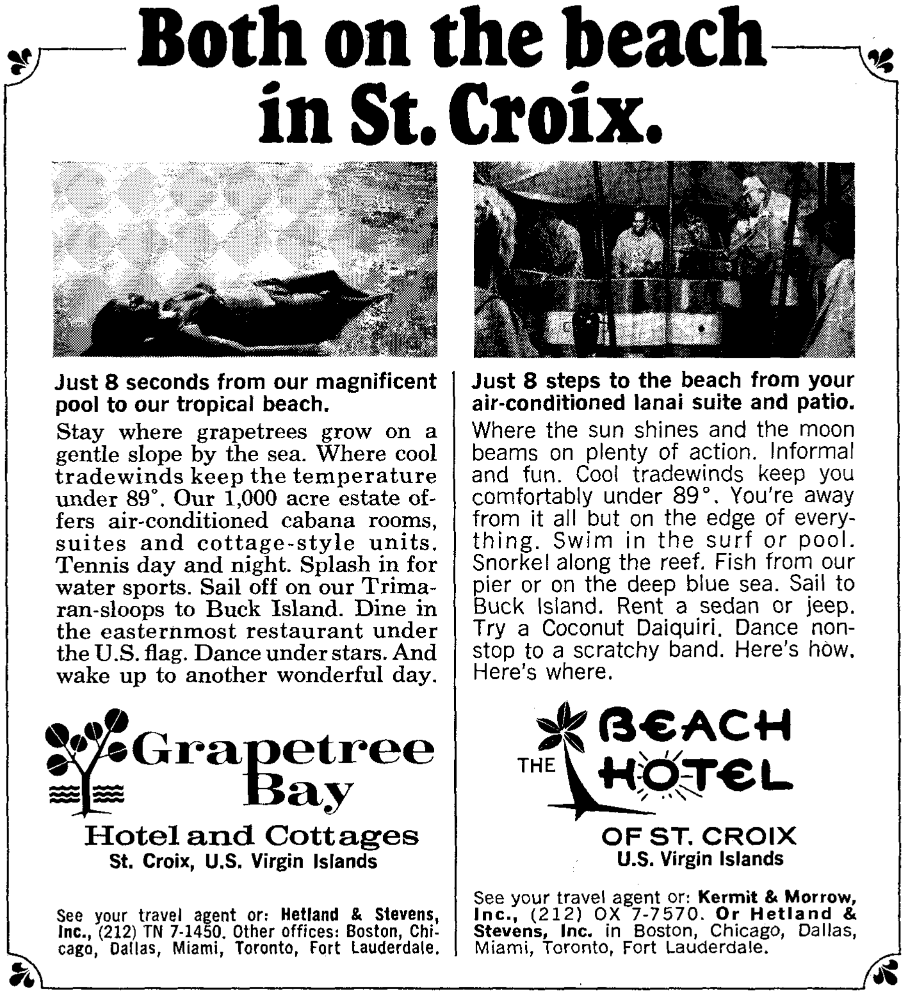


the fact that Lawrence and the people around him had to develop their own experimental techniques more or less from scratch, may explain why it was that, given the enormous significance of the cyclotron, especially in postwar physics, not much absolutely first-rate scientific discovery came out of that invention in the prewar years. The great discoveries in nuclear physics then—the existence of the neutron, fission, the artificial transmutation of elements—came out of European laboratories that were operating, by comparison, on shoestrings and sealing wax but were run by physicists with a vast background of experience.

Lawrence's interest in physics was aroused when, aged nine, he began tinkering with electric motors. (In Herbert Childs' recent semi-official biography of Lawrence, "An American Genius," these early years are described in glowing terms. Childs' Lawrence was a man of all but undiluted nobility, and in this sense his portrait is unbalanced. Davis, on the other hand, finds it difficult to see much good at all in Lawrence, especially during the postwar years. The reality is, no doubt, somewhere in between.) Lawrence's enormous drive and technical genius might well have finally turned him into a kind of Henry Ford technological industrialist. In his later years, he became fascinated by people of this sort, and he developed an immense skill at getting them to contribute toward building bigger and bigger cyclotrons. Davis notes that in 1940 the Rockefeller Foundation granted Lawrence $1,150,000—a stupefyingly large sum for a scientific grant at that time—to build a hundred-million-electron-volt proton accelerator (the original machine turned out particles of about a hundredth of this energy), and that, in contrast, the Uranium Committee, a group Roosevelt had set up to investigate the use of uranium fission as a source of explosive energy, had a budget of six thousand dollars for 1939-40. (Eventually, this committee was absorbed into the atomic-bomb project, which cost two billion dollars, but the part of the project under Lawrence's direction got the largest single fraction of this sum—about a quarter of it. Lawrence had the instincts of a promoter and the important ability to spend money.)

In 1928, Lawrence moved from Yale to Berkeley, which had offered him an associate professorship and the then substantial salary of thirty-three hundred dollars a year. It was a move he made with misgivings, for Berkeley



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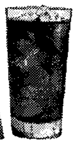

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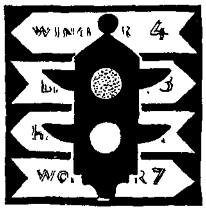
then had only a second-rate physics department—a fact difficult to believe when one contemplates the roster of Nobel Prizewinners, including last year's Luis Alvarez, who now grace the Berkeley Physics Department. These men are all in experimental physics, and the presence of most of them, and of the research facilities they found there, is due to Lawrence and the developments he initiated. Davis gives a portrayal of the young Lawrence at work and at play that, if it is taken literally, suggests that Lawrence spent most of his non-working time escorting young ladies to the movies and then falling asleep in the theatre. However, it is in just such matters that Davis cannot be taken literally, since some of the anecdotal material on which this portrait is based is, to say the least, questionable. One feels that once he has decided how a character is going to turn out, he begins loading the dice. The Lawrence projected by Davis is indeed meant to turn out badly, and he is set up for the coup de grâce early on. There is no doubt that Lawrence was ambitious and hard-driving. Yet Davis has enlarged upon these traits by repeating bits of gossip. He informs us that "any quotations in the book, unless otherwise attributed, came to me directly from the source cited." But the list of sources he has interviewed must be incomplete, since many of the direct quotes in the book—quotes significant in the story—are not ascribed to people who are listed, and no source is cited for such quotes. To give one example among a vast number, there is the tale of Robert Wilson: "One of the brightest of the Radiation Laboratory [Lawrence's] staff in the later thirties was Robert Wilson, round-cheeked, bubbling, full of original ideas. Lawrence paid him sixty dollars a month out of the fund [according to an anonymous physicist quoted by Davis, Lawrence controlled a fund made up of contributions from rich patrons, such as the amateur physicist and financier Alfred Lee Loomis, which he used to support some aspects of his research work] during most of an academic year, then stopped. Wilson, hungry, asked to be allowed to go home to his parents. Lawrence insisted he stay and keep working. 'He's so *unfeeling*,' Wilson complained." There is no "source cited" for this anecdote. Lawrence died in 1958, before Davis began preparing the book, so one is led to presume that Wilson was the informant. (The attitude of Lawrence toward his students indicated by such an anecdote is wholly contrary to what I have heard and read about the early days of the Radiation Laboratory. Mr. Childs notes, by way of corroborating my feeling, that when Lawrence asked Wilson to do a task at the lab one afternoon, Wilson pointed out that that very afternoon he was to take his Ph.D. qualifying examination "before a committee of which Ernest was the chairman," and that Lawrence said, "Oh, well, good luck—and God bless you!," to which Wilson replied, "Thank you, God.") Out of curiosity, I telephoned Wilson, now the director of the National Accelerator Laboratory, near Batavia, Illinois, where a two-hundred-billion-electron-volt accelerator, which will be the largest in the world, is being constructed, and asked him about the encounter with Lawrence cited by Davis, and he said that it had never happened. He added that he wished to point out that Lawrence was at that time his intellectual hero, and that though they had, as outspoken men, occasional differences of opinion, there existed a common respect and affection. Moreover, Wilson remarked, the fellowship support he received while he was at the Radiation Laboratory had never been cut off, and it would never have occurred to him, or, for that matter, to any student past the age of fifteen, to ask permission to go home to his parents (he was living with his mother at the time), nor had he said that Lawrence was "unfeeling." One can only wonder how Davis came upon this anecdote. But, having begun, Davis persists with his pursuit of Lawrence. Later on, during the war, Wilson was working at Princeton on the separation of isotopes by the machine called the isotron, and Davis says, "Though he had found Lawrence unfeeling about money, Wilson was attached to him and believed he could make him see the isotron's virtues."



In the fall of 1929, Oppenheimer, then twenty-five, came to teach at Berkeley. The young Oppenheimer must have been quite extraordinary. He was wealthy, striking-looking (photographs taken at the time show an abundance of long hair, which by the time of Los Alamos had given way to the more familiar monkish cut of his later years), and incredibly brilliant, with a wide range of interests in literature and the arts. (When, as a new student arrival at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, I reported to Oppenheimer in the fall of 1957, he said, after the interview, something along the lines of "We have a few paintings at our house" and suggested a visit sometime to see them. The "few paintings" turned out to be a small but remarkable collection of modern art, including a van Gogh, assembled by Oppenheimer's father, a successful, cultivated businessman who had come to the United States from Germany.) Oppenheimer led a generally bohemian life, working into the early hours of the morning and rising late in the day. (It was, no doubt, his habits of those early years that gave him such a tolerance toward the eccentric behavior that often characterized his charges at the Institute at Princeton. While I was there, a young mathematician was experimenting with a twenty-five-hour day, which meant that sometimes his day cycle coincided, more or less, with everyone else's and more often it didn't—a situation that did not particularly disturb anyone.) In the October, 1967, issue of *Physics Today*, the journal of the American Institute of Physics, Robert Serber, one of Oppenheimer's students, a lifelong friend, and an intimate associate, wrote in a memorial essay on Oppenheimer:

> Oppie's relations with his students were not confined to office and classroom. He was a bachelor then and a part of his social life was intertwined with ours. Often we worked late, continued the discussion through dinner and then later at his apartment on Shasta Road. When we tired of our problems or cleared up the point at issue, the talk would turn to wider realms of the intellect, of art, music, literature, and politics. If the problems were going badly we might give up and go to a movie. Sometimes we took a night off and had a Mexican dinner in Oakland or went to a good restaurant in San Francisco. In the early days this meant taking the Berkeley ferry and the ride across the bay. The ferries back to Berkeley did not run often late at night, and this required passing the time waiting for them at bars and night clubs near the ferry dock. Frequently we missed several ferries.... We held regular joint seminars with Felix Bloch and his students from Stanford University. After the seminars Oppie would frequently treat the whole entourage to dinner at Jack's in San Francisco. One should remember that these were post-Depression days when students were poor. The world of good food, good wines, and gracious living was far from the experience of many of them, and Oppie was introducing them to an unfamiliar way of life. We acquired something of his tastes. We went to concerts together and listened to chamber music. Oppie and Arn Nordsieck read Plato in the original Greek. During many evening parties we drank, talked, and danced until late, and, when Oppie was

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supplying the food, the novices suffered from the hot chile that social example required them to eat.

All this coincides, in a general way, with the picture of the young Oppenheimer drawn by Professor Davis. But he has grafted onto it a supposed Corsican love affair to explain what he calls Oppenheimer's "detached chivalry" and a "sense of bereavement." In 1936, during the period Serber is discussing, "something—death probably—terminated the love he [Oppenheimer] had felt since his Cambridge days," Davis tells us. (After receiving his B.A., *summa cum laude*, from Harvard in 1925, Oppenheimer went to England and spent a year in Cambridge before going to Göttingen, where, in 1927, he received his Ph.D. from Max Born, one of the founding fathers of the quantum theory.) "His world, never so complete as other people's, shrank to physics, his career, and his students," Davis says next. (The mind boggles at the thought of someone whose world was *more* complete than Oppenheimer's.) The source of the Corsican tale is, Davis says, Oppenheimer himself. "Trying to escape the blackboard, Oppenheimer went with a friend on a long vacation in Corsica. He was twenty-two years old. Physics had detached him from life. Corsica brought him back with an experience whose details are hard to come by"—a point that might have instilled caution in most biographers. "At a guess, there was a European girl who could not marry him." And then he cites Oppenheimer, presumably in an interview:

> A great thing in my life, a great and lasting part of it, more to me now, even more as I look back when my life is nearly over. [Again, one is left to wonder when this interview took place.] My reason for telling you? Those loyalty hearings that the government held on me in 1954. The records printed in so many hundreds of pages of fine print in 1954. My big year, I've heard people say, and my life story complete in those records. But it isn't so. Almost nothing that was important to me came out there, almost nothing that meant anything to me is in those records. You see, don't you, that I'm proving this point to you now. With something important to me not in those records . . . You ask whether I will tell you the full story or whether you must dig it out. But it is known to few and they won't tell. You can't dig it out. What you need to know is that it was not a mere love affair, not a love affair at all, but love.

What is one to make of this? Oppenheimer was exceedingly circumspect. Abraham Pais, who was a professor of physics at the Institute for Advanced Study from 1946, shortly before Oppenheimer became director,

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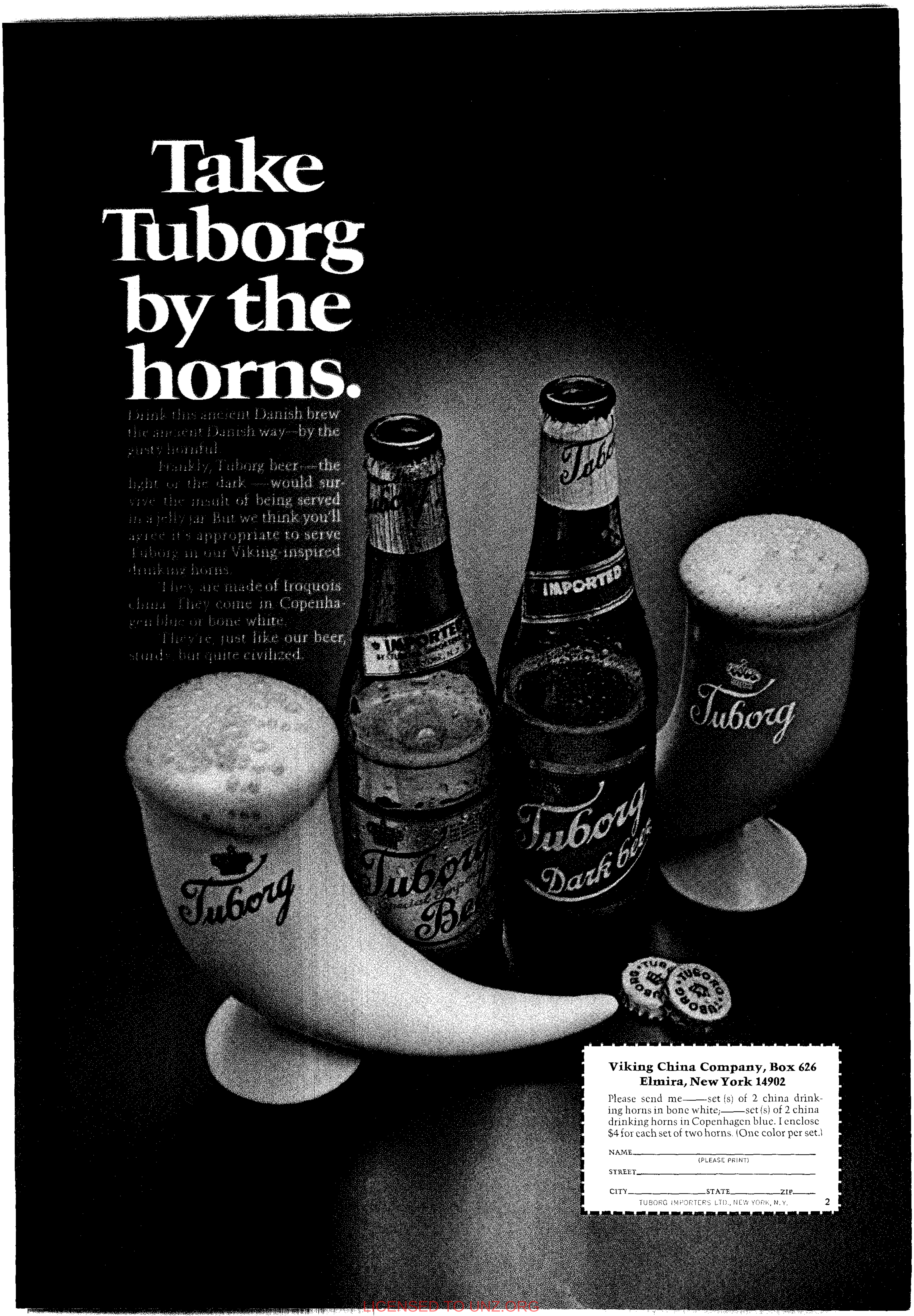

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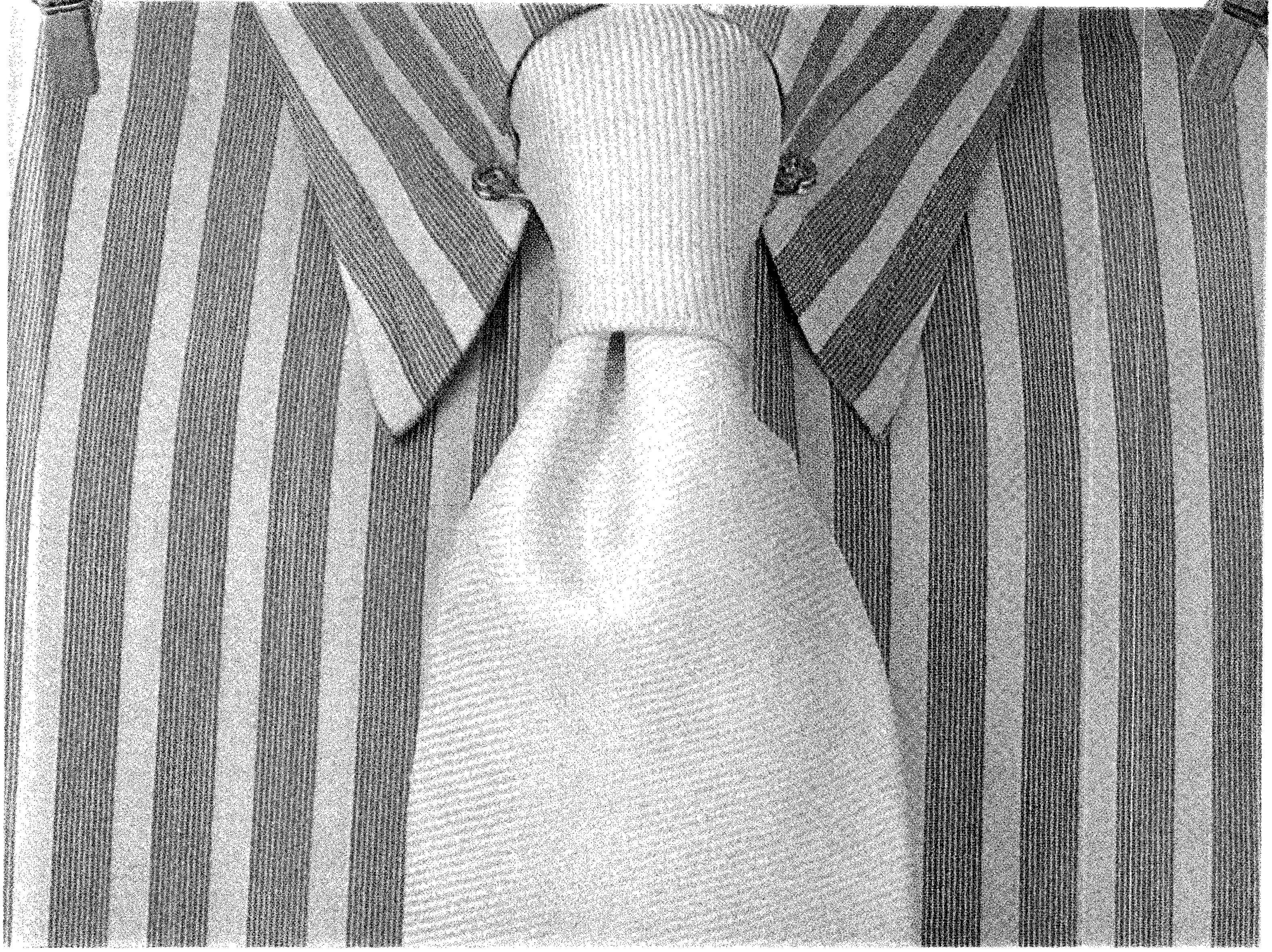

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until 1963, when Pais went to Rockefeller Institute (now Rockefeller University), and who was a longtime colleague of Oppenheimer, has said, "All those whose lives have been enriched for having known his warmth and his friendship, as has mine, had to know Robert's uncommonly strong protective sense of privacy that was sometimes mistaken for an inner aloofness." Why should Oppenheimer reveal what Davis says he did, knowing that it was going into a book? People like Serber and Rabi, who knew Oppenheimer throughout this period, tell me they know nothing of any such matter. Can a biographer introduce an "at a guess" fact about the emotional life of his subject and build the man's personality around it?

The rest of the book becomes, perhaps more pertinently, something of a polemic against such men as Lawrence, Lewis Strauss, and Teller, who were in some way responsible for, or favored, the Oppenheimer hearings of 1954. As someone who grew up during the McCarthy period and saw his own teachers attacked by McCarthy, I found the Oppenheimer hearings totally sickening. So a polemic like Davis's tempts one to overlook the faults of the book, because he eventually descends on the side of the angels. One can only regret that the book's polemic strength is diluted by its factual unreliability.

The United States, and Oppenheimer in particular, backed their way into what is now popularly known as "atomic energy." (The energy is actually derived from nuclear reactions—reactions occurring among nuclei and not among atoms, which are nuclei plus their attached electrons; ordinary chemical reactions produce "atomic energy.") Though fission was first observed in Germany, in 1938, it was not until 1941 that any large-scale attempts were made here to use it. Fermi made the first successful "chain-reacting pile," in a squash court at the University of Chicago, on December 2, 1942. By 1941, the Germans, the British, and quite possibly the Russians were well into fission research. (The British appear to have gone the farthest toward making a bomb, but their industrial capacity was so limited by the war that they could not push the project to completion.) The first efforts here, made after Roosevelt had received, in October of 1939, the celebrated letter signed by Einstein about the nuclear threat posed by Germany, were under the auspices of the Uranium Committee, which consulted

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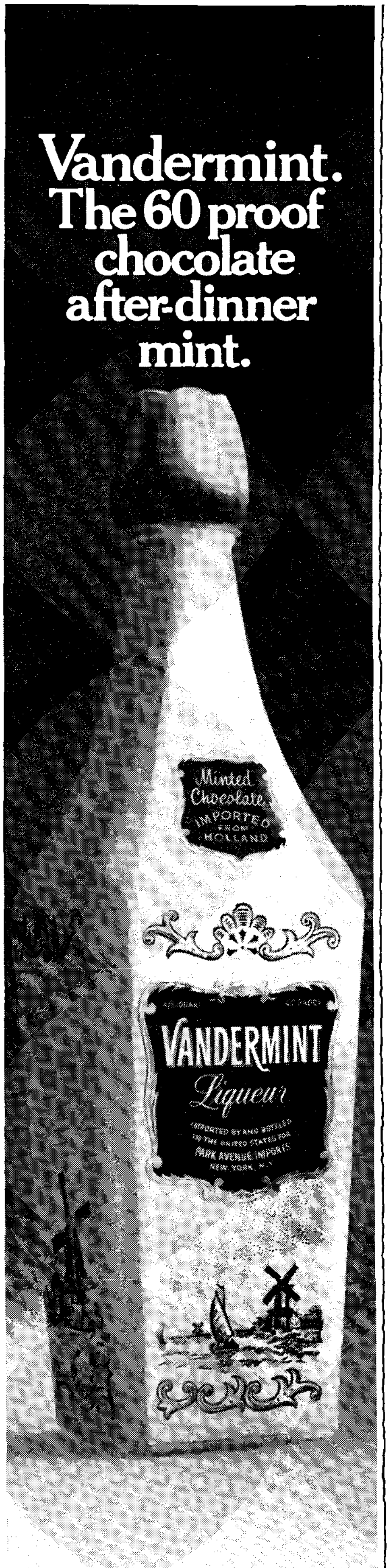

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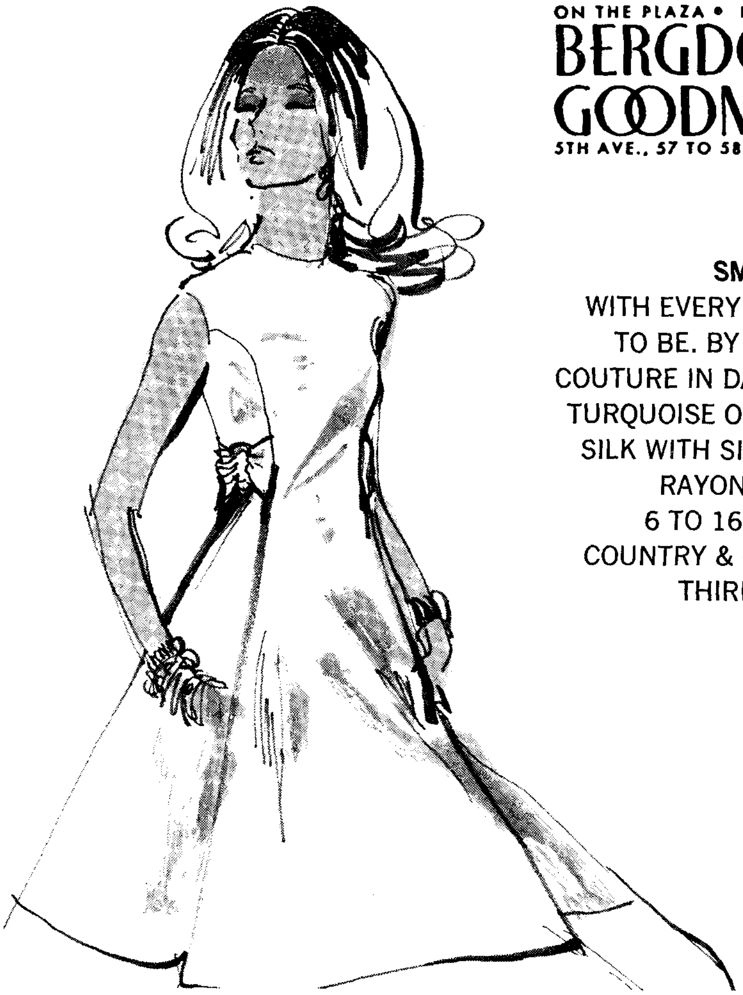
physicists such as Fermi, Wigner, Leo Szilard, Teller, and Harold Urey. Since we were not at war, there was a good deal of reluctance among physicists to abandon what they were doing and work full time on what to many appeared to be a chimera. Several nuclear-energy projects were scattered around the country, one of them conducted by a small theoretical-physics group under Oppenheimer at Berkeley. (One of the problems it considered was whether an atomic explosion could ignite the earth's atmosphere and thus incinerate the planet. It was finally decided, after detailed calculation, that it wouldn't.) In June of 1940, the Committee was reconstituted under the National Defense Research Committee, and late in 1941 its work was taken over by a program directed by James Conant (who reported to Vannevar Bush, Roosevelt's over-all director of militarily oriented scientific research). Lawrence headed one unit of the program; Oppenheimer and his theoreticians functioned as general consultants. The Army had little or nothing to do with the program—a situation that changed radically in September of 1942, when Colonel Leslie Groves took over all the nuclear projects. Groves was fundamentally a construction engineer—he had supervised the building of the Pentagon—and while his knowledge of nuclear physics was nil, he was, Davis says, "a blunt, shrewd soldier, calculatedly impolitic though not unpolitical." The physicists, who are traditionally individualists and unlikely to respond to military discipline, and Groves began their relationship with a high degree of hostility. A physicist entering a new domain of research—and this is what nuclear energy was—is not likely to sound very clear or convincing to someone who is used to giving and following clear-cut orders. In the miasma of confusion, Groves fastened on Lawrence and Oppenheimer as beacons of clarity.

Early in 1943, because of Lawrence's backing and prodding, large plants were under construction at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, to separate Uranium 235 from the more common isotopes, and it was already apparent that there was urgent need for a laboratory in which the problems of designing and assembling the bomb could be studied. Groves was manic on the matter of compartmentalization of information, which meant that often the various laboratories had no idea what the other projects were doing and whether there was duplication of effort. The success of the bomb project at Los Alamos may well have resulted from Oppenheimer's insistence that "cleared" personnel have broad and free access to information, so that there would be a great deal of mutual stimulation and criticism. Groves assumed at first, says Davis, that such a laboratory should have as director only someone who was a Nobel Prizewinner and an experimental physicist. However, all the qualified candidates were either busy elsewhere—primarily in radar, then the most urgent project, because of the air war over Britain—or unacceptable to Groves on grounds of personality, and there were so many technical difficulties that it was not certain the bomb could be made in time to influence the outcome of the war. Davis writes, "When asked in later years how he got the job, Oppenheimer would answer, 'By default. . . . The truth is that the obvious people were already taken and that the Project had a bad name.' " In any event, Oppenheimer was made the director of the new laboratory—which, incidentally, and no doubt because of Lawrence's influence, became a part of the University of California—and Los Alamos, in a part of New Mexico where Oppenheimer had had a ranch for several years, was chosen as the site.

The story of Los Alamos and of Oppenheimer's masterly direction of the bomb project has been told many times. Aside from a certain amount of romantic exaggeration, Davis's account is reasonably in accord with the facts and exceedingly readable. (Among the minor casualties is his recounting of a celebrated conversation between Fermi and Segrè about fishing. Davis, without explaining how he heard it, attributes his version to Oppenheimer. Fermi wondered why Segrè wasted his time fishing. Segrè's explanation involved the technique of catching fish—rods, reels, the proper lighting. To which Fermi replied, "I see, it is a battle of wits." But in the book this story appears to have been suggested by Fermi to Oppenheimer to use in relation to his imbroglio with Lewis Strauss, and Fermi's punch line comes out "You like the contest of wills.") Davis does capture the sense of intellectual freedom at Los Alamos. No one was afraid to criticize his elders and/or betters if he felt they were wrong. Richard Feynman, now a professor of physics at Cal Tech, then in his twenties, and one of the more brilliant free spirits among theoretical physicists (he won the Nobel Prize in 1965), is quoted as saying, after listening to a proposal given in a meeting by a colleague, "It stinks!" It is interesting to contrast this freewheeling exchange with the atmosphere in, say, David Irving's book on the German atomic-bomb project, in which the word of the senior *Geheimrat* was law, right or wrong.

Davis makes a valuable contribution in his discussion of the security question, especially as it concerned Oppenheimer and his family. For most people, the Oppenheimer hearings, in 1954, were a surprise and a shock. Oppenheimer had become, in the words of Yeats, a "smiling public man," a national hero, and a symbol of the atomic age. He was on intimate terms with many of the most important government figures, such as Dean Acheson, and had been consulted frequently by every level of government, on up as far as Truman. The implication that he had had, in the words of General Kenneth Nichols, the general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, associations with "Communists, Communist functionaries, and Communists who did engage in espionage" was stunning. In the McCarthy atmosphere of the fifties, many people did not think to ask why, if these implications meant what they seemed to mean, Oppenheimer was not arrested and tried for treason. Why was there such an elaborate and extra-legal procedure if a man who was really guilty of espionage or treason could simply have been tried and convicted as a spy?

The simple answer is that despite every effort to find such evidence there was none whatever that Oppenheimer showed the slightest disloyalty to this country. Moreover, as Davis makes clear, Oppenheimer had been under constant investigation by the F.B.I. and Army Intelligence since 1942, and all the information that was derogatory about him had been reviewed by Groves before he selected Oppenheimer as the Los Alamos director. Groves stated, "I think I was thoroughly familiar with everything that was reported about Dr. Oppenheimer. And that included, as it did on every other matter of importance, personally reading the original evidence, if there was any original evidence.... In other words, I was not reading the conclusions of any security officer. The reason for that was that in this project there were so many things that the security officer could not know the signif-



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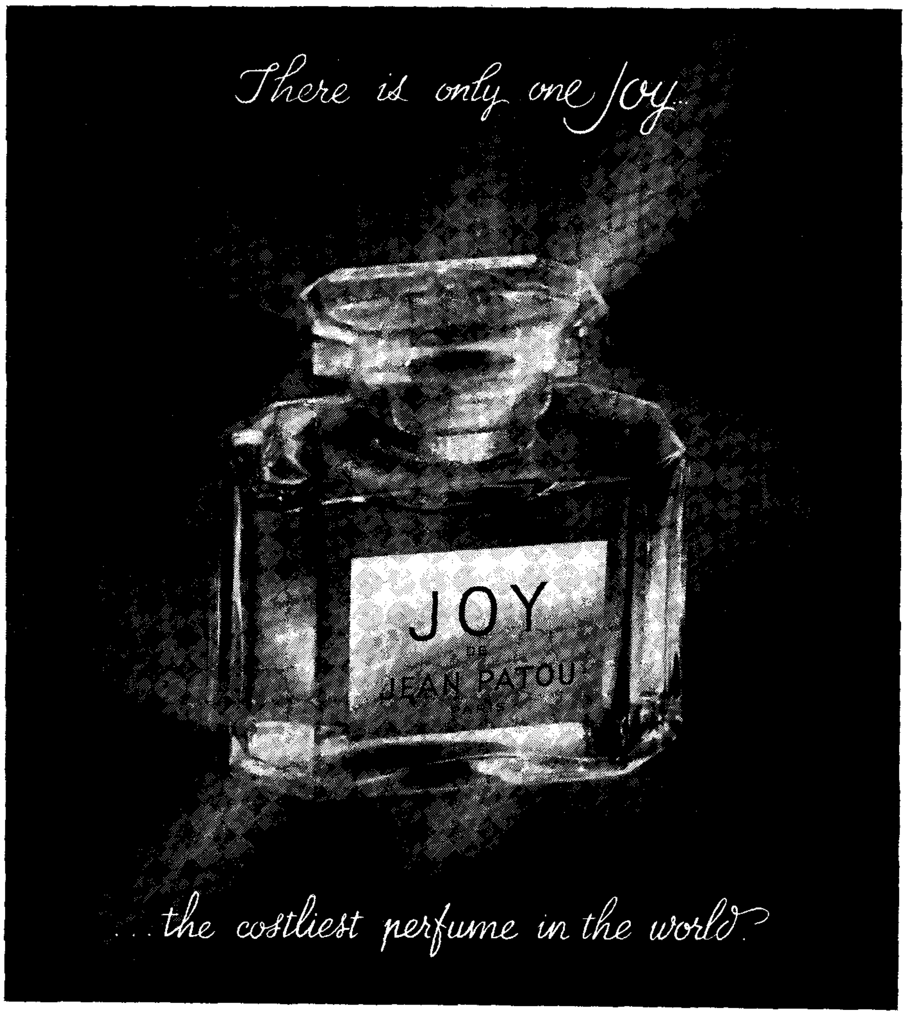

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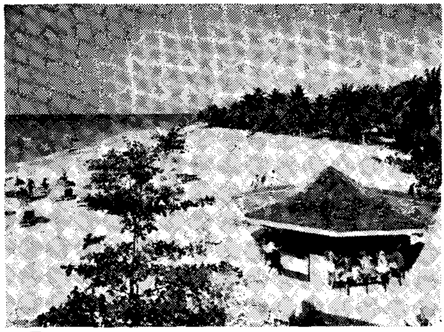

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icance of that I felt I had to do it myself. Of course, I was criticized for doing everything myself." Furthermore, every letter, telephone call, and visit Oppenheimer made, once he took on the project, was monitored. His family, too, was under steady surveillance. It is true that Oppenheimer, though never a Communist, had had leftist associations during the late thirties. His brother and wife had both been Communists, and many of his students became involved in extreme left-wing causes, as did Oppenheimer himself. But evidence of disloyalty simply did not exist. It is one of the ironies of the whole Los Alamos affair, and of the McCarthy witch hunt, that the only real spy of significance on the project—Klaus Fuchs—went through the war undetected.

Considering all this, how is one to explain the Oppenheimer hearings? Davis implies, I think correctly, that part of the answer was the complex personality of Oppenheimer and part was the circumstance that made him such a powerful voice in the government after the war. When Roosevelt died, in 1945, Truman, who had known nothing of the bomb project, took office. On July 16th, the first test was made, at Alamogordo. (Oppenheimer told me that from time to time he had thought of writing a play about the events of that year and their consequences, which he was going to call "The Day Roosevelt Died.") The fact that Truman had not been informed about the bomb, and the general unfamiliarity with the new dimensions of power that it opened, created a vacuum. It was filled to a considerable measure, on the official level, by Groves, and on the less official level by the atomic scientists, and above all by Oppenheimer, as their most articulate spokesman. Shortly, there developed a difference between the two levels—a difference that has haunted the thinking about nuclear weapons right down to the hesitation of Congress to ratify the non-proliferation treaty. The scientists felt it was naïve to assume that the control of atomic weapons could be assured by guarding our atomic secrets; any country willing to devote enough of its technological resources to making a bomb could make one. Control would have to evolve from open discussion and voluntary compliance. Truman and the military felt that the secret could be kept for years, and that it provided this country with a military superiority we could use to maintain order in the world. Davis presents Oppenheimer's recollection of a conversa-

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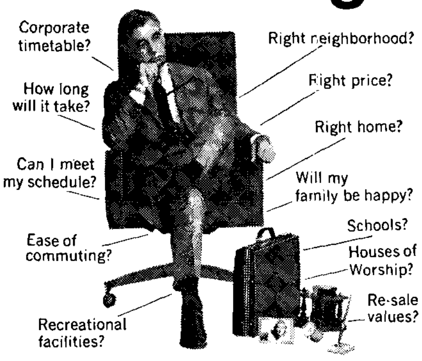
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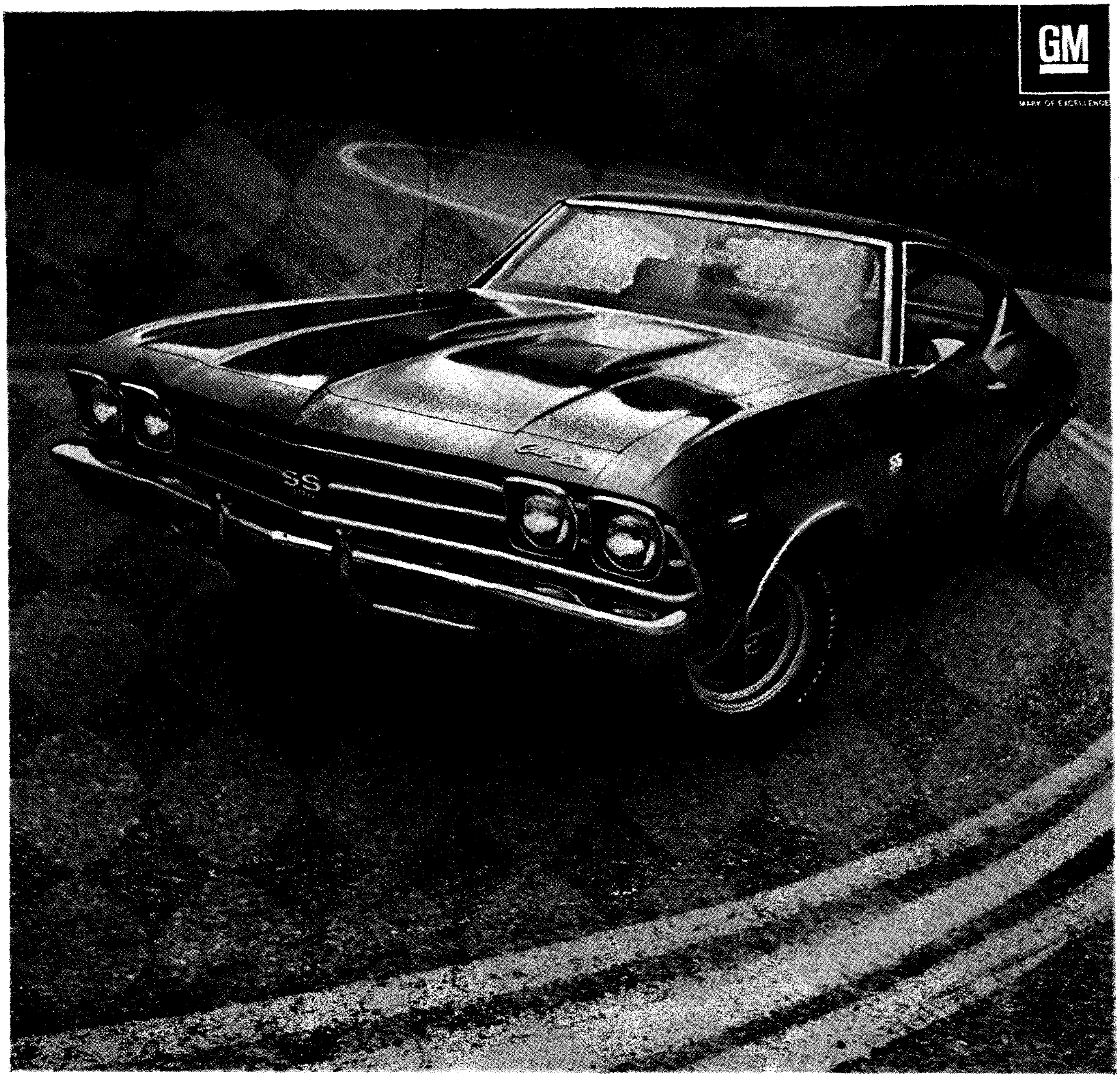

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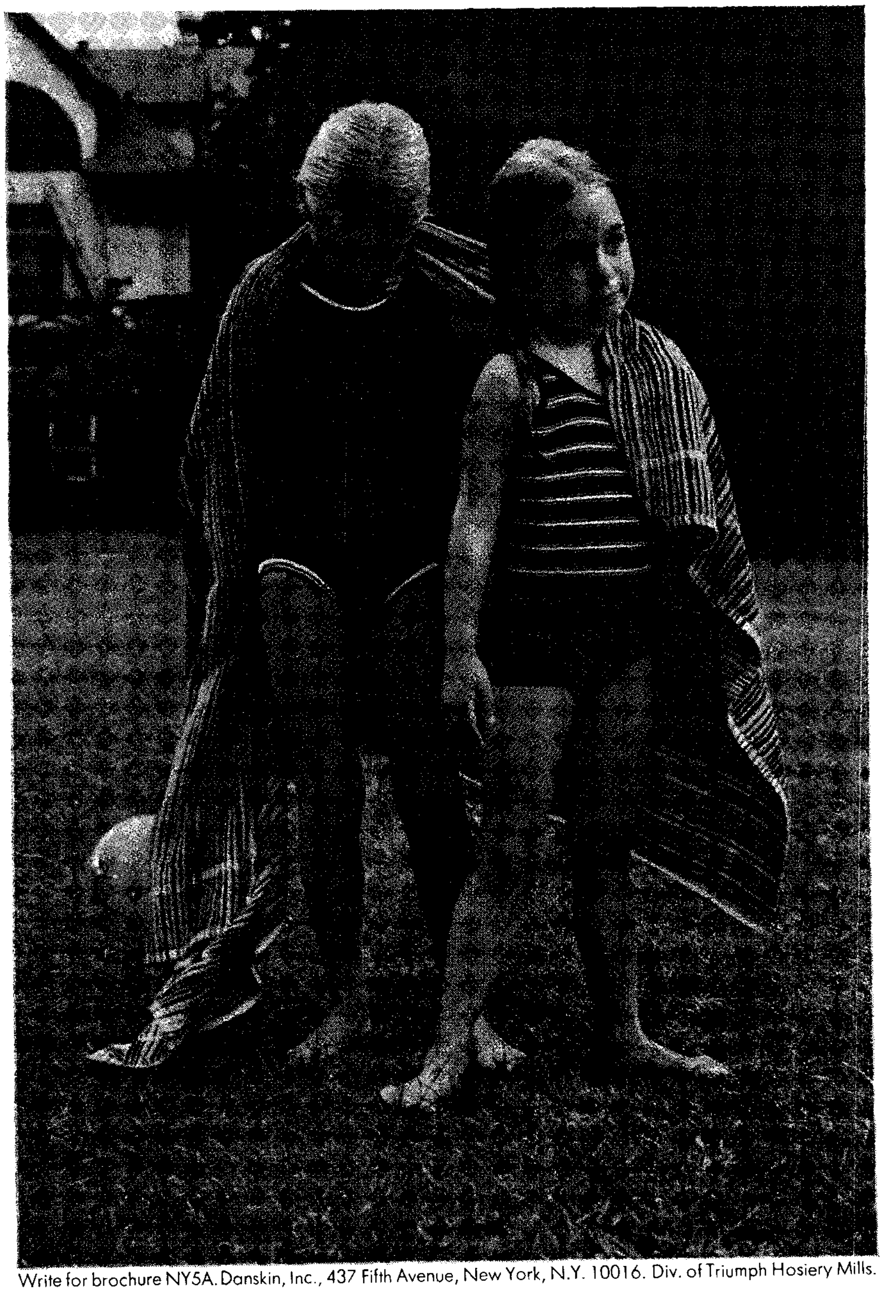

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tion with Truman shortly after the war: "When will the Russians be able to build the bomb?" asked Truman. "I don't know," said Oppenheimer. "I know." "When?" "Never." (It took the Russians just four years—until September of 1949—to achieve their first detectable atomic explosion.)

Such was the official zeal for "security" that when, in March of 1949, the Norwegians asked for a small amount of radioactive isotope of iron for metallurgical research, there was a congressional investigation after it was discovered that one of the Norwegians might have Communist leanings. (Oppenheimer testified before the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy in behalf of sending the isotopes. It was a brilliant performance, perhaps overbrilliant, and Davis reports that later Oppenheimer asked the Atomic Energy Commission's legal counsel, Herbert Marks, how he had done, to which the reply was "Too well, Robert, too well.") And there was the vexed question of the hydrogen bomb—the Super, as it was known. Investigation of the possibilities of using nuclear fusion—the combining of light nuclei into a heavier nucleus to produce the release of energy—was begun at Los Alamos while work on developing the fission bomb was going on. In fact, after a certain point, Edward Teller, who was also at Los Alamos, more or less abandoned the fission project to work on fusion. This investigation had not got very far, and for a while it was hoped by some of the scientists that it could be shown that such a bomb could not be made, or that it would be so huge that it could not be "delivered." As chairman of the General Advisory Committee to the Atomic Energy Commission, Oppenheimer had to summarize the views of the Committee, which included such men as Conant, Rabi, Fermi, and Glenn Seaborg, and he became strongly identified with these views. Until January of 1950, when Truman ordered a crash program to construct the hydrogen bomb, the Committee had held that such a program was a mistake. Here again the considerations involved go deep into the psychology of the nuclear age. The question was how to assess weapons of "deterrence." Deterrence involves a sort of mutually understood agreement between oneself and the enemy. It does no good to be in the Strangelovean situation of having the most powerful weapon in the world poised to strike in retaliation if no one knows about it. On the other hand, it may be perfectly adequate to be second-best in weaponry

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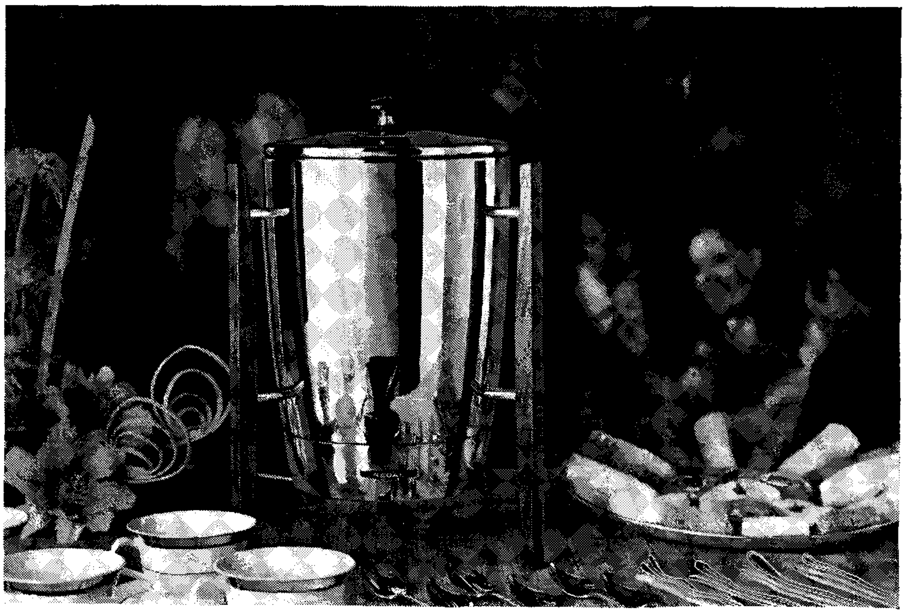

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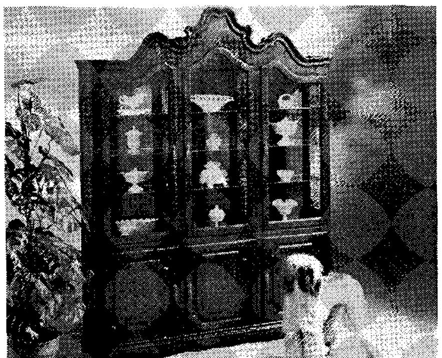

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if what one has is enough to destroy any enemy and the enemy understands that. Oppenheimer wrote James Conant, in the fall of 1949:

> What concerns me is really not the technical problem. I am not sure the miserable thing will work, nor that it can be gotten to a target except by ox cart. It seems likely to me even further to worsen the unbalance of our present war plans. What does worry me is that this thing appears to have caught the imagination, both of the congressional and military people, as the answer to the problems posed by the Russian advance. It would be folly to oppose the exploration of this weapon. We have always known it had to be done, and it does have to be done, though it appears singularly proof against any form of experimental approach. But that we become committed to it as the way to save the country and the peace appears to me full of dangers.

But the Los Alamos scientists went back to work on the Super, and in 1951 Teller and Stanislaw Ulam, a Polish-born mathematician who had worked with Von Neumann, during the war, in developing calculations techniques that could handle the incredibly complicated computations involved in bomb design, achieved a technological breakthrough that made the hydrogen bomb a practical possibility. Oppenheimer was asked to direct the new project, but, convinced that the matter was in competent hands, and now deeply committed to returning to fundamental research, he declined. Davis quotes him as saying, "I would have been an ancient and not on my toes." In September of 1952, his resignation from the General Advisory Committee, whose chairman he had been for six years, was accepted by Truman, and Oppenheimer, still consulting for the government, returned more or less full time to theoretical physics at Princeton. However, to people within the atomic-energy establishment like Teller, Lawrence, and Strauss, Oppenheimer's lack of enthusiasm for a hydrogen-bomb crash program became a key issue in the security hearings; in fact, it was the only new issue of any real consequence in the hearings. The majority finding was summarized by General Nichols:

> The Board found that, following the President's decision, Dr. Oppenheimer did not show the enthusiastic support for the Super program which might have been expected of the chief adviser to the Government under the circumstances; that, had he given his enthusiastic support to the program, a concerted effort would have been initiated at an earlier date, and that, whatever the motivation, the security interests of the United

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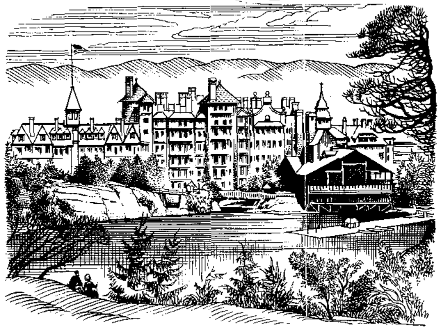

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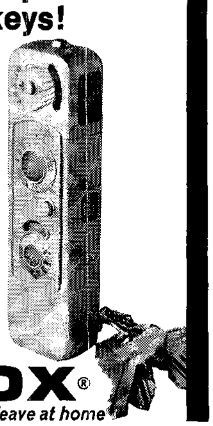

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> States were affected. In reviewing the record I find that the evidence establishes no sinister motives on the part of Dr. Oppenheimer in his attitude on the hydrogen bomb, either before or after the President's decision. I have considered the testimony and the record of this subject only as evidence bearing upon Dr. Oppenheimer's veracity. In this context I find that such evidence is disturbing.

With this somewhat ambiguous declaration, the Board established a new criterion for a government adviser—"enthusiasm."

In addition to the political complexities of his life, Oppenheimer suffered the fate of extremely charismatic personalities—great love and admiration and great jealousy, and sometimes hatred. The impact of a personality is difficult to capture in words. Serber tried to describe the young Oppenheimer in the memorial talk he gave in Washington shortly after Oppenheimer's death:

> Oppenheimer's fascinating personality played a major part in his unique powers as a teacher. I can cite my own experience, the impact of my first meeting with him. In 1934, I received a Ph.D. from John H. Van Vleck at the University of Wisconsin and a National Research Fellowship that I intended to spend at an eastern university. On the way east from Wisconsin I stopped in at Ann Arbor for a month at the summer session. Oppenheimer was there and after I heard him lecture and spent some time with him I reversed my direction and went to Berkeley. Upon arriving I discovered that most of the National Research fellows in theoretical physics were already there.... There were many facets of Oppenheimer's character that contributed to his greatness as a teacher: his great capacity as a physicist, his wide intellectual interests, his astonishing quickness of mind, his great gift for expression, his sensitive perception, his social presence which made him the center of every gathering. His students emulated him as best they could. They copied his gestures, his mannerisms, his intonations. He truly influenced their lives.

My own first encounter with Oppenheimer, in 1957, made a similar impression. I had just been accepted to do post-doctoral work at the Institute for Advanced Study when Oppenheimer came to Harvard, where I was studying, to give the William James Lectures. I thanked him for accepting me, and he reeled off a series of names of Nobel Prizewinners and potential Nobel Prizewinners who were going to be at the Institute that fall (they included Tsung-Dao Lee and Chen Ning Yang, who together won the Nobel Prize that same fall), as well as luminaries from every conceivable discipline. Then, noticing that I looked

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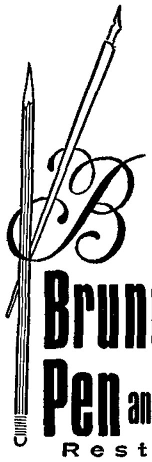

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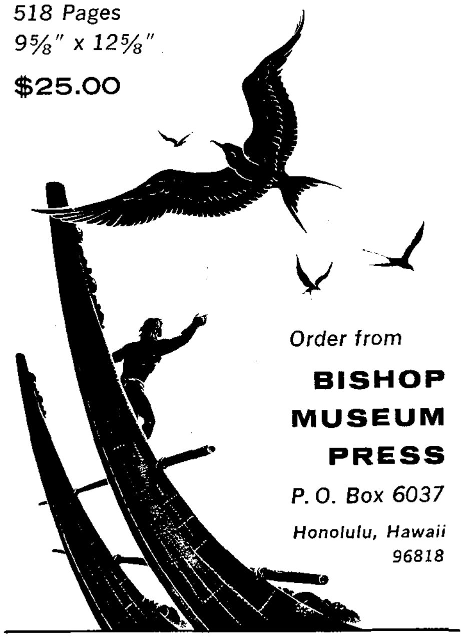

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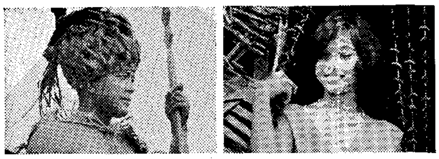

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shell-shocked, he added, "And we're going to have a ball!" On the other hand, Oppenheimer did not willingly suffer people whom he considered wrong. He was a devastating critic, sometimes not sparing the victim's sensibilities. How one reacted depended to a certain extent on one's sense of self-importance. (I recall that at one Institute seminar, when I made a fairly stupid remark, it was swiftly and firmly so categorized by Oppenheimer. My neighbor, another young physicist, whispered in my ear, "This is a good day to stay down in the trenches with the troops.") There is little question that men like Teller, Lawrence, and Strauss developed a deep animosity toward Oppenheimer. Indeed, after the hearings, Teller is supposed to have said to Oppenheimer, according to Davis, "I knew I'd have to fight you, Robert, and now I've won." And Strauss, Eisenhower's appointment to the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission, who is widely regarded—certainly by physicists—as the instigator of the hearings, explained, "Fate threw Oppenheimer and me into the situation in which I stood with the majority [of the Commission] in a four-to-one vote that he was unfit to serve his country. It put a great strain on our relationship, but we continued on a first-name basis and I retained him in the academic position he holds [at the Institute for Advanced Study, of which Strauss was president and vice-chairman of the board of trustees] by virtue of the fact I had invited him to take it." At the hearings, Rabi spoke for nearly all physicists when he expressed his outrage:

> In other words, there he was. He is a consultant, and if you don't want to consult the guy, you don't consult him, period. Why you have to then proceed to suspend clearance and go through all this sort of thing—he is only there when called—and that is all there is to it. So it didn't seem to me the sort of thing that called for this kind of proceeding at all against a man who had accomplished what Dr. Oppenheimer had accomplished. . . . We have an A-bomb . . . and what more do you want—mermaids?

In the hearings, the contributions Oppenheimer had made to American science and to our military strength were brushed aside almost as though they were irrelevant, and, inasmuch as Oppenheimer's contract as a consultant to the Atomic Energy Commission was about to expire, all the Commission needed to do, if it did not want his advice, was to let the contract expire. Davis suggests, I think correctly, that, consultant or not, Oppenheimer was the most powerful voice in American science and that to contain his influence the men who were in conflict with him simply had to cast doubt on his reputation and career.

Lawrence's health was by this time so poor that he could not go to Washington to testify against Oppenheimer. Later, Lawrence, who had always been intolerant of political activity that took a man's attention away from his duties in the laboratory, turned further and further toward the right. For him, political views were correct (i.e., agreed *with his own*) or incorrect (i.e., did not agree); there was no middle ground. He and Oppenheimer were in constant and sharp disagreement on every aspect of the politics of the nuclear age, and Lawrence wanted Oppenheimer's influence expunged from the government; this, he naïvely hoped, could be done without public knowledge. His biographer, Mr. Childs, presents Lawrence's reaction to the hearings:

> He had deeply hoped that Oppie, though opposing views and some bitterness had fractured their close friendship, would accept the removal of his clearance for secret information quietly. Such clearance was continually withdrawn for a variety of reasons, usually because classified information was no longer necessary for one's work. There was, normally, no stigma attached to the procedure, and, had Oppie remained silent, none but officials and involved administrators need have known of any change in his status or reasons for it. It would not affect his position as director of the institute or his income; he could devote his whole attention to physics and his job. Oppie, however, had elected to protest and had requested a hearing before a personnel security board. Was this further indication of fatal arrogance, as had been suggested? Clearance and consultation by government were not rights inherent in citizenship, to be demanded. The hearing began on March 4. Though it was intended that it should be privately conducted, Ernest was certain that it could not be kept from the press and would, therefore, be detrimental to both Oppie and science. He was aware of much that was against Oppie in security files; he had brushed much of it aside as inconsequential when urging his assignment to Los Alamos; Oppie must know much more that could be used against him—it was upsetting and depressing to think of the headline material that would be exposed and that in any case was beside the central point—the soundness or lack of soundness of his advice and influence. So Ernest saw it.

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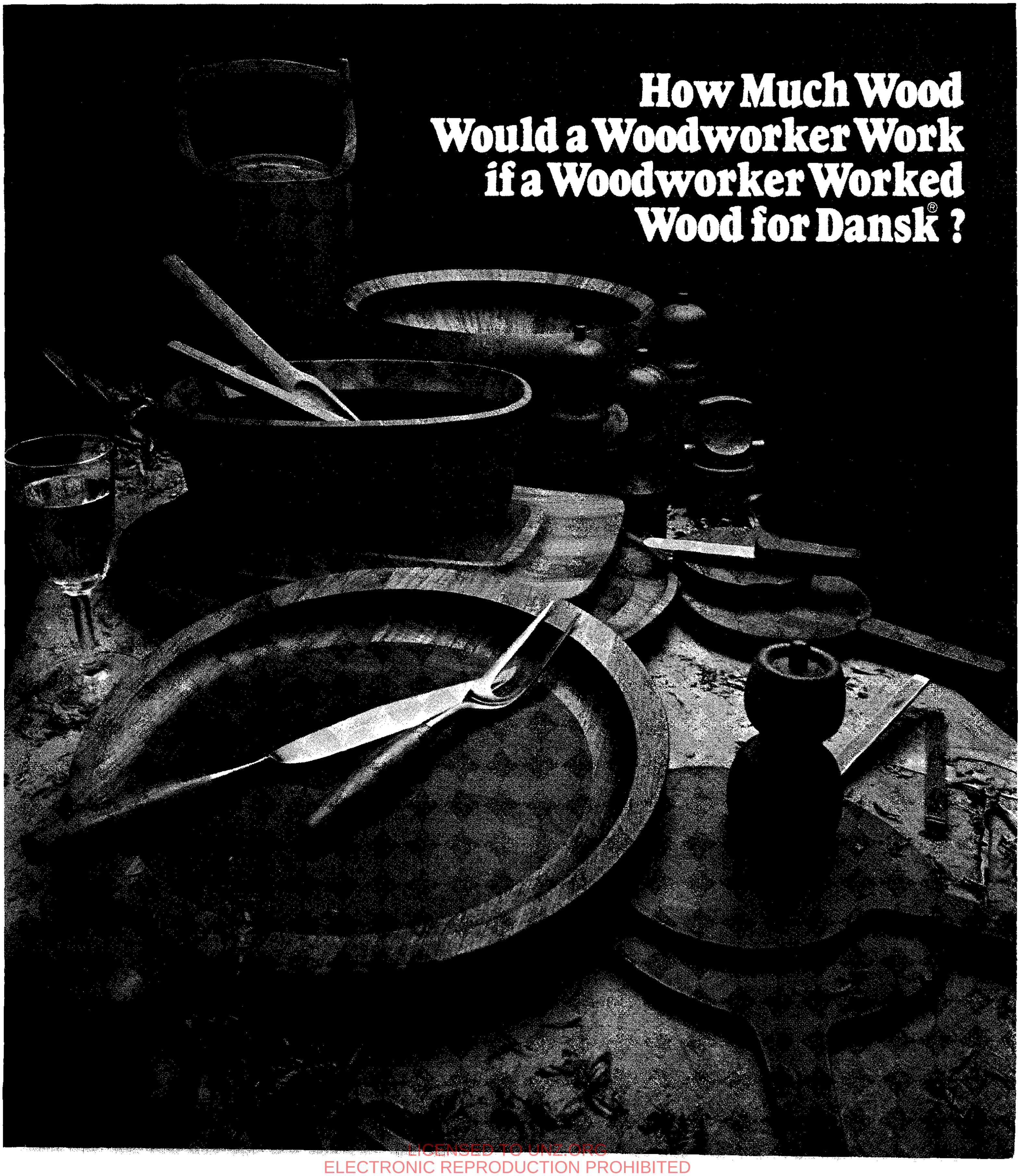

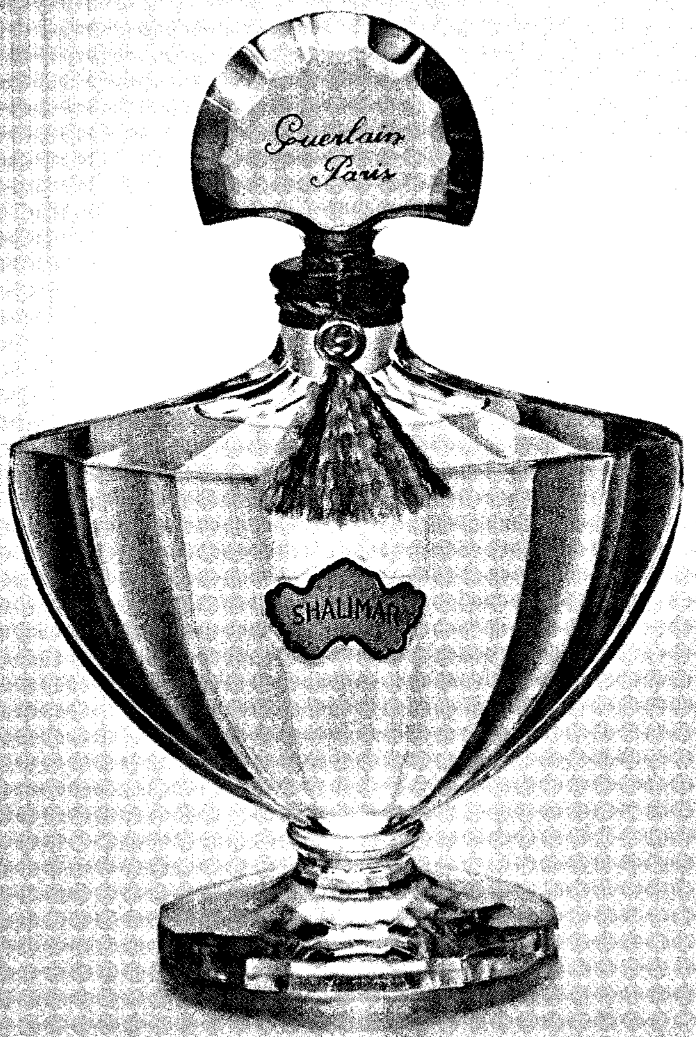

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some ways Lawrence was a great man. American science owes at least as much to him as to Oppenheimer, and perhaps more. In particular—and this Davis does not point out—the whole postwar development in high-energy, or elementary-particle, physics was vastly, if not decisively, influenced by the activities at the Radiation Laboratory, now the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, at Berkeley, which, until competitive machines were built elsewhere, housed the largest accelerator in the world, the Bevatron, and from which emanated many of the experimental techniques now in use throughout the world. For this reason, the contrast between Lawrence and Oppenheimer as it is portrayed in Davis's book is unbalanced. Both were profoundly gifted men and sincerely patriotic. Both men made errors in judgment, no doubt, and both found themselves caught up by political forces over which they had only very limited control. It is in their lives that much of the tragedy, and possibly the opportunity, of the atomic age is written, and no literary embellishments are needed to make it more dramatic. The hearings of 1954 ended Oppenheimer's service to the country he loved, and he spent the next decade teaching and writing in Princeton. He lived with the constant sense that he was powerless to offer his counsel and guidance toward transmuting and utilizing for constructive purposes the force he saw brought into the world with the first atomic explosion in Alamogordo. His impoverishment may well turn out to have been our own. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ORLANDO KING, by Isabel Colegate (Knopf). Orlando King, an obscure and rustic youth, comes to London in 1930 and finds success at every turn, particularly among the naughtiest and the wealthiest socialites, until all his conquered world is swept away in 1939. To every intent, this is a novel of the thirties. There is a superficiality in the characters that is just right. Orlando is not given to soul-searching, and when, on occasion, his wife does it, it is unusual and unhealthy. Orlando's character is revealed by his deeds and by the company he keeps, while Judith King (who owes much to Margot Metroland and Virginia Crouchback) is what she looks like—the pale Modigliani beauty, the beach pajamas, the cigarette

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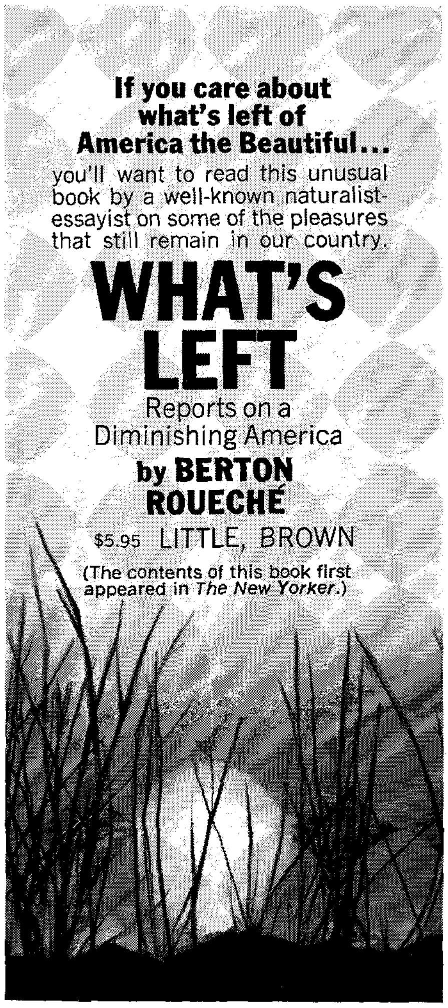

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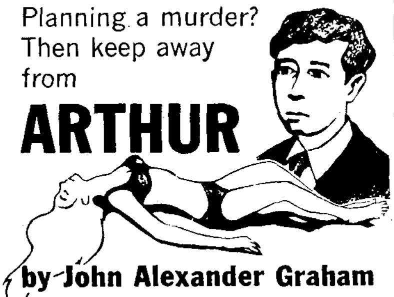

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holder, amid the glittering settings of Eden Roc, Cliveden, and the off-white drawing room of her country house. Miss Colegate is honestly nostalgic, and imitative of earlier masters. Her irony and her meticulous concern for form and style have the sweet artifice of skillful pastiche.

TIKE, AND FIVE STORIES, by Jonathan Strong (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Give a child a palette some rainy afternoon and he's likely to come up with a few vibrant colors. In spite of similar chance highlights of observed feeling, these stories—as well as "Tike," a novella—by a twenty-four-year-old writer underline the sad fact that while the young are indisputably closer to youthful emotion, only a mature talent, by rounding that emotion, and hence in some measure falsifying it, can make it recognizable or interesting. The egotism of the six "different" and youthful heroes tends to blot out subsidiary characters, especially those over twenty. In the story "Supperburger," a middle-aged composer is rendered ridiculous ("They're eating me away, my nine symphonies. I can't spend my time poring over them any more") by the unwitting impertinence of his creator.

GENERAL

AMERICA THE RAPED, by Gene Marine (Simon & Schuster). A cold, clear, properly angry book about what the author, a San Francisco journalist, calls the "engineering mentality" and its single-minded determination to dam, drain, dredge, jetty, pave, and otherwise remodel nature in the image of the slide rule. This zealous technology is, of course, most exquisitely exemplified by the Army Corps of Engineers (whose endlessly perpetuated blunders are grimly documented here), but, Mr. Marine reminds us, that influential body has a multitude of influential companions in complacence: the industrialist to whom rivers and lakes and oceans are sewers, the lumberman to whom a forest consists only of trees, the miner to whom the earth is merely ore, the highway builder, the real-estate developer, the pork-barrel politician, the pesticide sprayer, the bulkheader, the crow shooter, the coyote poisoner—all those who are not only ignorant of the ultimate consequences of their actions but even unaware that there may be any unforeseen consequences. Mr.

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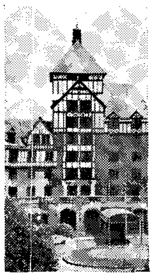

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Marine, for all his anger, is not himself a zealot. He accepts the realities of our time: "There is no need foolishly to fight every work of man, [but] the ecology doesn't have to be ripped apart every time men build something." Indeed, he is a thorough realist: "The best reason for the preservation of wilderness areas [and grasslands and swamps and estuaries] is not esthetics but ecology: the *need*, not just the desirability, of preserving ecosystems, and sometimes vast ones, for study." This is a book of the first importance.

LAWRENCE IN LOVE: LETTERS TO LOUIE BURROWS, edited, with an introduction and notes, by James T. Boulton (Nottingham). The editor thinks that Louisa Burrows and D. H. Lawrence met about 1900. They went to teacher-training school and to Nottingham College together; around 1907 they fell in love. They became engaged in 1910, when Lawrence's mother was dying; in early 1912 Lawrence jilted his fiancée. He quickly found the woman he married, but Miss Burrows did not marry until 1940; as late as 1930 she travelled to Vence to place flowers on his grave. These hundred and sixty-five letters suggest why the young man inspired such strong feeling—his eagerness for experience, his ability to see when he looked, and his amazing expressiveness. One understands, too, why the Burrows family were unenthusiastic about their daughter's selection: Lawrence was stubborn, self-centered, and, while generous with advice, stingy with disinterested concern.

THE VIRGINIA DYNASTIES, by Clifford Dowdey (Little, Brown). By the time of the American Revolution, Virginia was run by a group of men who not only knew their own minds but felt more than capable of making up the minds of all other Virginians. Who they were, where they came from, and how they achieved power is the subject of this fascinating study. The author speedily disposes of the legend, so beloved by the First Families of Virginia, that their progenitors were aristocratic Cavalier refugees; quite a few of Virginia's sires were running stores and warehouses beside the James River before the Civil War broke out in England. The aristocracy of Virginia, in fact, created itself in Virginia between the sixteen-nineties and the seventeen-thirties, and that is Mr. Dowdey's tale—as

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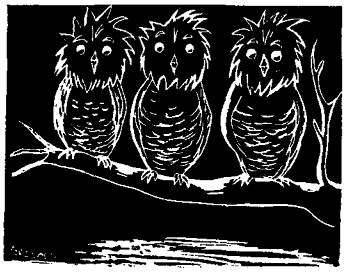

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THE MAN WHOSE DREAMS CAME TRUE, by Julian Symons (Harper & Row). Anthony Jones (or Anthony Scott-Williams, as he often more elegantly calls himself, or Anthony Bain-Truscott) is a handsome young English drifter with a taste for girls, gambling, and petit larceny. His dreams are the simple, cinematic dreams of his time: fine clothes, fine cars, fine living. Mr. Symons leads this poor creature through a series of humiliating misadventures and finally presents him with a rich protectress with an around-the-clock sexual appetite who hideously fulfills his dreams. An irresistible death march.

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